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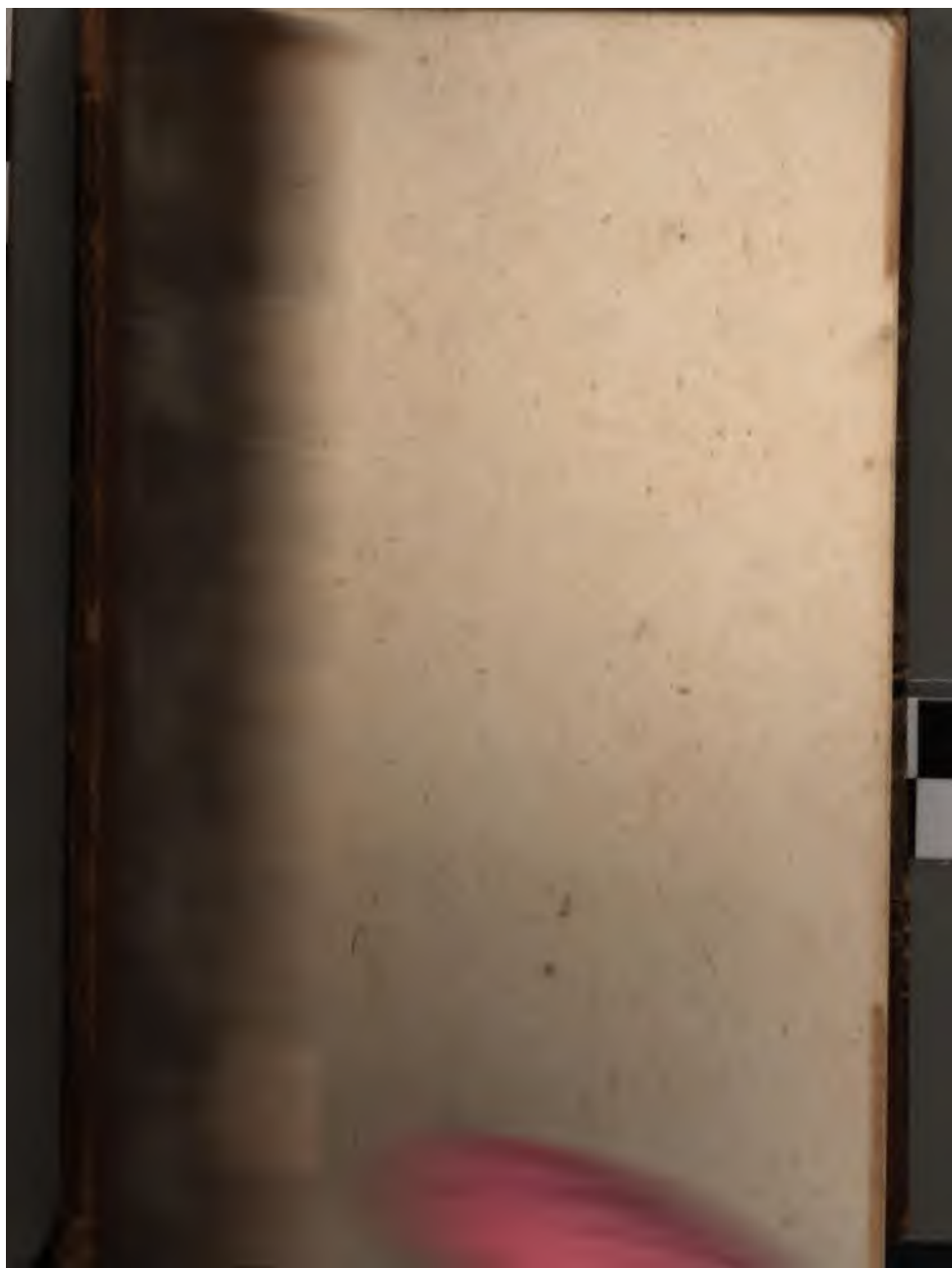
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THE

*S. H. 1828*

CONTINENTAL

TRAVELLER'S ORACLE;

OR,

MAXIMS

FOR FOREIGN LOCOMOTION.

BY

DR. ABRAHAM ELDON.

---

EDITED BY HIS NEPHEW.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO  
THE YET UNTRAVELLED PORTION OF  
THE BRITISH NATION  
(IF SUCH THERE BE)  
THE FOLLOWING WORK  
(IN WHICH THE ART OF TRAVELLING  
IS MADE EASY,  
AND THE MOST IGNORANT AND INDOLENT  
RENDERED, IN THE SPACE OF A FEW MONTHS,  
ILLUSTRIOUS TOURISTS, TOUR WRITERS,  
AND DINERS OUT,)  
IS PRESENTED,  
WITH ALL DUE TENDERNESS AND HUMILITY,  
BY THEIR FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN  
AND DEVOUT WELL-WISHER,  
THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E.

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THE following MS. fell into my hands in rather a singular manner. Being suddenly called to Florence in the Summer of 18—, by the unexpected death of my Uncle, I spent several days in examining his assets, with the intention of taking an Inventory. I had nearly completed my task, when an old court-suit which had hitherto escaped my attention, was carelessly thrown by my servant into the place which it had formerly occupied in the wardrobe. In passing, I observed a small volume drop from the embroidered waistcoat: I took it up with-

out any emotion of curiosity ; but on opening it, was much surprised to find a very legible MS. in my own language, but written, as it seemed, in a neat Italian hand. A visitor calling at the time prevented me from examining it with more attention. A few days after, I quitted Florence, and wishing to avail myself of this fortunate opportunity of prolonging my excursion to the South, took the road to Naples. In the course of my tour, I had full time to appreciate the merits and demerits of the production. If I did not always feel satisfied with the accuracy of the remarks, it would be affectation to deny that I derived some instruction and more pleasure from its perusal. But I have not, I hope, permitted my affection for my deceased relative, in any instance, to prevail over a sounder spirit of criticism. I shall neither extenuate, nor condemn ;—my intention is to edit, not to write, a volume.

The peculiar gravity of my Uncle's character, as well perhaps as the facility with which, in the latter years of men's existence, the reserved and intellectual gradually drop out of the circle of their living acquaintances, will, I trust, prove a sufficient apology for many apparent incongruities, which must strike the most casual reader. But I should have injured much the general colour of his observations, had I attempted to correct or improve. People laugh and weep in one year, in a different manner from what they do in another: the same privilege should be extended to travelling. One thing is clear throughout,—a sincere desire to benefit his countrymen, and to exalt the *profession*, as he sometimes called it, into something nobler than can be inferred from its present exercise. When any sensible variation, however, has occurred since the original was composed, I have thought it a

part of the duty of an Editor to hint it to the public, in as delicate a manner as was in my power. My own experience, trifling as it is, has often furnished me with the opportunity, and sometimes with the means. Wherever such suggestions have been hazarded, they will be found headed by an asterisk, and separated with care from the original text.

**SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,**  
**BY HIMSELF.**

**VOL. I.**

**B**



## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

BY HIMSELF.

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I HAVE always thought, from the time I first read Gulliver's Travels, that one of the most interesting considerations which could attract the attention of a reader, was, what fashion of man was the author himself; whether he rose late, or early, took snuff, or wore spectacles, not to mention the endless varieties of feature and colour, which go to the making up of a conscientious and well-favoured portrait. I see no good reason why posterity should not feel much the same sort of interest about me and my likeness, that I

have often felt, unsolicited, about that of others; and not willing to trust myself to the imagination of most readers, I have thought it a duty to give some kind of etching of my outward self, to be placed at the head of this volume. An innate and invincible modesty has often, indeed, restrained the execution of this project; and if any thing approach in the following sketch to the opinions I entertain on the subject, let the reader set it down, I pray him, quite as much to accident as choice.

I had, at first, the intention of substituting an engraving of a cameo, executed for me in my younger days in this self-same city, for a less concise mode of expressing my lineaments. Many interesting recollections were attached to this likeness: it was thought good by dear and deceased critics; and I am, as most men who have lived long and much, a devout worshipper of Lavater. There is an engraver\* of some merit in Flo-

\* Raphael Morghen. The cameo was a present from the lady mentioned a little later in the text.

rence, whose name is not wholly unknown to the inhabitants of Scandinavia. I proposed to him, after much preliminary arrangement, the execution of this important work; but finding he could not finish it in such a manner as to do us both credit under the immoderate sum of fifty crowns, and apprehensive he would pass off, into something common-place, the marked traits of my character, I was, on reflection, induced to withdraw it from his hands after he had got every thing in preparation; a trouble which I now remember cost me very nearly twenty. I have consequently preferred the task of being my own artist, which, besides its economy, is likely to prove as accurate a mode as any other; and I sit down to this moral outline with less intention of flattery, and with, I hope, as much chance of hitting off a "striking resemblance" as most other artists

It was encrusted on the lid of a plain lava snuff-box, with an inscription inside in praise of fidelity, in rather ill-spelt English.

of better report and higher pretension in my line or neighbourhood.

I was born, God be thanked, in England; and, what is yet better, in the North; in a county which still retains something of the right-forward, bluff, bull character of the Saxon, and has not yet been sophisticated, after eight hundred years, by the French frivolities of the Invader. I was born of good and honest parents, who ought to have been rich, and were very poor. My father was a mild man for his times, and saw no more evil in others than he found in himself. He went on hoping to his death; and the very day of his decease had laid out a plan for a long life. I shall never forget his large blue eyes, which had been rarely filled by a tear, and his mouth, which was always dimpled, whether his flocks or crops failed or prospered, into a smile. He used to sit whole evenings building certainties out of shadows, and counting every spark in the cinders of his grate. I never heard him say a harsh

word even to his blind horse, who in stumbling had nearly twice killed him.

My mother was as good a mother as could be when alone, and a chaste and charitable wife; but she had drunk the whole of the potion which was intended for both, and did not appear, I am sorry to say, very much the better for the draught.

The ingredients of both their characters were mixed up in their son. I was as resigned as my father, and often as unhappy as my mother. I wish they had so managed it that I had been either of the two wholly, rather than, as I was, both.

We were three brothers in the family; the eldest, Daniel, of whose fame no one can be ignorant who knows any thing of our courts of law; the second, Rodolph, who entered the army in an untoward moment, notwithstanding all the flattering assertions of my father to the contrary; for the day after he joined his regiment he was killed off in a forlorn hope. I was the third.

The minister of our parish gave me my name: my father thought it an admirable one; my mother wished it had been any other; and my old maiden aunt settled the question between them, and already laid me aside as pickled and preserved for the Church. I have since often thought that my father was in the right. Abraham, in some wise, may be said to token my propensity to travelling.

I grew up apace, and could never be separated from the tall schoolmaster. He had been as far as London, and was the Marco Polo of the neighbourhood. He narrated his travels with the true unction; every one believed him, for no one had been so far.

At ten years old I was the most demure, silent, best combed, and best washed little boy in the village. No one could say a word against me, but that I ate my cakes in a corner, and followed every carriage which passed by. I had also a great veneration for coachmen, admired fingerposts and mileposts, and considered them great inventions; and,

by long walks and numerous inquiries from the waggoners, at length learned the name and distance of every hamlet in the neighbourhood. I was caressed every where, and was of as much use and importance in the house as the clock or the almanack. The whole family soon observed these incipient talents, but altogether mistook their destiny and direction. My father, in rubbing down my head by the blaze of his winter's fire, before the evening candles had been yet brought in, used often to say, with a smile which could only belong to a mouth and a disposition like his,—“ Well ! what thinkest thou now, Martha—was there ever yet head better shaped for a mitre ?—Turn round, Aby, dear, and go and show thyself to thine aunt.” And my aunt, immediately bringing up to his assistance all the fasti of the family, with a significant shake of the head, which it was said she had inherited from the judge, my grandfather, often observed—“ He has, in truth, the same cut of feature as his grandfather, Zachary, who, had he lived ten years

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longer, would certainly have got the rectory he was promised by his deceased patron; and you know, brother, the step from that to a bishopric is not much more than stepping over our next stile." My father laughed aloud in the joy of his heart, and I was too nearly concerned not to believe in the prophecy. The reader will see later, how I was destined to belie both.

In due time I was given the Bible to read; but it was seen with regret, that the history of Joseph, and the separation of Lot and Abraham, was particularly thumbed over; nor could "Orthodoxy, on the *one* path, by a Pilgrim of Grace," which was immediately put into my hands, recall me from my vocation to *many*. My aunt, who saw this with pain, thought no time was to be lost, and handing me over to a neighbouring clerk, recommended the constant inculcation of the love of our fellow creatures, that is of our fellow villagers, the superiority of England over every other country in the world, and of our village over every English village,

past, present, or to come; and finally, my own superiority, provided I stayed at home, over every one of my fellow villagers, the rector only and the justice excepted. A great deal was likewise to be said upon outlandish airs, foreign fooleries, and gew-gaws, dogs of Frenchmen, Pope and Popery, English beef and knives, and the glory and grandeur of her Church and churchmen. Once a week, indeed, when I dined with the curate and the family over a sirloin, which was as large as our pew, and a plumb-pudding hardly to be equalled by any barrow in the neighbourhood, I confessed I often thought that my aunt was a sensible woman, and there was nothing like home and the Thirty-nine Articles. Perhaps I might have continued to think so still, could it have been explained to me that home was not less home, because I was away from it, in France, nine months out of the twelve, or I less orthodox, or a more sincere lover of the Church, or an abhorrer of Popery, because, of the Thirty-nine Articles which formed my faith, I did not

quite believe nine. But I was simple, and my aunt old; neither of us anticipated the improvements which were destined to come in, with gas, and steam-boats, and, instead of fattening like the favoured ox in a stall, I turned out like an ass to starve upon brambles and lean heath. Yet let me not say that thereof I repent: every thing was for the best, as my father said when he broke his leg; nor in my comfortable three-roomed lodging at Florence, whatever haps may have come between, have I ever ceased to say the same.

In my fifteenth year it was thought necessary to send me to college: a small fund which fortunately fell to my father's lot, though he was the twentieth in remainder, and which for ten days gave him a complete vindication of the ways of Providence over the repinings of my mother, furnished the means. I was provided with a black suit and portmanteau, well stored, not with linen, but a small library of the newest tracts, and sent

up as pale, and full of grace, as any lately chosen vessel of the word, to Cambridge.

The day of my departure was a day of bitterness, a day of weeping and gnashing of teeth for every one but myself. The whole collection of my aunt's blue pocket-handkerchiefs was exhausted ;—my father almost forgot his smile, and my mother wailed and railed alternately at my father. She wept over my approaching departure as if it had been my dissolution ; and now and then so lamentably, that, notwithstanding the rambling instinct within me, Nature asserted her pre-eminence and privilege, and kindly extracted a parting tear.—But what real traveller, albeit he hath never yet tasted of its delights, can resist the cheering sound of coach-wheels rattling over a village pavement, and a cracking whip, and a cry from all the servants at once, that every thing is at last ready, and the nursery is about to give up its supremacy to the public school. I could ill disguise the pleasure within me, though

I believe it was very wrong, and for some moments felt the pains of parting to the quick. Nor to this hour, can I blot from my memory, the last view which I took of my home, my father weeping for the first time, my mother rushing back to the house, and my aunt, with both her hands upraised, and the tears streaming down her face, invoking the God of Abraham to protect me.

I soon arrived at Cambridge—but a confirmed traveller: a few hundred miles had developed the propensity within me. No man of genius has ever shown it with the consent of his parents. I had as little encouragement, and perhaps as much daring in that way as others.

My stay at the University was measured by weeks and months. I studied, at least read, ate, drank, and served, like others: came away nearly as I went, and left most of the Latin, and all the Greek, with my old clothes, behind me. I passed, and my servant said, with distinction:—my Divinity lectures had been counted:—I was weighed

in the balance—found heavy, (my fees being duly paid,) and thrown in with the crowd. A degree crowned the hopes of the family—the day of ordination approached—the vineyard and its good things opened upon my fantasy, but man proposes and God disposes; the resolves of the prudent in their generation, are often but as chaff before the wind. The general habit of my body and mind fitted me eminently for the highest clerical functions; few and gentle cares, good living, a certain comfortable Beotian crassitude in the air, had still farther rounded and dignified my proportions. There was a calm philosophic rubicundity about my features, and an imposing adipose in my figure which was the envy of all the younger candidates for holy orders. I had changed completely in my person; and from the meagre postulant which I was on my first appearance at the University, was now considered as one of the most pious, corpulent, and serious-tongued young men whom Alma Mater had for many years presented to the rejoicing arms of the

Church triumphant. No one who looked in my face could for a moment entertain any fear of my defection after the muddy waters of heresy, from the living streams and good pastures of orthodoxy.

Since that time, *quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*—years, malady, other climes, other cares, have done more for me, and in a more unkind way, than all the austerities of the Benedictine. A single night drowned in oblivion all my recommendations and testimonia, changed my aunt into a repiner and almost a malignant, and put the church and its livings, fold and shepherd, for ever out of my grasp and mind. On the very eve of my intended ordination, I was seized with a violent fit of the gout, and my life almost despaired of. The conjectures which such a catastrophe circulated were much to my disadvantage, and a bottle of brandy, which my servant had unconsciously left under my bed, for the purpose of cleaning his boots, was held to be the proximate cause of my misfortune,—such is the malignancy of candi-

dates, even for the holiest of all states—*tantane animis celestibus iræ!* My family, instead of meeting my name in the next Cambridge almanack, had to weep only over its unaccountable omission. I had next post a letter from my aunt—my poor father had just died, but, I was happy to find, before this last blow to all our hopes. He protested to the last against his fortune, but my case would have converted him more effectually than the last attack of the bailiffs. My mother followed him a few weeks after; she might be said to have been dying from her birth. My aunt was now left alone; and, as soon as I could command strength enough for a journey, I made up my mind to rejoin her.

In the interval, I consulted the physicians—I was bled—drenched—blistered—and had the pleasurable conviction, that my constitution was not a bad one,—for I survived. My pocket was now attacked, and fared worse than my constitution. A consultation was held, in which every thing was recommended; and God be thanked, nothing done. In

a month or two, I had the consolation of seeing my aunt. She was greatly affected, her strength going, her hopes gone; she spoke little and thought less. Life had ebbed out apace, but the church was still in her head; and she died "babbling" of lawn sleeves. Her demise put me in possession of the frugal economies of thirty years' piety. I had never received from her any other present than a Book of Common Prayer with brass clasps gilt; but could not avoid thanking her for her judicious severity, when I opened the last drawer of her tortoise-shell cabinet, and saw myself the rightful inheritor *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, of more than had ever been within my hand or contemplation before. But my gout still tormented me, and my stoicism was obliged to yield to its importunity. Perhaps I should have resisted better, and longer, had it not been for the advice of a whole host of female doctors, who soon surrounded me. I seemed with my aunt's fortune to have inherited her admirers; and

preachers of the Word, converted backsliders, pilgrims of the Wilderness, and the Elect of all ages and ugliness, crowded on me from every quarter. I am a pious man, but do not like to be fidgeted about it, and always kick against too much care. They bade me put my trust in Providence and again consult the physicians; but the discussion which followed grew so violent, and approached so close to my arm-chair, that it had very nearly done for me what no physician has yet succeeded in doing,—put me beyond all earthly pain. One recommended a chosen hearer of the Truth, who lived but a few doors from the Bethesda; another, a young vessel of Election, whom a fortunate judgment had lately turned from an awful sinner into a prosperous saint; another, an ancient, who remembered having heard John Wesley,—in fine, there were so many choices to make, and all so good, that I ran great risk of not making any at all.

I left the village next day, the Sunday before Shrove-tide, never more to return; and

made what haste I could to London. The physicians there ordered me to try the Continent, first the North and then the South, with the assurance that if cold failed in curing me, heat could not. Their opinion appeared peremptory and paradoxical, and was therefore considered excellent. I left England, was nearly shipwrecked, had my baggage thrown overboard from not resisting with the same sturdiness as others, and saved little but letters of credit on a banker of Amsterdam, whom, on my arrival, I found dead. I arrived in the midst of frost and snow, and in a short time decided the dilemma of my physicians. My hands and feet were blistered and bloated to an enormous size ; I was reduced to the most painful sufferings ; there was no remedy but Italy ;—and, mustering what money and courage were still in my possession, I set off for the South, where, with the exception of one visit, *malgré moi*, of fourteen days to England, I have continued to live, to the great marvel of my comforters, ever since.

But before I could persuade myself to a steady regular life, I was determined to indulge for once in the passion of my youth. My health was gradually restored; and in about a year, with the assistance of Angola stockings and Welsh flannels, I found myself sufficiently strong to make an excursion from Florence to Naples. What befel me in that town decided my taste for life. I was born a Traveller, and I hope to die one.

My frequent jaunts up and down Italy, digested as they have since been by the siesta of a mild winter, and the sober counsels of my great arm-chair, have allowed me the means of dictating on the subject to the inexperienced with more truth and efficacy, perhaps, than any of my contemporaries. And albeit, since the downfall of the Usurper, many more travellers, anxious to profit by the liberation of Europe, have with incredible pains sought out, from the obscurity in which they were mouldering, some of the most curious objects of utility and attraction, and thus made the name of England

renowned for conscientious sight-seeing over the four quarters of the globe ;—yet is it, notwithstanding, to be observed, that the real purport and practice have been misunderstood, and the art, as an art, most singularly neglected. There is no rule laid down to make it either a pleasure or an economy ; and every young raw twaddle-dee of a schoolboy or half-pay officer who comes out, runs thus up and down, knocking his head against a thousand errors, and going back with as meagre a face and purse as if all this time he had starved respectably at Brighton or London. I have made what use I could of thirty-five years of Vetturino travelling, and have had the advantage of sleeping on the same beds, and eating out of the same trenchers, through bad and good report, in all seasons, once or twice, at least, in every year of that entire time. I should wrong the bounteous dispensations of Providence, which gives us talents not to be put up under lock and key, like potted jam in the corner of a room, and show a certain churlishness in return for its favours, did I not do all which

lies within my power, for the perpetual improvement and bonnification of Travelling.

There are a thousand little secrets known only to the inquisitive and the endurer; and though I have no sinister hope of a patent, I think that a little of that favour, which of late years seems to have been lavished upon gas, Mechanics' Institutes, and what not, should be extended to improvements, or suggestions thereof, in matters of intellect,—discoveries which, if well managed, may in process of time turn out to mind, what gas has turned out to body. It is in this view I write—but “*Verbum sapienti sat,*” and I have paid, by my concision, that compliment to my reader. And if indeed I shall have saved a single penny in the richest purse, or tended to have given one flower more to the multifarious wreath which the Traveller weaveth from inn to inn—I shall have done what I could, I shall have done my duty,—nor altogether have lived like the servants and rowers of Ulysses,\* but left some traces behind me of my existence, in the curses of

\* *Remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi.* HOR.

innkeepers and the benedictions of travellers. I have lived but for this; and when I shall have seen it even partially effected, then may I depart in peace, and lay down my head quietly to die.

I left Paris, a great town, with a little-minded people; filled with painted dolls,\* insolent soldiers, noise, dirt, and hatred of the English; and glancing at Switzerland and its goats and mountains, entered Italy by the Mont Simplan. It is now, I am told, a somewhat better road; if indeed, like all newfangled improvements, it is destined to last:—money extorted can never come to good, and we all know how the Corsican paid his men. It is one thing to build from your own purse, and another from the purse of others; nothing more easy than to put your name upon the works of your neighbour.

I arrived at Milan late one stormy evening, and saw it in a day. It looked fat, flourishing, (this I say without offence to the general, Austrian or other, who may now go-

\* Women.

vern it,) and a place where a man might find good pavements, large churches, puppet-shows, chit-chat, and a proper sense of order and obedience.—I shall say nothing of Turin farther than to admire its garrison, its cocked hats, and its King, than whom there could not be a more respectable tutor-looking personage to govern a nation of little boys. There was less anxiety then than now about the university; but I foresaw there would be a barring out, by way of resolution, some day or other.—Genoa I did not see, reserving it, as I still do, for a future visit.—Of Florence I shall say nothing now: it is sufficient I have chosen it for my residence,—a choice which speaks volumes, and in itself is a sort of marriage.—Bologna is a town not altogether unworthy of its learning and sausages, though, after much inquiry, I could find neither of such a quality as to satisfy me.

Through Sienna I passed for the first time blindfold, and came out, as I went in, in the dark. On my return, I had a better opportunity offered me, and seized it. The wo-

men are as soft and seductive, I am told, as their language and accent; and as kind and courteous as bashful travellers can desire them. It is a pic-nic town, got up from the good and bad of all times, and seems to have had its streets and by-ways much bewrayed by torrents, bad men, and earthquakes. The country about it is bald and bleached, and looks as if vegetation had been washed or burnt out by volcanoes, the French, or other devastators, perforce.


I passed through Rome, biting my lips that I could not stay to see St. Peter's, the origin of Protestantism; and hurried on, as fast as lame horses, and the fear of brigands, could carry me, to Naples. The Campagna struck me as an *argumentum ad hominem* evidence of the abominations of the Church of Rome. Not a weed that grows there, but has been sown by some erroneous dogma. It is quite clear, agriculture can never flourish as long as they believe in transubstantiation, and that we never should have heard of the malaria under a Protestant

church-by-law-established religion and priesthood. Pius VII. does as much as a mere pope can do, for the health of the country ; but he has powerful opponents ; and, I candidly confess, I see no substantial remedy for the evil, but his becoming at once a Lutheran. Were the priests permitted to marry, we should in a short time see a very populous colony where now, to the great disparagement of all true religion, we behold nothing but buffaloes and rododendrons. Wales shows how much may be done in this way :—a curate has often twenty children ; and the lower his salary and diet, the more patriarchal and prolific is he. I am not sure that there might not be a difficulty at first in breaking them in ; but did his Holiness seriously set about it, even now, by giving the example in his own person, I have no doubt upon my mind but that in two centuries the thing would succeed. I have begged the British Government to look to it in time, and not to give the Papist Irish any farther relaxations, unless the Pope shall promise to

clear his bogs of malaria by peopling them, for the comfort of his Majesty's Protestant subjects who may be induced to visit Rome. In case such an evil as these concessions should be inevitable, I think Lord Eldon might easily slip his condition into the concordat, which would be gaining at least something; and from the gracious silence with which the Pope himself received my memorial on the subject, I do not anticipate much objection, supported particularly, as I should be in the case of a treaty, by a few frigates.

My arrival at Naples was a subject of much self-gratulation. Then, as now, the roads were infested by robbers of all hues, licensed and unlicensed—from the bandit of the mountains, to his rival the douanier on the frontier. Naples delighted me exceedingly. I had got nearer to the sun, and basked away, day after day. Living was like breathing; I never felt the burthen so lightly, or felt less inclination to go to Heaven. The sky is made expressly for a man who has no business at home; and the earth

teems with such abundance, that you may roll about in it like a wild colt, without the least fatigue, the whole year long. I ate, drank, despised my gout, and promised myself an eternity of days, each, as the Italian saith, still happier than the other. The wine is nearly as strong and cheery as our Port (it smacketh not a little of Falernian), and was indeed a treat after the watery potations of the North of Italy and France. I preferred the Calabrian for its cheapness and vigour; it is stout and swift—it goes far and deep with a man, and does him, as my appearance soon testified, not a little benefit. The fish also excelleth: the red mullet, or triglia, as it is actually denominated, must have been a favourite with your Roman, and Lucullus settled in this bay not without pertinent and grave reason. It is marvellous that, improving as we are every day, we have not yet begun to think of naturalizing this admirable eatable, or importing, in due quantities for elderly retired gentlemen and ladies, all qualities of Calabrian:—I am not rich,



and am disposed to husband whatever little Heaven and the physicians have spared me ; but I would throw down, as soon as any man, my mite, in the establishment of any joint-stock company which would undertake it for the benefit of so deserving a portion of the British nation. A man may be a long time absent from his native land ; but, after all, " his first best country ever is at home."

Naples is as crowded, and more noisy than London ; and, sorry am I to say, there is no West-end of the town : it is not a place for nervous ladies and gentlemen who do not understand, or "remember," as the phrase now is, their Italian. In one of my evening walks, after dinner, along the Toledo, I was nearly knocked over and trampled down by a *curriculo*, whilst I was conjugating a verb, (and I believe accurately,) in the imperative mode, to bid the driver and the horse keep aloof. Every one laughs here, and is laughed at ; and my serious temperament, which seldom alloweth me the pleasure of a smile, (though I sometimes perceive it produceth

one in others,) obtained for me many a condolence on misfortunes, which, as far as I was conscious, I had never experienced. But the chief thing to be attended to here, is, to distrust flattery and hate servility.—A Neapolitan will come, and with the most gratifying titles and seducing good-humour, filch the last penny from your purse, and, as I am informed, boast afterwards with unparalleled ingratitude to his countrymen of your stupidity, thus encouraging them to similar malpractices, which, with Bible institutions (there surely might be a branch one on the Mola), and a Society of Ladies for suppressing vice, might in a few months be altogether corrected. Indeed I must say, that it is not a little to the disgrace of our piety, that, whilst large sums are daily expending upon the Heathen in other quarters, where so few of our fellow-countrymen ever travel, nothing has been yet done to drain the immorality from this soil, where Englishmen swarm like locusts, and come in and go out, as regularly as the quails.

I found at last,—albeit I am tolerably courteous for a Northern,—that there were no other means of fully rescuing oneself from these Harpies and Syrens combined, than a well-regulated system of universal distrust. I treated every one as a rogue, until I found him out to be an honest man ; I always commenced my arrangements with a cannonade of strong augmentatives, and expletives, and corroboratives, which in other countries might be considered as oaths ; and when I had almost convinced my hearer that I was a man who on proper occasion could be in earnest, and had as much blood in his body as another, though he did not seem to know it, I began my operations on the first item of each bill with my hair on end, my mouth wide open, and all my fingers extended, as indicative of surprise ; and generally terminated by seizing my stick, (though not using it,) tearing the bill, and telling the impostor to call again, when, if I happened to have breakfasted, and was in a good humour, I might be induced to pay him *half*. The first

victory I gained this way, was a source of great congratulations amongst my friends : and as the commencement of a stand against impositions, they talked of giving me a dinner, expressive of their gratitude. I found, indeed, some days afterward, that my bills insensibly increased ; and though I always cut down my Neapolitan to half, and compelled him to yield with a good grace to my rebuke, yet I know not how he managed it—his defeats always turned to his advantage, and my advantages were real defeats. Yet was there some consolation, after all, in not letting him have his own way,—in standing up manfully against imposture,—and, after a discussion which sometimes lasted an hour, in gaining five or six new words to my Italian vocabulary. I gradually improved, both in speaking and writing, and was as good a saver of a penny in a pound, as any one of my more experienced countrymen.

I am a lover of the arts, by having had the advantage of hearing other people talk of them. I profited, therefore, as the reader

may imagine, by my visit to such a place as Naples. I bought twelve distemper drawings, of Eruptions of Mount Vesuvius—nothing finer could be done in that way: they must have been excellent representations, for they resembled much some scenes of the same subject I saw the year before at Covent Garden. In this transaction, too, I had the comfort of making an arrangement which would have done honour to a confirmed trader; the seller acknowledging, after I had paid him, that “Messer Giovanni Bull was not so easily to be taken in, as most people imagined.” I afterward saw at a friend’s house at Rome, what at first appeared to me duplicates, and which he asserted—he assevered—he had purchased from the same man for half the sum I had given for mine; but there must have been some mistake—the thing is clearly impossible. I cut him down, as usual, to half: it is not likely he would have yielded so easily to another.

With these, I put up some Calabrian, not admiring either the price or the name of

the Lagrima, and set off with a Vetturino, who was to be four days on the road. It is rather an agreeable way of travelling, particularly with children ;—caritelles go too fast, and you lose the country. It was about the beginning of December, and frost and sleet were as frequent and severe as in England—but Italy is always Italy and beautiful, and the Campagna bears being seen at any period of the year. We rose at three and set off at four, which I thought unfortunate. I bear the character of being a lover of the picturesque, a quality I inherited from my family, who, time out of mind, were known in their neighbourhood for having the nicest ponds, pollards, Chinese-bridges, and pretty ruins, in the whole parish. My anxiety was extreme: I was up half an hour before my companions, and supplicated the Vetturino to wait for the rising of the sun, that I might see Naples to advantage. I was surprised he should hesitate: I thought that, living as he did a great portion of the year in this garden of Europe, he would have been a much greater lover of its beauties.

He asked me five crowns for the indulgence, which I thought extravagant, and represented to him, in vain, that I might have as many views of the thing for as many pauls in any shop in Naples. I found out afterwards, that Naples is positively nothing from that side, which consoled me not a little for my misadventure.—On my way to Fondi, from some conversation I had with my companions, I perceived I had neglected seeing Pompeii, but this I do not so much regret: it is a shameful waste of money, to attempt scraping, and sweeping away the ashes from so miserable a village. One Italian palace, I have heard, is nearly as large as the entire market-place, and there is scarcely a church which would not swallow up the whole tribe of their temples. There is nothing, I must avow, which so completely sickeneth me as cant; and to pretend there is any thing wonderful, or out of the way, in an oven or a baker's shop or a poor cellar, (which might be run dry in a night,) because it is *ancient*, is, to say the best of it, but a most miserable

affectation, worthy only of our black-letter gossips, and to be straightway banished from all modern travelling. Yet such is the force of habit and evil custom, you will see our daintiest dames putting their heads into every crevice, and conjecturing upon the use of every stone, when, without stepping out of their own land, especially if they be Irish, they may any day in the year meet ruined Citria, vestibules of ten feet, streets of twenty, and I know not what other marvels, with which every page of modern Recollections, Souvenirs, and Diaries, most inordinately abounds. With half the money expended in excavating this village, I would engage to build a most respectable market-town in any part of his Neapolitan Majesty's dominions; and I cannot sufficiently commend the singular sagacity of that prince, who, to put an end to the abuse at once, or to perish in it, erected an expensive palace, of exactly the same size, immediately over Herculaneum.

I did not see Vesuvius, as most people do:—though if the weather had been fine,

and a carriage could have got up to the top of the mountain,—as the guides always take provisions, and you meet good wine,—I confess I should have liked it. My countrymen blamed me much for this omission, assuring me there was the finest view in the world from its summit, which, though they did not see on account of the mists, they claimed a right to speak about with an assurance to which I could not possibly pretend. After all, I am not without my defence; and the Neapolitan Professor of Mineralogy\* or Geology, no matter which, told me I had much better do as he did, who, though he had been Professor ten years, had only visited it once, which, in his opinion, was once too often. The reality is not to be compared to the images of our imagination; and


\* I was afterwards acquainted with this Emeritus Philosopher. The French naturalists could with difficulty induce him to make a collection for their use. The minerals were furnished by one of the Vesuvian guides,—he or his pupils, I believe, contributed the catalogue and classification.

no one is fool enough to exchange a good picture for a bad. There is some truth in that—but *ne quid nimis*. There is no knowing what might come of the establishment of such a principle—*sine grano*:—it might do up with travelling altogether.

The snow continued till we reached Terracina; and though I was assured it would go off on Wednesday, this was no consolation to me who, unfortunately, was travelling on Tuesday. I had once in my life, before, been a day too late; I was now condemned to be a day too early. Nor, though I have much reflected on it since, have I been able to decide which of the two evils is to be preferred:—my father would have untied the knot, and decided that *both* were for the best.

We reached Terracina late; and as we were rumbling in, under what appeared to me to be the ancient portico of some half-ruined Roman villa, I thanked God aloud for having escaped from the snares of the Fowler: my companion was still more devout, as

if he had something to lose besides his life. —But here an occurrence befel me, pregnant with the most instructive moral, and which should I hide from the curiosity of my reader, I should indeed fail in one of the primary duties imposed upon a public instructor. Foreigners blame us much for our habits of taciturnity, but verily they know not what they say. In our journeying through regions so beset with all sort of men-traps, as this neighbourhood, we should have eyes which see not, ears which hear not, and above all, tongues which talk not.—We found a party of young and giddy travellers congregated at the fire before us. The cold was great, and I know not whether my habitual timidity would have prevented me (if other causes did not intervene) from mingling in their company. Our Vetturino had, as usual, without consulting us, ordered our repast at the other end of the room. The dinner, I need not say, was bad; and most of our circle had retired, *lassati nondum satiati*, to their repose: but these wantons



still continued their revelry, and discoursed largely on what they had seen, and on what they had not seen ; where they had been and not been ; whither they were going, whence returning ; and not a little on the various sources from whence they derived their means. Anon they proceeded from boasts to wagers, and more than one purse was vauntingly displayed on the large oaken table behind them. I trembled inwardly for them and their imprudence, when I marked the naked and stained walls ; the heavy tread—growing gradually lighter ;—the hungry cheek, the asp-like glistening eye, and dumb show, of our attendants. I cautiously abstained from my ordinary salutations, and stole silently on tiptoe out of the room.

It was a wild and rainy morning the next day, and the storm beat in, through the great open staircase. With difficulty we were roused. The revellers of last night had departed an hour before us—and on our arrival at For' Appio, they were still missing !  
...A calesche was found overturned in the

canal near, and the postilions, some hours after, reached with their jaded horses, and in trembling and silence, the neighbouring Posta. It was afterwards rumoured at Rome, that they were met by men, who were in communication with the dumb listeners at Terracina ;—and had learnt by three days sad penance in the mountains, and a large contribution on the liberality of their banker, how dangerous a thing it may be to have a tongue over-loosely hung, and not to keep your enjoyments, like a good conscience, comfortably and gravely within your own bosom. From that time forth, I have always endeavoured, as much as possible, on such occasions, to speak in monosyllables, to look nothings, and to appear poorer in hope and gain, than I really am ; and cannot but pity those over-confident presumers on Providence who, in a country like this of the Philistines, will expose themselves wittingly to the jaws of the Devourer, and dance jeeringly round the candle, until it shall consume them.

The winter had set in when I returned to

Rome, and I was told by the first cicerone I met, that it was quite the season for sight-seeing. I remember hearing the same thing in October, and believed it. It is true, that the sun is hot, and the palaces damp; and for want of remembering the distinction, I soon caught a cold, which the doctors attempted to improve into a fever. I paid them off the second week, and disappointed them, by rising. I had no great love for antiquities, as I have already mentioned, and would recommend gentlemen travellers, in general, to see these stones upon stones through the telescopes of other eyes; but soon finding it impracticable to appear in society without having seen my sights also, I learnt, in the order of their going, my catalogue of names; bought my modern antiques; ordered my mosaics, and invited and even dined my painter. This is grievous if you will; but *corrigere est nefas*;—it is the shibboleth, without which no passing of the ford, no freedom of the corporation; without it you will travel, as you would in a

balloon, and be put up, on your return home, with the trunks and bandboxes which had the good fortune to accompany you.

All this then I did, and I think patiently, and *secundum artem* : no one laughed at me ; and after a rehearsal of a few weeks, I was agreeably surprised to find myself making my mistake with as much decorum and authority, as if I had resided and talked ten entire years, in the Imperial city. The new comer especially betakes himself to the gravest faces, and the most absolute decisions ; and a man, in right of his precedence on the same ground, may go on tilting for many nights without any fear of an encounter.—The process is to hire your walker, or talker, or cicerone, and to walk and listen with him your five or ten shillings a-day : when one pays for it, one is apt to remember ; and as to any mistake in the evening, whichever way you go, you are sure to find authority for all. No court of law pays more implicit obeisance to a convenient precedent than your antiquary ; if you happen to err, hint

the uncertainty of all things Roman, and if the error be notorious, insist upon it as the very latest light. As to paintings, never mention the *name* of a painter—always speak of the *school*. I could pick up nothing better than an Orizzonte, but it gave me frequent opportunities of speaking of Claude, and talking imposingly of sunsets and Naples, and the Pass of Terracina. Busts and mosaics, I soon found, were out of the question; in collecting my museum, I was therefore obliged to make up by taste, what I was constrained to sacrifice through sheer poverty. Poussin, when asked where Rome was, took up a handful of dust, and exclaimed enthusiastically, “Eccola!” I acted upon the hint:—every traveller, with a good cane and a pair of spectacles, and the disposition to poke, and the fortune to find, which I had, may in a few weeks collect a little cluster of cabinet curiosities, which, by wrapping up carefully, and labelling magnificently, and exaggerating, I dare not say, *lying*, about the price, will, I warrant the reader, make

quite the same show and stir amongst discerning country cousins, as if inherited, *bonâ fide*, from Wincklemann, and turned up, God knows how or why, like the Stuart Papers. I was particularly enamoured of a very pretty row of marbles, all picked up with my own hands, and upon the spot *ipsomet, ipsissimo*; I had them polished, and ticketed, and catalogued in the most agreeable manner, with sounding names, and various-coloured papers; and though I afterwards found, on casting up the accounts, and making some inquiries where such articles usually are sold, that I had paid for mine somewhat more than one-half above their value—yet the satisfaction of not being taken in, and the perfect assurance of their having really come from Hadrian's villa or the Palatine, or Roma Vecchia, fully recompensed me for any trifling loss I might have experienced.

I was also induced, or indeed compelled, to squander a little in the purchase of cameos and stones. I found a very beautiful


one in cornelian, for so low a sum as ten crowns ; an undoubted antique, as I was assured by the person who showed it to me first,—a common friend to both parties,—and of which indeed there was ample proof, for the name ZENONE\* was engraved round the philosopher's head, and the stone, on examination, appeared not a little worn and injured. In the same magazine, I procured with some intrigue, a seal, which I still use, of the Roman diagram.† The letters were placed at the four angles of a cross, which at first excited suspicion ; but the cross, I was informed, was a Greek one, and the letters evidently of the time of Constantine. The stone, lapis lazuli, was precisely the colour of the Imperial purple, and there was a remarkable split, said to be caused by an earthquake, throughout it. I was told, indeed, by a “ young pretender,” that he saw

\* Penès me.

† Sold afterwards, in consequence of some suspicion of its antiquity, to a Mr. W. in whose possession I saw it at Rome.

the seal executing the week before I came to Rome ; but, besides that I suspected him of some secret intentions of purchasing it himself, no one can doubt that it is antique who looks for an instant to the mounting. I mention these circumstances, however, not from any value I attach to them, (though I must say my collection of marbles often recalls to my remembrance the entire city—*ex pede Herculem*) but solely as a portion of precautionary information, for such gentlemen antiquarians as wish to form their cabinets with as much expedition, and as little expense, as possible. A man may travel from Dan to Beersheba, and bring home his caravans of monsters and monstrosities if he likes ; but give me quality, and let him take quantity. I am for gems, not quarries ; and rather think my *collana* of marbles worth all the cases and parcels of giants, well-hewn or ill-hewn, which have lately been imported from the Continent.

I arrived at Rome in the midst of the Carnival, and immediately appeared in the



Corso. I was taken by my shyness and awkwardness for an Abbate. No one, I imagined, could be more unlike ; but my expostulations were not listened to. The next day, I was obliged, in self-defence, to disguise. Nothing could be more contrary to my wishes ; but I was bound to see every thing—I had no choice. I appeared in the field about two, resolved to retaliate the insults of the preceding day, when three Masques (very probably the identical Masques who had attacked me on my arrival) immediately advanced against me, ere I could find time to defend myself from their aggressions. I had no alternative but to endure, in stubborn patience, what I soon perceived could in no wise be avoided ;—and after reciting the verse in Horace, and calling to mind the example of Ajax in the Iliad, was about to commence my preparations for a dignified retreat, when my two assailants called the guard, and fled precipitately, under a brisk volley of comfits, in an opposite direction. I remembered in vain


all the good reasons which I had urged in my defence the day before. It was enough I had remained alone on the field of battle, and was fixed on as the delinquent (there was none other visible) who had commenced and completed the offence. I was thus put under arrest for too much charity, and had to endure the interrogatory of a Bureau, the privation of the scene, and a night's prison, because I was feebler or more tranquil than other men. I have often disputed on the unequal partition of good and evil in this sublunary world, but I know of few cases of a stronger description than what I have just instanced. I had hardly the courage to extract a lesson from the occurrence, and it was not till some years afterward that I embodied its substance in the cautions which I have given under this head in my Directions, or *Dicta*.

I returned home the next morning, neither giving, nor receiving any kind of satisfaction. I was disgusted, and went to bed. Towards evening I arose rather feverish, but neither

visited the Corso, Festino, or any place of public amusement during the remainder of my stay at Rome. The chief of the police, with a significant glance, hinted to me, on leaving the Bureau, that I must henceforth consider myself as a *marked* man. I felt nowise inclined to visit their guard-room a second time, nor knew I at that period any better expedient for avoiding the danger, than altogether avoiding the temptation.

But the best intentions are sometimes frustrated by a series of untoward accidents. It was difficult to find a more peaceably inclined person, or a more direct and devout admirer of the powers that be, particularly in traveling, than myself.—Passive obedience, the contumelious term for that comfortable spirit of resignation to the guardians whom God in his mercy hath placed over his flock, and which is the best safeguard of the throne, as it no doubt is the best keeper of the people, had been always a grand distinctive of our family; and though my father could never rise higher than some sub-secondary

place in the revenue, yet placing his trust in Providence, the clear-sightedness of his Majesty, and the wisdom of his Majesty's Ministers, he continued faithful to the end, and was noted for his unconquerable love of every one above him, beginning with the postmaster, and so going up to the rector. He had begun life with these principles, which were handed down to him in an oaken snuff-box, said to be manufactured from the Royal Oak ; and he has often declared in my presence to a ring of villagers, who came to hear him sing and talk of the Battle of Dettingen and Titus Oates's plot, on Sunday evenings, that had he never been promised the reversion for the family; these were the principles in which he intended to live and prosper, and by God's grace, and as he hoped to be happy here and hereafter, intended also to die. Every fifth of November, or King's Birthday, was a day of real joy at his house; and no one who could perceive the cheerful smoke and enticing smells which issued from his kitchen upon such days, could be any



longer at a loss how we had escaped from the contaminations of anarchy and assignats during the entire of the French Revolution, though raging at no greater distance from our thresholds than two or three hundred miles.

In these feelings, therefore, of bounden duty to my superiors, and the most satisfactory conviction of the happiness of loyalty and loyal men, I had been nursed and brought up. I know not whether I stand as a good illustration of my faith, though the fault may be more in the professor than the profession; but this at least is certain, that, believing as I did, nothing could be more painful to my feelings than to be treated, and by "authority," as I had been; and I should altogether have felt inconsolable had I not reflected, that there may be some difference between authority and authority:—and that no one is, strictly speaking, obliged to obey (unless he be an Idolater) either Antichrist or the Pope.

In the state of low spirits which oppressed me at Rome, I was obliged to entrust

my passport for signature to my Valet-de-place. He went round, as he assured me, to the usual Ambassadors, and returned me my passport the same evening. I paid him largely, and slept well, having, as I imagined, done my duty. At an early hour next morning, we started from the Piazza del Popolo, which was not far from the Piazza della Scrofa, where I resided. I slept a portion of the morning, and though hungry, (we travelled by Vetturino,) passed the day satisfactorily. That night we reached Ronciglione, and the next day Bolsena. I had singularly enjoyed the effect of a magnificent southern sunset on the fine expanse of the lake; and though no poet, could not avoid working into three or four stanzas my own peculiar feelings on the subject. They cost me some time, and a great deal of scanning; but I succeeded at last, and should have inserted them here, had they not been torn and eaten up, as I suspect, by my cat.\*


\* My uncle was a poet, and a very fastidious one too. The stanzas in question, of which I possess a

The impression, however, remains still : I scarcely ever remember a more delightful excursion, which was not a little heightened by the talkativeness and other attractive qualities of a young niece of the curate of San-Lorenzo, who was called suddenly, as she told me, to Florence, to receive the blessings of her dying aunt ; and who did all she could to amuse and convert me (an excellent mode by the by) during my journey.

But my joy was destined soon to terminate, and my smiles were about to expire in tears. On our arrival on the Tuscan frontier, at Acqua-pendente, our passports, as usual, were required. I had given in mine to our Vetturino in due form, and sate down

copy, (long missing, as appears from the text) are almost illegible from frequent erasures. "The poet," he often used to observe, "who composes '*stans pede in uno*,' will produce nothing but halting measure ; and better to have one child who may live long enough to grow up into a man, than thirty who die children, and ten times the number of abortions."

with a cheerful countenance to dinner. Dinner passed with great gaiety and laughing,—‘the torrent’s smoothness ere it’s dash below ;’ but I was no sooner on my bed for the siesta, than suddenly a Commissario della Polizia (I would rather have seen a Hippogriff) entered the room, with two gend’armes, and cried out, “ You are right—it is the man—look at his wig.” I had not a moment to expostulate. I was ordered instantly to follow :— half dressed, I was ushered into the street : a mob pursued me : my presence of mind was gone : I knew not what to say or do ; nor was it until I had reached the Bureau, that I could clearly comprehend the cause or motive of this most unseasonable interruption. In vain I appealed to the principles of my youth, to the known tranquillity of my demeanour ; alas ! the letter of the police at Rome, (they never lost sight of me,) and my brown wig, were unanswerably against me : there was no one there, not even the curate’s daughter, whose testimony would be taken in my behalf. In-



deed, her over-warmth not a little increased their suspicions, and on the whole rather injured than served me. We were thought to be in concert; and more than once did our Vetturino hint, with a total ignorance of my character, that I was little better than her avowed guardian. "Heu nos homunculi!" I exclaimed: and the lady looked beautiful, and smiled in his face:—but my judge was old, cold, and inexorable. I grew seriously disquieted, and talked of his Britannic Majesty and Lord Castlereagh. I met nothing but sneers and insult, and was asked "if they were both arrived at Genoa?" The wig was still insisted on; it looked every hair Carbonaro. I in vain urged the illness to which I had been a martyr but two years before; they answered, "You might have got any other than a *brown* one."

Nevertheless, all this, perhaps, might have passed off without any serious consequences, by means of a long speech, perorating with half-a-crown, had it not been for my passport;—it was found to have only *six* sig-


natures—the *seventh*, that of the Austrian commandant, was *wanting*. I was accordingly ordered back to Rome, to obtain it, and advised, in future, to do things myself, and not to wear wigs of a different colour from my eyebrows. To complete my misfortunes, the Vetturino, whom I had paid in advance, refused to return me my money,—saying, as was indeed the fact, that it was my fault, and not his—and that passengers were not quite so easy to be found in a village as in the capital. The young lady was the only person who felt for my calamity, (but the sex are always compassionate,) and offered to accompany me home. I felt grateful; but there were too many eyes, and envious ones too, upon us, to admit of my expressing it.

In a few minutes I was remanded, under the same escort, to the inn, and from thence ordered to take the road to Bolsena. All *Acqua-pendente* followed. A miserable gig was provided, and I was obliged to mount it with an armed *Sbirro* behind me. I need not say that my feelings were wound up to

the most distressing pitch, nor can I forget that there were many dubious-looking fellows in the crowd, who eyed and hailed me as a companion. Thus, from the slight mistake of taking sixes for sevens, was I treated as a daring violator of the laws, an open enemy to order and legitimacy, and a Carbonaro *flagran. delict.* (which answers to Papist, or Atheist, in England): and, out of the mere simplicity and singleness of my conduct, lost four-and-twenty crowns, Roman money, a whole week of fine weather, and more good temper than I ever remember to have been deprived of in so short a period during any former portion of my life.

It may well be imagined, after having passed the ordeal to which I was exposed on my way to Rome (for I was soon magnified into a brigand, or *fuor-uscito* of the very first blood, and had twenty or thirty murders laid on my back, before I reached Viterbo)—it may well be imagined, I say, that I bore the cross-questioning of my commissary at the Palazzo del Governo with no very great

composure. I first refused answering any interrogatory whatsoever—an obstinacy which grievously confirmed the suspicions of my questioner; then I stuck fast at my parentage and condition, and returned no other response to their pertinacious queries, than “Basta, ch’io non sia Italiano, ma galant’-uomo;” but finding my examiners quite as dogged as myself, and recollecting, at the moment, that I had spent a night in the neighbourhood, I began to falter, look mild, and, why should I conceal it? gradually to give in. The commissary perceived it with a glance of his hawk’s eye, and sticking instantly his pen behind his ear, and bowing significantly as he retired, brought back with him three other commissaries worse than himself, who, after eyeing me attentively from head to foot, declared, *unà voce*, and without any consultation, that I was an incendiary, to all intents and purposes, charged with combustible materials, and ready to explode, even under his Holiness’s nose, whenever a



good and sufficient occasion might chance to offer.

I do not know whether this decision would have banished, fined, or confined me, or done, perhaps, what was still worse than any of the three,—had not my Sbirro, who till this moment was in chit-chat with the servants of the antichamber, suddenly appeared, and, remembering for the first time that he had my passport in his pocket, presented it with a shrug which was as satisfactory as the passport itself, and altogether arrested, ere it was too late, the precipitate judgment of my persecutors. I was allowed, after a little smiling and whispering, to withdraw, and passed through the ranks which opened for me on all sides of the Bureau with what haste I could, anxious to gain the open street, and lift up my hands once more in thanksgiving for my safe deliverance from the lion's den, and the power of the enraged Philistine.

Yet in all things are there seeds of conso-


lation, if one could find them out. I went home—supped well—slept better,—and next morning extracted the moral which the reader will find laid down in one of my *Dicta*, (Part 2nd, under the head “ Too much rather than too little,—or *quidquid nimis*,”) in its proper place. From that day forth I never sent a servant for what I could get myself: used my own arms, eyes, and legs as well as my teeth or tongue; and though I have often had a signature to spare, never, by wanting one, have since run the risk of being whipped or quartered for a rebel and a traitor.

I soon procured the official permission for another journey; but, entertaining a natural horror for the sites where I had already experienced so many disagreeable encounters, I took the road by Perugia to Florence.

Nothing remarkable occurred in the course of this excursion, unless indeed an upset near the Lake of Thrasymene; which I should hardly think worth mentioning, but for the caution which it may suggest to future travellers—and which the reader will find

embodied in my 241st *Dictum*, under the heading of "Look before you leap, or choose whilst you may."—The winter yet endured : the mornings were still dark, and I continued to travel in Vetturino. I found, on entering the vehicle, that it cracked, and tended grievously, like the superannuated bark of Charon, to one side. I tried to correct this, as well as I could, by moving to the other ; and, thus quieting my apprehensions, insensibly fell asleep. The road was good, though hilly, and for some time the travelling comfortable ; but in descending, a little before dawn, a small mountain, with a velocity somewhat superior to our ordinary course of going, a shriek, or a cry, for it was between both, of "Jesù Maria! aiuto, aiuto," instantly followed by an abrupt dislocation and disparting of the whole machine, roused me suddenly from a golden dream, in which I imagined myself the author of the best work yet published on Travelling,—receiving the congratulations of my publisher in an additional gratuity, and complimented, in neat and appropriate para-

graphs, in every monthly and weekly publication in town. I was tumbled out, with all my *impedimenta*, in a singularly incoherent manner, into the high road; and whilst grasping for assistance whatever came nearest, found myself, to my utter astonishment, in immediate contact with a human Leviathan, the *fons et origo malorum*, under the shape and appearance of a wet nurse travelling with her two bambini to Cortona. "Heu nos homunculi!" I again exclaimed: but in a moment recovered my legs and philosophy, and, taking out my pencil, wrote in my new mother-of-pearl souvenir—"Never more to travel with Generals of religious orders—Major Domos—German merchants—or wet nurses, unless previously inspected." Such things may now and then be unavoidable even in England:—but our coach-making and iron, under Providence, are great securities against accident:—the action and reaction are equal, and in breaking down there is always a consolation, that the misfortune could not be guarded against by the *ne plus*




*ultrà* of human ingenuity. But here—an injured man has cause and right to rail—every thing from the police downward is out of joint:—let no man travel, but with his passport signed, his eyes open, and by lamp-light or daylight, if he must travel in Italy.

It was some time before the lady could be reinstated: she lay disconsolate for at least half an hour, like Virgil's augury in the 5th book of the *Æneid*, with all her young ones about her; whilst the horses, travellers and Vetturino, were quarrelling amongst each other, and the coach compelled to wait, for a good hour, the issue of the encounter. It was patched up, like so many other ill-going machines, provisionally; and, after an aspiration to their favourite saint, each passenger once more ventured bones and fortunes to its treacherous keeping. I kept my eyes open, and attentively fixed on the side where sate my nurse—every moment ready for a leap forward; and what with this precaution, and others, at last arrived in security at Florence.

My joy on reaching that delightful capital


was excessive. I gave a *mancia* to my driver, such as no Milord Inglese had vouchsafed him before ; and rose at five next morning, in order fully to sate myself with sight of the city. In a short time I was definitively installed in a very proper and serious dwelling, (not far from the Ponte Sta Trinità,) where there was a terrace which commanded the river, and orange-trees in abundance, an excellent landlady, who was celebrated for her macaroni, and a young serving-maid who played the guitar.

I soon picked my way into a closer acquaintance with the inhabitants, and by degrees began to enjoy every thing in this most enjoyable town. Things could not be better managed in England ;—nay, as for that, Whitbread's Entire is not quite so good as Aleatico ; and though I at first felt the loss of beefsteaks, yet such is the rapid progress of civilization since the liberation of the Continent, that with some allowances for the meat, (for the sun won't permit us here to fatten on oil-cake,) every whit as good and



eatable a performance of the kind may be had at Schneider's as at any Dolly's or other Tavern in or out of London. Then the climate—here indeed are compensations: there are few days, even in winter, one does not see the sun—not in that moonlike, maudlin, stupid-looking guise, which, since the earliest records, has been the reproach of England; but as a sun ought to be seen, if he is to appear at all in public,—gay, glittering, and condescending, like a bridegroom, or a minister,—that is, like a minister coming in, not going out. There are fogs, but they are natural ones; and there is some difference between breathing water, and breathing fire and soot, or, what comes to the same thing, breathing smoke. I don't think I ever light a lamp before sunset:—now, there are few winter days in London, during which one does not burn as much tallow as by night. The consequence has been, that I have never felt the least disposition, except once, to cut my throat,—and then my friends told me it was from being over-happy.

The domestic comforts too are great. In a short time I found myself in a cheaper England. I was yet young: I felt that misfortune had not chilled the genial current about my heart:—I never was proof against the softer passion; and in a short time owned the influence of the fair inhabitants. In the adjoining *contrada*, was a widow of no unseemly exterior and most winning manners. I saw her often, and she did not find much difficulty in persuading me, that a single life was not intended by the Creator for his creatures, and, if practicable in any other country, was altogether out of the question in Italy. I often reasoned with her; but she quoted the first chapter of Genesis,—kissed me, and thus left me and my argument in the lurch. Intentions I had, and of the very best kind; but somehow or other, like rusty fire-arms, I never could bring them to bear: when I most wanted them, they were most out of order. I threw them at last away in a passion, and surrendered from mere want of the means of defence. I was a



milky-hearted man, and she soon found it out;—she took possession of the citadel—and kept it. I made her promises; she believed them; we were thoroughly happy: but providence, the providence of my father, finally interfered with us both. After six years, in the course of which we had six children, and after the birth of each of which I intended to marry her, she was suddenly taken away from me by the *tifo petecchiali*, then raging at Florence, at the very moment preparations were seriously making for her intended nuptials.

The christenings and nursings, and educations, good and bad, of my young family, (now reduced to two, and both of them inclined to the army,) have drained my purse to its lowest ebb; but God and patience have carried men through worse trials, and I am yet respected by my banker as much as any man of my long standing in the country. I am invited to the tables of all new comers, though I have nothing to offer in requital for their kindness but mere words; and proud I

am to say, that a touching sense of my hints, and a recollection the most flattering of my yellow-morocco chair, is very visible in every letter which I from time to time have the satisfaction of receiving from my travelled acquaintances in England. "We have done the state some service," and, I may also add, "they know it." It is something, in such a season and such a town as this, to rank second in public interest to the ambassador; to have, by every carriage, your letter of compliment and recommendation; and thus to be, in some degree, the means of blowing into maturity the seeds of that noble curiosity which is the chief vaunt of the most enlightened portion of the most enlightened country in Europe, and perhaps of the entire world.

I need not doubt that, after the perusal of the foregoing pages, the courteous reader would feel not a little disappointed, were I to treat him otherwise than as an intimate friend, and for once overcome my habitual *mauvaise honte*—the arch-enemy I have had

to wrestle with during the greater part of my life. Neither have I now to feel or fear the lynx-eyed malignity of criticism : I am journeying fast to that country where the slave lies down with his master, and reviewers are reviewed in their turn. I shall not attempt to hide from the gaze of posterity (as I sometimes have done from my contemporaries, by means of my large red umbrella) any portion, favourable or unfavourable, of my interior or exterior man. Posterity hath not injured us ; and it were dealing churlishly with children yet unborn, to act by them with the niggardness of an envious old parent. My life, like that which the Roman sighed after, has been led *coram populo*. I have almost held a constant academy for all the nations of Europe :—the glass has been worn always upon my heart ; and I glory, as virtuous men should do, in the curiosity and inspection of my neighbours.

This, then, is the course and manner of my existence ;—and the benevolent reader will thence judge whether any benefit, and what,


is likely to accrue therefrom to the whole human race.—In summer I have occupied myself principally in short excursions in the neighbourhood. Pisa, Leghorn, Lucca, Sienna, Arezzo, and even Milan,—and on one occasion Venice,—have attracted me. Were I to sit down to write travels, in the reigning taste, with quarto pretensions, maps, and engravings, got up from recollections, or anticipations, (one is often as good as the other,) I see no reason why I too could not draw out my wire, with any other man. But I prefer concentrating the essential oil of my observations into as small a compass as possible; and, not unmindful of the instructive lesson of the sibyl of old, think three may be more precious than nine, and a duodecimo *de re ipsissima* better than folios, trifling and dozing about it. My *Dicta* contain *il più bel fior*—the interior salt, the triple-rectified spirit, of all that a very laborious alchemy could gather, concoct, and digest, for thirty years of round-a-bouting it, in Italy. In the course of these Directions, I have often

stayed my judgments with facts :—few other writers can say (I mean, conscientiously) the same ; and the reader will find more than one evidence “how difficult a thing it is to go to Corinth,” and that reading and seeing are not always the same.

These little wanderings did me many services :—my blood, which had been somewhat baked into a solemnity bordering overmuch upon a cold and stagnating phlegm, brightened, and flowed with its original rapidity : my eyes resumed their keenness—my cheeks their colour—and the wheel of descending life seemed for an instant to stand still.

Now, if Spring be a season of involuntary joy and uncontrollable pleasure in the coldest and darkest regions of the North, how much deeper and bolder and broader are its joys and pleasures, and influences, and powers, and exultations, in these gardens and paradises of the world ! When opening my casement over the Val d'Arno in the beginning of May, (for I had at times one of those little white villas, or villulæ, which sparkle upon

the declivities of Fiesole,) and walking up and down my balcony in my grey Turkish dressing-gown, forgetful of shaving and of breakfast,—then, indeed, I felt what a glorious thing it was to be born with the desire and capacity of enjoyment, and to find yourself plunged up to the chin into the torrent, with the gust and appetite which the staunch traveller only can feel. My imagination, eyes, and tongue, broke out into praises incoherent and irresistible. I saw the mist, like a vast curtain, furling up, or floating lavishly about, or swelling, or sweeping away, or dying, or brightening into the blue: then, out came the sun, in such a sky! all his own, unless now and then he had a rich levée of clouds brought there, to do him their morning suit and service. Below, what an earth! olives, and elms, and cypresses, and pines, cresting, and crossing, and crowding, and falling into each other's arms;—a plain, dappled with villages and gardens, and villas and churches,—nestled some of them in nooks and crevices; others flashing back the



sun on the focks or shepherds beside them ; others, again, laid indolently out by brown lakes, or greenswards,—the vineyards mantling them, or crowning them ; and the Arno, like a glorious serpent, cast over the immense valley between, coiling and playing, in the most wanton guise, with its flowers and shades, and nothing earnest, withal, to stretch onward, from these seats of its pleasure, to its distant destination—the Mediterranean. I turned first toward Vallombrosa, then to the Pian' di Chiano, and to Florence, and to Pisa, and to Lucca and her mountains, and the scarred girdle of the Apennines, which seems to be the great outward bastion of this Italian Eden, and then to Fiesole, beside me,—not knowing where to stop, or how to go on ;—and have often walked in to shave, from a mere mechanical impulse, stumbling as I went, the tears standing in my eyes, and my thoughts any where—every where,—dreaming of Arcadia, and the Golden Age, and the Millenium, and Doctor Southey.

The Spring was the usual season of my travelling, and my thoughts budded, in the prime of the year, with every thing about me. In the winter, I went home to my Tuscan fireside and *cinque cento* Italians, and ruminated what I had devoured in the summer.


In general I rise about sunrise, play a sonata on my Cremona, read over the play-bills, and the comedy, or a part of it, for the evening, and send my servant to inquire after the health of the Dowager Marchesa Cuori. This done, if the day be fine, I venture on the Bottegone, and a cup of chocolate, a breakfast which combines temperance and economy with solidity, and is the "*multum in parvo*," the chief object of all modern improvements, from the diamond Bible down to portable-gas and high-pressure steam. After breakfast, I think, or intend to do so, for an hour on the seats without; and if there be any other thinkers near me whose faces I like, I think aloud, and often listen.

I next read the newspapers at the Pallade

twice over, and particularly the list of new arrivals, and saunter to Molini's, to see how the edition of Eustace is getting on, though I know it will die in its birth ;—to inquire whether there are any new Diarists, new Invalids, new Ennuyées,—and who are the forthcoming lions from the menagerie of last winter ; and, finally, to hint now and then a scrap of advice, which may be serviceable to the printer, and not let him cut his throat from an over-rash attention to our English public.

I then read over my entry of visits ; and as I play my cards at the respective hotels, always ending at Schneider's, (where there are the best dinners,) I rub off the duty from the calf-skin page, with a satisfaction which persons only who can afford to keep good consciences can fully and constantly appreciate. Men may despise these observances :—but Gulliver, captain and hero as he was, was held by the threads of the Lilliputian—and a card has been known to do as much (that is, if well timed) as the Duke of Alva's hat and bow. So much got over, and

my bosom light, I dine at two, at the Trattoria, near the Piazza di S<sup>ta</sup> Trinità, unless invited, which, thanks to an honest reputation, is often the case, and sleep away the fatigues of the morning in my *siesta* of two hours and a-half; that time elapsed, a dove alarm-clock rouses me, and I prepare, by a frugal glass of ice, for the amusements of the evening. The *prima sera* is always spent at the Marchesa's, who knows more English—men, at least, than any other lady in Florence; and where few days pass without meeting a comer in, or goer out from Italy. I do not play,—and I enjoy that dispensation with the dog and the parrot, from long habits of domesticity and other services of some standing in the house:—my time is better spent; and my hints of an evening have often procured me a visit the next day, and a grateful pupil for life. At the theatre I perform my rounds with credit, and am on the terms of an Abbate with most families,—not, indeed, that I seek a place in the calendar of Florentine gallantries, but it is a credit to my



discretion, and a proof of confidence, which I cannot find in my heart (indeed it is not made of iron) to refuse. \* There are more things in this world than I had long dreamt of in my philosophy ;—but God, who gave us ears and eyes, meant, no doubt, we should use both ; besides, a traveller, and a teacher of travellers, enjoys by prescription the right of larger indulgence, in reward for his thirst of knowledge ; and I take nothing, but accept all. After the theatre, I retire to a serious and decent couch, as becometh my years and situation ; and leave to mandolines, wistful maids, disappointed lovers, cats, and other knights of the moon, the folly of waking, and the pain and penalty of wandering until morning.

As to my person—*fuimus*—“all flesh is grass.” I have been dried, browned, and seasoned into *hay*. He who could have seen me in my youth might well wonder how little has been left me of my former self, and

\* Amor che a null' amato amar perdona.—*Dante*.

how I have shrunk away from my just proportions, by little and little, like a depopulated city. Instead of that portly presence, which breathed every where of preferment and the church, and already fitted me for the largest stall in Christendom; instead of that cheek which was of the right orthodox complexion, and seemed flushed with the wine of life; instead of that natural command, and noble dignity of eye, which so well becomes the chosen when in company with the outcast and the sinner,—I have lost all claims at present to be considered as a Church-by-law-established man, and, like the Prodigal who had lived on husks of swine instead of fatted calves, or the Israelites who sighed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, though saturated with manna, I sometimes, in an hour of dreary leisure, when the day is neither autumn nor summer, and my fire is neither in nor out, bethink me what I might have been, had I not had the gout, or rather could I have deferred its visit some ten or twenty days longer. Now these are things,

which make me at times an anti-Pelagian—and, if I had spirits and youth, a mosque and a harem near me, might, for aught I know, in an angry fit, make me a Mahomedan. We are all creatures of destiny; and destiny alone hath made the Bishop of Chester a great luminary instead of a great incendiary,—and routed the French instead of the English at Waterloo,—and turned the world upside-down, by putting Sir Hudson Lowe over the head of Bonaparte, and cutting Lord Londonderry's throat with his own hand—the last hand, it is to be supposed, on ordinary reasoning, likely to do such a service in Christendom. The same destiny, or one very much of the same family, has made me what I am, and I am bound to respect it as much as a Minister of Police—that is, hating it, but fearing it—and both in silence.

My person has followed the fluctuation of my fortunes;—and I have grown tranquilly up into a tall, thin, exemplary-looking man, who loves his neighbour without loving his neighbour's wife; says his prayers, first for

himself and then for others ; thanks God and his benefactors openly ; would do an injury to no one, but is not fortunate enough to prevent others from doing injury to him ;—a slow masticator of tough meat and new opinions—temperate to excess—in debt to none but his stationer and tobacconist, and who has passed through life, purling gently over a soft, sandy bottom, and thinks no more of death, except when he sees the funeral of a friend, than of to-morrow's *siesta*. I wear the pair of spectacles my deceased Griselda purchased for me, fifteen years ago, in a back lane at Leghorn ; they are dear to me for her sake, and resemble, in colour and size, her eyes :—a small doctrinal wig, but which is neither brown and carbonaro-looking, like that which once I wore, nor dogged and dogmatic, like our village schoolmaster's, adds a very creditable frame and finish to the portrait. It was a present from an ancient and faithful adherent to the Chevalier St. George, and reflects honour on the age which invented it. Once I so far innovated as to allow, in a moment

of weakness, my serving-maid to powder it ; but this vanity soon disappeared, and it still is as black and Jacobite as ever.

My gold-headed cane and enamel snuff-box are also among the few survivors of my early circle. The staff of Esculapius is not more emblematic of health : it has travelled and discovered with me for twenty years ; and though I now and then shoe it, it is still in all the beauty of a *cruda viridisque senectus*—sinewy and knotty, and glistening with a laudable pride over the memory of its former achievements. My snuff-box has had the fingers of the most learned men in Europe within its precincts, and I once had an idea of writing an essay on “ the Manner of Taking Snuff,” beginning at an early period, and illustrating my positions by very important examples, and the decisions and practice of persons above all impeachment.\* My dress

\* A fragment of this work was preserved amongst his papers. I decyphered a portion of the 4th and 7th chapters, the first “ *On the Careless*,” the latter “ *On the Impassioned*” manner of snuff-taking. He

is scholar-like and gentleman-like; and has a tone of precision and authority, particularly in the close white cravat and double-breasted waistcoat, which become my profession, and soon will my age.

If I have any one passion or eccentricity more deeply rooted in me than another, I believe it to be a love of literary and viagiatorial gossip, and a dislike, or horror rather, of the ordinary frippery cares and duties of a household. "I would rather be kept, than keep," is a motto I have adopted from the ancients; and soldiers and servants, I protest to God, I think ten times happier than those who rule them. An aged, mermaid-looking handmaiden conducts the important details of my Penetralia; and my Penates are not "frightened from their propriety," by the rivalry

would probably have continued it, had not his maid one evening taken a portion of the 11th chapter, "*On the Religious*," to light his lamp, which broke off the thread of the disquisition, decomposed his project, and was for a long period another of his articles of impeachment against Destiny.

or contention of any competitor for my favour.

Two venerable cats guard my only fireplace, and guard it well. I have a passion for cats, and had for asses : cats are calumniated,—so were asses, until a benevolent member of Parliament, without any alliance or sinister view whatever, but solely from that universal and embracing charity which, it is to be hoped, in process of time and civilization, will extend itself down to vegetables, took up their cause, and pleaded it with such brotherly affection, before an anti-asinine House of Commons, that from henceforth they cannot be injured or insulted with impunity, or their free rights of beastship infringed on, any more than if they were lions or elephants, or any other beast of quality or condition.\*

\* An instance of my uncle's tenderness for the race occurred within my own observation, in my first excursion through the North of Italy. It is not unusual to meet, in passing down the Brenta, from time to time, a certain number of young asses, hung up upon its banks, for the purpose of preparing them,

Would I could have done so much for cats : as it is, I am compelled to confine myself to the slight protection I can individually afford them, and the shelter and subsistence consequent on a bachelor's fireside. Dogs too long have had their day, and been the objects of a blind spirit of favouritism. It is now surely high time that a balance should be struck between them and their more philo-

it is said, for the manufacture of the celebrated Bologna sausages. The first victim which met his eyes, and the legs of which came dangling into the boat, produced a violent exclamation. I took no notice of it at the time, but perceiving him suddenly silent, I turned round, and found the tears rolling down his cheeks. His sensibility was destined to severer trials : every mile that we came nearer to the capital, the number of dead asses increased. He begged to be put on land,—his wishes were complied with : he walked to the next station, and arrived time enough to save one or two of these animals. The same interference had the same success a little lower down ; and, before we could reach Venice, we had no less than four asses on board, all rescued from the knife of the executioner. We now landed, but had scarcely left our boat, when my uncle was asked how much he

sophic and unpretending rivals. And when, after the turmoils, and heart-burnings, and strifes, and jealousies of this long and bitter day of life, a man sits down by his nook in the evening, and his eye falls from the expiring firebrand and flickering flame, upon the concentrated and meditative air, the round and sleeky back, the velvety paws, gathered soberly within each other, and the eyes, now

would sell them for, by an aged butcher ; who, imagining him an ass-merchant in the same Bologna trade as himself, and wishing to profit by the opportunity, thought such a question the most natural and civil in the world. My uncle's indignation was at its utmost, but it was not till long afterward that I heard it burst forth in all its anger. He then satisfied himself with turning suddenly, and exclaiming in a stifled tone—"And this is a country they call civilized !" Since that period, he transferred his affection, though slowly, to cats ; and his maid informed me, on my arrival at Florence, that they formerly travelled in his company ; but of late years, unwilling to harass his own unnecessarily, he seldom removed them from home, but hired, instead, one or two others in the neighbourhood as their substitutes, during his short excursions to Pisa, Sienna, &c.

shutting, and now opening, for thought and pleasure,—and then listeneth to the purring, and all that its continued and slumberous music may lap about the heart;—when a man seeth, and heareth, and feeleth, these things, as a reasonable being ought, surely it is impossible for him not to exclaim, and that involuntarily, out of the mere spur and spirit of the moment—Here, indeed, it is, and all at once; all that the Stoics have desired, all that the Epicureans have imagined, the *summum bonum*, the *το αγαθον*;—the *totum teres atque rotundum* of their philosophies, in tangible and visible shape and practice. Yes! Micietto! (for that is the name of my elder cat,)\* I have learnt more content and resignation from thy unpreached and unwritten lessons,—from the soft chiding of thy voice, and the gentle stoicism of thy unwrinkled and imperturbable visage, through evil and through good—through winter and summer

\* Micietto was still at Florence on my arrival, but so old and dotting, I was obliged, out of charity, to hang her up.

—by bad fires and good fires and no fires at all,—than from all the *dictamina* of the ancient schools, or the pert indifferentism of the modern.

Next to my cats, I esteem my arm-chair, which once belonged to an octogenarian prelate of the family Corsi, and might have been as old as the Republic and Machiavelli. It was originally of red damask,—so covered, perhaps, from a vain expectation of the purple; but, like many other over-sanguine men, the expectant died hoping, and the prelate never rose higher than the prebendary and his stall. I thought the colour an evil omen, and changed it to yellow, which is grave, contented, and saturnine. My yellow arm-chair is now my better half; it hath been my inseparable, the constant companion of my griefs and joys, for twenty long years and more; it sympathizes without murmuring, consoles without exacting, and bears my burthen's and sorrows without disturbing my pleasures,—a praise, I much fear, which cannot be bestowed on half the companions,

male or female, going, not excepting my own Griselda. It is here I have lived, and here I hope to die,—and, in the last codicil to my will, (for I make a practice of revising or adding to it every year, a little before the spring equinox,) I have requested that it should be buried with me—if not in the same coffin, (which may be difficult;) at least in the same tomb. To this quiet suggester of my inspirations, I owe most of my opinions, comic and tragic, tragi-comic, pastoral, political, and politico-economical. It is my best persuader to all good things, and requires no discount for what it lends me.

As to my place in the literary world, I am not a stickler for etiquette, and care not who goes before me, provided I sit down at the feast; well knowing, that he who humbleth himself shall be exalted, and that critics know as little the taste of the golden fruits of literature, as the dragons who guarded the gardens of the Hesperides.

My political opinions have changed thrice, but whose have not? The wigs of some people

are older than their creeds; and that man is a stout pretender, who will swear that he has made both last equally well. I remember the time when Englishmen thought a Frenchman a more civil sort of Beelzebub, or Belphegor; and, however he might hide them, he had still his three tails, and those forked, ready for an occasion, behind him. Men would then be as soon heard praising Pandemonium itself, as a French House of Commons; and as to the people and liberty, they were as much talked of, and as little seen, as the Cockspur-street Ghost. I have heard men, too, prove by every thing,—first by theology, and then algebra,—that for these three centuries the Pope has been Antichrist and the Scarlet Lady, in one and the same person; and that they go from one old man to another, just as a robber may change his name and coat.

Yet what alterations in our days!—We have seen, with our own eyes, the abomination of abominations, and the Defender of the Faith himself, give a helping hand, *in ipso articulo mortis*, to this harlot and man

of sin. Then, as to the Corsican Usurper, strange things have come to pass since his demise ; people giving him all sorts of titles, though I defy them to quote a single treaty which will go to prove that he was ever any thing else amongst us than Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte, or Napoleon Bonaparte, Esquire.

As to the Roman Catholics, I am thought to have become a Whig—I no longer call them *Papists*.—Every man has a right to his opinions, provided he keeps them, as butchers do their mastiff-dogs, chained and quiet ; nor should I have so much objection to see them and the Dissenters eating and giving dinners as Lord Mayors and Sheriffs, if they could only consent to give up, in return, some of their foolish and obstinate prejudices, and consider his Majesty's Government a much better judge of their belief and happiness, than they themselves. Then they should be generous in their turn : a little reciprocity and good-fellowship is all I ask ; he deserves to be refused who asks more. Now, how stands the case at present ?—I

never saw a Protestant become a Cardinal :—and if to-morrow I wished to obtain a place in one of the Ecclesiastical Colleges at Rome, I dare say I should be refused it, without much ceremony. Why, then, should I give to others what they withhold from me?—and in what degree is a Papist—I mean a Roman Catholic—more persecuted than a Protestant? As to the present government or governments of Italy, I am, I confess, somewhat staggered : but as things may yet change, I cannot say what my opinions may ultimately turn out to be, if I shall be allowed to think and live. One thing only am I certain of,—no great vocation for political or religious martyrdom infects me ; and as, for the half of my life, I was too rash and young for such experiments, I am now too old to think of beginning them.

I hear much vituperation thrown out upon crowned heads ; now these are opinions by no means safe to travel with. On the contrary, as I value my tranquillity, I make a

point of believing them gifted with peculiar grace to do good at the moment of their coronation and anointing, and have no doubt they do it, if one would take the trouble to search it out. I believe the King of France to be as pious as his priests; and the Emperor of Austria to be a tall and wise man, and as well-looking as most of the prints of Kings and Queens one is in the habit of seeing on the cards. I believe the King of Spain to be a much calumniated person,—angry only because he is not allowed to love his people in his own way. I think it quite necessary a rider should have a whip and spurs, if he intends to keep his seat; and do not see any great hardship in losing twenty or thirty of the *canaille*, whom nobody knows or cares about, provided their master can sleep and dine. To weed the nobility, as at Milan, is also now and then a little necessary;—it enricheth the treasury, and it is right that rulers should be paid for their trouble, and keep those who are under them in a proper state of fear and admira-

tion. The King of Naples is too lenient; and I now prophesy that, unless he somehow or other eats up the Lazzaroni, they will eat up him. By being too fatherly, he has the boldest children in the universe:—and had he shaken, and used withal, the birch-rod a little oftener, we should not hear of bandits and Austrians in Terracina.

In a word, the best-governed kingdom, in the mind of a rational man, particularly if he be travelling, is that where the best police is constituted: but by *best*, I mean that which knows the difference between a traveller and a Carbonaro, and treats each as they severally deserve; which allows people to eat, drink, and sleep—(talking and writing are not natural wants)—in perfect comfort, and with satisfaction to themselves and every one around them; and which, provided people admire every thing, is tolerant enough to permit every one the full and free enjoyment of his opinions and liberty; never interfering with either, except in case of a heresy or a war. This is the happiness which I desire

for Italy, but which I am afraid will not always last : rebellion or revolution (indeed one is only the drawing-room term for the other,) walks about like a noon-day devil ; and Carbonarism is making as much preparation, I am given to understand, as Mount Vesuvius, for its next eruption. In such a case, I have no remedy,—and it is an extreme one,—but to turn revolutionist myself ; but what can be done ? *nemo tenetur ad impossibile* ; and better men than I am, and with fewer sacrifices to make, have turned infidels, and, for aught I know, cannibals, in their own defence. I do not pretend to be a soothsayer or a believer in dreams and birds ; but if the world is to go on for the next ten years as it has done for the ten last, then may I safely say, no man can decide, who is not a mere mule, in what faith, religious or political, he is likely to die ; particularly if he be destined to die in his bed.

And now, with regard to the opusculum which followeth, and which at various intervals I have collected, like the leaves of the

sibyl, into one whole:—if my friend or friends (for, bad as the world is supposed to be, I hope I have two) should chance upon these pages, when what is earthly of me is consigned to its brother dust, let them not deem that in aught I have gone after a spirit of worldly vain-glory, in the inditing these few instructions. Others would have possibly done it better, but there are few who have had an opportunity to do it as well. I have been spurred on by no other motive than a general desire for the benefit of humanity, and the greater utility and glory of the British nation; for even twenty years of absence have not worn *that* out of me, and I am still, maugre gout, disappointments and travelling, in the heart of my heart a true-born, home-manufactured Briton to the last. But purposes will not overtake practices, nor words, deeds;—and finding that I am fast journeying to that land whence no traveller returneth, and that soon must I be, instead of the teacher of twenty, one of the twenty who are taught,—after serious communing with

myself, I have thought no farther time was to be lost, and that the grain should be laid up in the store or ere the winter or the moth cometh.

Such hath been my purpose and intent ; and let my Traveller now answer for me : if I shall have saved but *one* only from miseries which, more or less, all wanderers are heirs to ;—if on reaching Calais on his return, one single pilgrim shall say, laying his hand on my unpretending volume, “ *Here* is the secret of my enjoyments and security ; without such a counsellor I should have seen nothing, or seen every thing ill,—by and through such a guardian, have disappeared from my path mosquitoes, fleas, charges, robberies, murders, and death ; fever hath lost its sting, the custom-house its Briarean grasp, the police its Argus eye, the courier his treachery, the innkeeper his duplicity, the bandit his ferocity—and England will receive me, if not richer, not poorer than when I left her bosom ;”—if I shall hear

one such eulogium from one single mouth, and shall be permitted the conviction that I have rendered travelling, in any one way, more easy or more profitable; if I shall have kindled, or brightened into something brighter, the imagination, lightened the tongue, or improved the gait and gesture of my countrymen,—or done a little more than the inventor of the last new carriage-spring or the writer of the last new Itinerary (great names, great benefactors, doubtless, to posterity) in rendering travelling an every-day business within the reach of the humblest citizen, and not below the ambition of the greatest: *then* indeed shall I say, *Nunc dimittis—non omnis moriar*:—my vocation is fulfilled: I *have* lived: I die not wholly; and my shade, consorting with the Ulysses and Platos, and other great travellers of antiquity, shall be deemed a companion not altogether unworthy—*honus erit huic quoque pomo*—and now and then be permitted to say before them, “I also have

travelled—*viri in Arcadiâ*—and mankind hath not forgotten a contributor to its gratifications.”

—— Vos me celebrate magistrum,  
Gloria cuique sua est.

**THE CONTINENTAL  
TRAVELLER'S ORACLE.**



## INTRODUCTION.

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A POET will throw himself *in medias res* :—  
a philosopher begins with the beginning.  
My work savoureth more of the latter than  
of the former ; it is directed to the great  
well-being of the Commonweal, and not to  
the wanton excitation of the idler's fantasy.  
I affect, therefore, no short lanes, no cross  
cuts to instruction : the Gordian knot must  
be unravelled, not cut. I begin therefore  
*ab ovo*, and teach the A B C of travelling,  
as Nature, and not Art, hath designed it.

That a man travelleth to *talk* of his travels, is an axiom which can scarcely be disputed in the nineteenth century ; but that a man cannot talk without travelling, or travel without due preparation, though it

does not strike so much at first sight, is one not a whit less true. How naturally, then, the whole subject falleth into its proper divisions! the head is not without the trunk, nor the trunk without the feet; but it is a fair tree with all its parts perfect, and each of its branches in its proper place. I am a lover of order even in eating, and think the due marshalling and proper array of the dishes more than one half of the feast. If it be a solecism of a grave nature, injurious both to the imagination and digestion, to eat fish out of its rank and precedence in the procession, is it not equally pernicious to the mental health of the hungry reader, to place before him the flowers and kickshaws, the whipped cream and preserved fruits of his subject, before he hath been nourished well on the soup and bouilli with which every reasonable dinner, in imitation of human life, may be said to commence?

I am therefore, not without cause, a staunch assertor of order, in talking and writing, as well as in eating and government; and

can no more conceive how works are allowed to present themselves in their dressing-gowns to the public,—which, though many-headed, I by no means consider a monster,—than I can conceive how the Lord Chamberlain should permit the first gentleman in the country to kiss hands without the assistance of his bag and wig. Dedications, Prefaces, Biographical Notices, Introductions, are, to all intents and purposes, the bags, wigs, and ruffles of writers ; and to go without them to the court of public opinion, shows a perfect ignorance of good breeding ; a hatred of powder, social order, and legitimacy ; and a tendency to Radicalism, which, much I grieve to say, hath been daily gaining ground amongst the best affected authors, in despite of the Duke of Montrose and Doctor Southey, for these very many years. I am determined, therefore, maugre all sneers to the contrary, to set my face as lustily as a man of my years can do it against this democratically impudent innovation, and never will I give up this good

relic of ancient propriety, as long as arm-chairs are to be preferred to bamboos, and English beef disdains to be fricasseed, at the discretion of any man, into *bœuf à-la-mode*. I begin, I repeat it, from the beginning; and he who travelleth with me must travel at my own pace, and take instruction, the fat and the lean, as I cut it for him, not as his voracity would dictate or desire.

An action consisteth of three parts:—the *Actio Incipiens*—the *Actio Recipiens*—and the *Actio Concipiens* or *Subsequens*:—1st, what begins; 2d, what forms; 3rd, what completes; and in this light regarding travelling, all travelling may be said to be, in like manner, composed of three parts:—The Preparation, the Performance, the Result:—or, 1st, what should be done before setting out; 2nd, what should be done when out; and 3rd, how to employ what hath been done whilst out. Of these three parts doth my whole work consist; and trusting to the benevolence of the kind and gentle reader for a patient, and, perchance, a gracious peru-

sal of each of the three,—and praying him a felicitous voyage into safe port—with pleasant winds in poop, and a smooth sea to boot,—I thus begin, with what courage I may, this first part—which consisteth of eighty-five Directions, Oracles, or, more modestly speaking it, after the manner of the Ancients, *Dicta*.



## **FIRST PART.**



## FIRST PART.

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THE PREPARATION, OR WHAT SHOULD BE  
DONE BEFORE SETTING OUT.

—Jé vais où va toute chose—  
Où va la feuille de rose,  
Et la feuille de laurier.


ARNAULD.

1st *Dictum*.—*Nascitur poeta, fit orator*.  
Both may be applied to the traveller—*nascitur et fit*: he must be born with the proper organization—*nascitur*; he must improve it by continual exercise—*fit*.

2. By exercise, I mean, eyes that can see, ears that can hear, legs that can walk, a tongue that can speak; in a word, a body with a soul—but a soul also, with a decent kind of body.

3. By exercise, I mean, seeing with one's own eyes, hearing with one's own ears, walking with one's own legs, and speaking, if one can, with one's own tongue; in fine, living, and keeping one's self awake; — not, as many do, doing every thing but eating by proxy, or sauntering about through existence, with their souls in one place and bodies in another — somnambulists from their very birth.

4. Children destined by their parents to be travellers should be thrown into a pail of ice the moment they are born, and then transferred for half an hour to the kitchen fire; they may have to swim across frozen rivers, and run a race in the torrid zone, more than once, before they die:—they should be often fed on bread and water, and sometimes not at all; in the deserts of Arabia there is seldom either:—they should be clad thinly;—the brigands of Terracina frequently strip their victims:—they should know how to go naked on emergencies; tailors are not to be had in the wilderness. They




may dislike this at the time, but they will thank their parents for it hereafter:—there was a reason for every branch of the regulation, and it was, besides, economical. Should their weakly constitutions sink under it, the parents ought not to have chosen this profession: the fault is with them, and not with my *dictum*.

5. Give the future traveller those books to read which stimulate most the natural curiosity; the more extravagant, (truth can be had any where,) the better. Munchausen is a good book, if he be intended for Germany. Carr will do for Holland, and, I believe, Ireland—(if any one travels there, now that he can travel any where else);—Chateaubriand for Greece and the East; Eustace for Italy; Blayney, and the rest of the Fudge Family, for France; and as for Switzerland, I leave him to William Tell, Macready, and the Panoramas.

6. It is a false idea,—*experto crede*,—to teach a child the languages: lost time, words not things, much whipping, no less disgust;

this is the harvest of those who sow the wind to reap the whirlwind, and do nothing but rear a cross child into a stubborn boy. A servant will perform the wonder which defied the pedagogue, in a single week. It is true, he will not teach reading—but a man may read to travel, but does not travel to read. Should he show any genius that way, it cannot be helped. After a few days chattering, add the vocabulary—Galignani's, if you like—if not, and you have no choice, my nephew's: I warrant you, he will never after want post-horses, or a good dinner. As to the ladies,—a good person, and a sweet smile, speak every language. *Probatum est.*

7. But other accomplishments should not be neglected: smoking, for instance, which cannot be begun too soon. I would put a boy into the short-pipe at six, if possible; then get him at ten to the German, and to the Chibouque, and the Hookah, or Narghili, (if intended for the *voyage outremer*.) at twelve. The niceties, for there is as much idiom in sufflation as in snuff-taking, can only be ac-



quired in the country itself. All that can be done is to prevent him from getting a bad accent, a brogue ;—by early care, the manner at least may be kept pure. Travelling itself must do the rest.

8. I see no use in the classics. Let me be understood ; since they have been given up by the Universities, (for who now reads Virgil to obtain a living ?) they have no business in polished society. All that did well enough in Robert Ascham's days, when, for aught I know, the accounts of the beer-cellar were kept in hexameters, and people scanned every line as narrowly as if it were a bill of exchange. At present, every thing is simplified—essences, salts, abridgements :—we may carry about a medicine-shop in a thimble, and a library in a catalogue, or the Pope's post-book. I brought nothing with me into Italy but my shirts, and this :—and no one saw any difference between me and Professor Elmsley, until after a time.

9. I see no use in drawing. Why draw what has been already drawn ? Do you

think you will do it better? It is throwing fresh perfume on the violet. Rather go into the next shop and buy it. I dare say it will be much better done, ten times more like,—and as to economy, will cost less than the English paper and Brookman's pencils, which you cut and spoil, to the benefit of no one but the vender. I hate the affectation:—besides, it is so effeminate; if a man draws, depend upon it he can never hunt. It is only fit for mechanics and sick ladies—of no use but to start a flirtation, or exchange one for a marriage,—both so perilous, that I know not which I am most to apprehend; but each is sufficient to stop a traveller in the very outset.

10. Young ladies, therefore, should be as carefully kept from pencils as from pen and ink. Let them read, and learn to quote, their Bible instead;—they will have occasion for both in Italy. The galleries abound with Magdalens, Susannas, and Potiphar's wives. But let them be on their guard; and whenever they go to see them, with Papa and Mamma,

be taught to keep, like good children, their eyes on the ground. A seeker of truth will at once perceive there is as great a difference between reading and seeing, as between seeing and doing. The histories in the Scripture are the word of God; but these naughty pictures are the works of men.

11. Statues, thank God! are rarely to be found in England. Whenever they wear trowsers, I think, or see, no harm in them. If with mantles, like our Kings and Queens in Westminster Abbey, still better,—these are great incitements to virtue. But the *gens braccata* and *togata* both are very scarce in Italy. It is therefore, on the whole, more judicious for parents and instructors not to let young ladies know there are such things as statues in the world; so that when they go abroad, they may have no curiosity, and not know what to make of them when they see them.

12. Should you have, by chance, any engravings from museums, galleries, &c. &c. and find it necessary to have them framed,

to hide the nakedness of your walls, cover them, if at all indecorous, with brown paper, and you may rest secure no one will have the curiosity or audacity to lift it up, or take a peep at what was designed only for yourself.

13. If, however, a young lady shows an indomitable love of the Arts, or *Fine Arts* as they are called by those who profess them, and insists on having a drawing-master from the village, because Miss Angelica Greville Grundy has had one, and she is at this moment in possession, after ten months labour, and sixty guineas salary, of five of his most admired drawings, why, I would indulge her, because genius cannot be put down; and allow her to paint flowers after the best sixpenny engravings; shells too, if she like, and insects of all kinds seen in the microscope; Chinese, who are of no sex; trees, fountains, farm-houses, (but without their inhabitants,) cows, dogs, horses — if they be not too large; — and provided always, for health's sake, she uses with her brushes nothing but wholesome spring water.

14. I hate oil-painting ; it is only fit for house-painters. The turpentine is deleterious, and an old lady of my acquaintance died of the smell, by inhabiting a house next to a portrait-painter, though she had resisted a dropsy in the chest for nearly a year. I never saw a young lady who painted in oils, but smelt and looked it. I believe the effluvium fixes in the eyes and cheeks, and devours one after the manner of a Vampire. A man who is to gain his livelihood may do it, for there are sweep-chimneys and what not in the world ; but a lady's fingers should be kept inviolate from ink and oil, if she means to be presentable in public. The very name, like that of a marriage or a steam-packet, sickens me. I have always taken care never to paint, myself, not knowing the moment I may be obliged to receive a visitor.

15. Water-colours I believe are good things; so is painting (except for the expense) on velvet. As long as the arts are confined to painting fire-screens, table-covers, and such-

like objects of utility, I should have no objection to patronize them. Trifles of this kind have often gained the sympathies of a maiden aunt ;—and a stool for a gouty uncle hath worked more in a girl's life than if she had presented him with the twelve gods, ten feet high, in their proper persons on canvass, as I had the satisfaction of seeing them in my youth at Mount Somerstown.

16. A talent for miniature is a most dangerous talent. Not being able to make one beautiful, a young Miss, rather than not make one at all, will make one ugly. Old relations, under pretences of affection, are usually the victims. I never could be induced to go into a family where there were any of these miniature or monster-mongers, and once broke off an acquaintance, because I observed the eldest daughter looking at me all the time of dinner, and keeping her hands constantly employed under the table. If a man must have his portrait, there are Silhouette machines in every street : they are

impartial, have a conscience, and will do your business for half-a-crown.

17. If a girl *will* draw landscapes, let her draw them from her own head; keep her by all means, or any, from Nature. She will catch colds in England, fevers in Italy,—or, for aught I know, may be run over, or run away with, in either country, by a bull or a man. If she must go out a-sketching (for it may be the fashion as well as waltzing), let her go out with her mamma by her side in her barouche and four, and catch distant views of the mountains, which, after all, are the main points in a picture. On her return home, she can give them to her drawing-master, who will finish them by the next company-day, and so well, no one will see the difference between him and his pupil. Thus her morality will not suffer for the support of her reputation.

18. I have heard that some young ladies engrave. I can scarcely credit it. I would as soon drink aquafortis, as smell it. A lady

who engraves is capable (I should be sorry to say a harsh thing) of poisoning or exercising sorcery. There is little difference between making up a potion, and making up an etching. Butchers are not allowed to sit on juries; and I should be sorry to sit down to dinner with a lady-engraver, particularly had I the misfortune to have quarrelled with her in the morning.

19. A boy is to be treated with the same precaution as a girl. He should despise the inutilities of life, however elegant. He may *talk* of planning, and engineering, but need *learn* neither. A bold assertion is, on the Continent, a bill of exchange which no one has time or patience to examine, or protest, and cashes, out of mere hurry and press of business. Besides, measurements are the property of every one,—a man may copy in one morning what would take him, to measure, nearly half his life.

20. I hate all music but Mr. Growley's, and that I like because it is English, and natural. For German, a man must have an

ear, and for Italian, a heart. Now Mr. Growley requires neither; all you want is to be a little national, and to have dined.

21. As music has become the law and the prophets—something must be learnt of it,—at least by ladies, whether they have ears, or hearts. I am not one to fly in the face of the usances, and tolls, and customs of society:—this is one of them—but then we may choose our coin, though we are obliged to pay it. Now this, after all, is perhaps the principal point, as any one knows who has read the report of the Bullion committee, and is not convinced that gold is paper.

To come then to music: the music which was played in my youthful days was a well-conducted, steady, decent, John Bull, high-church kind of music enough, and left the heart and the head very nearly where it found them. I never remember being in the least whit moved except once, and that was with the Duke of York's march; but then I had heard rumours of invasion about a quarter of an hour before. The Irish airs

were what the Scotch are now—the best dancing airs for a village wake that can be imagined ; till they were introduced (by a certain Mr. Moore,) into the families of great persons, and of course debauched—like many other villagers. We are now thrown, *pejor etas*, upon Italian airs, which, as long as young ladies knew nothing of Italian words, did as well as the last anthem:—but now that *amore* no longer means Hobgoblin, (as my old maiden aunt explained it,) nor *di tanti palpiti*, her dandy cousin,—I must say the thing is quite altered. Ladies who are in the habit of calling their masters *mio caro speme* six days in the week, are likely to call him *mio caro bene* on the seventh. Whether they find him so, depends much on papa and mamma ; but *andante* and *adagio* are great match-makers, and would to God they were nothing worse. I have known more *mésalliances* from crotchets and quavers, put improperly together, than from any other combination against domestic happiness extant. I therefore say it again and again, ladies

who have voices will make use of them and sing, and much it behoveth guardians and teachers to put their voices, so singing, in the way in which they should go. I would bring them, morning and evening, to church, and make them devout and sweet singers before the Lord by contagion. People speak of "airs singing in one's ears," and "not getting an air out of one's head." Had I the care of a young lady, I warrant you I would so put into her ears and head "Praise ye the Lord on the cymbal and organ," that she should find no room for French or Italian airs for many years to come. Nor need she be apprehensive of her master.—There is no instance in which a serious singer has been known to turn aside after the ways of vanity. He has eyes which see not, he has ears which hear not, (except in the way of his profession;) he will not trick out the body at the expense of the soul, but lead both, by the flowery paths of an elegant accomplishment, into the haven of eternal salvation.

22. As to the instrument—a spinnet hath

no pretension ;—is housewifely, modest, accompanies as well as any other, and fills up, as well as a sofa, a place in a room. Guitars, lutes, harps, lyres, are full of danger :—the very name of either is as immoral as a French novel ; puts a young lady in love first with herself, and then with others ; and exposes her to the first pretender who insists on playing *them*, and, which is all one thing, *her lover*. Parents who encourage this error, in travelling on the Continent, ought not to be surprised if they miss their daughter at the first inn. Lute-players infest every courtyard from Calais to Rome ; and I have lately heard, they have even penetrated to London. It is singular the Society for the Suppression of Vice does not look to it. If not vice itself, it is a flagrant incentive thereunto. Now, however I may wish that young and old should travel, I do not wish they should perish everlastingly for their tour. *Est modus in rebus*—above all things, moderation. Without it, I should not have got rid of the gout.

23. A young lady, therefore, who plays or sings, should, more than any other, be put upon her guard.—She should be taught, from the example of her grandmamma (if she have the misfortune to have one living), to avoid all approaches, in song or otherwise, to the tender passion. If touched on, she should immediately place herself in imagination in her stead, and say, “Would grandmamma do this? would grandmamma do that? would *she* allow herself to be caught by these butterflies and scarlet runners,—would *she* smile as I do, at these warblers and sonneteers?”—If miss have not the presence of mind to do this, and is allowed to slip away after her own inclinations,—I cannot positively say where such giddiness may end. But parents who do not like to have fiddlers for their sons in law, should look to it in time. A madrigal or sonata is no exchange for the loss of a daughter.

24. To prevent this more effectually, I would put into her hands, before she travel, all the dreadful catastrophes which have oc-

curred to self-willed and giddy young ladies, from the time of Thisbe, to the "unfortunate Miss Bailey." This is morality preaching by example; and if I am to conclude *à particolari ad universale*, from myself to others, must no doubt produce a deep and indelible impression. It is on a similar principle they put the history of shipwrecks into your hands, before going to sea—in order to increase your horror of being drowned.

25. She should be taught that the Continent is a lion's den, and Frenchmen and Italians little better than two-legged lions. If, after that, she chooses to be eaten up, I must only say the fault is with her; and her parents' conscience and reputation are altogether out of the scrape. The world will, or ought to say, she has been devoured after due notice, and got into trouble because she liked it.

26. Now for literature: our ancestors did without it, and lived longer and better than we do. Next to matrimony, and pomade, (both *divine* until tried), blueism is the

greatest cause of wrinkles. I believe it to be of no use to any one but parsons, and to them only until they have got their livings. As to young ladies, they might as well wear mustachios, as pretend to any thing so masculine. Remember the tree of knowledge—what a shocking hand they made of it ! An amiable ignorance is a part of the sex : woman looks quite unfeminine without it.

27. I have said, I would confine a young lady to her Bible ;—she must be very fastidious indeed, if she do not find enough to amuse her between the Canticles and Apocalypse. I would banish Italian as Greek, or the Greek fire, from my house. It will burn under cold water. It is quite sufficient she pronounces correctly three or four hard names, and does not confound them with her other acquaintances. It would be improper to say on the Continent, “ poor Metastasio, who died mad,” or to talk of “ the Abbate Tasso,” or “ the Chevalier Dante, who was so great a friend to the late Emperor of Austria,” or “ Boccacio and his Inferno.”

These slips will pass at home, for accent is every thing—Italian is such a soft language;—but abroad people are apt to be cynical, not being so well-bred, and will not wait for an explanation.

28. In French, a young lady may be said to have made quite sufficient progress, who can *marchander*, without the additional blunders of an interpreter. For this, she should get a vocabulary of the Rue Vivienne from her cousins,—for there are no young ladies whose cousins have not been at Paris,—and read it over, with her hand on the French, every morning, fasting. Nothing like learning before one has eaten muffins or hot rolls;—it has the precedence in your imagination the whole day after. Unless this be done, or something better, when she buys, she will buy ill;—besides paying for her silks, she will have to pay for her words, and, I need not say, ten times more than both are worth, though summed up and multiplied together.

29. The *Cui bono* philosophy is the only one now practised, and will soon be the only


one preached. As nothing, therefore, is worth doing, but what is useful, I would extend the lesson I have been just giving to your daughter, *mutatis mutandis*, to your son. A perfect knowledge of the *carte* (not *charte*, but what will live much longer, because founded on wants every way more real,) is not only useful, but to a man who intends to live to the best of his power, altogether indispensable. For want of it, in my youth, I have taken chambertin for vin du pays, and drunk it as such, until I was convinced, by paying seven francs instead of seven sous, that I had made an irreparable mistake. How much of the zest and flavour I had lost !—Paying seven francs for wine, does almost as much for it as walling it up in your best bin for seven years.

N. B. Beauvilliers and Very are both very voluminous in that way.\* Beauvilliers has

\* Ude is likely to eclipse both.—“ To make the third she join'd the other two.”—Lord Byron canonized him before his death ; and posterity will envy us such a poet and such an *artist*, but I dare not say which of the two most.

most taste, Very most genius; but they are both rich, varied, and highly picturesque in their expression. Even an advanced scholar may study them with advantage. I should feast with Very, but live with Beauvilliers. That country, I must say, is supremely blest which possesses both. Let them lie on your table with your passport and miniature: they may be always read with satisfaction; with a good memory you may dine off of them;—and no one can be said to have been miserable, who has had time and money to study them *au fond*.

30. Italian dishes are nothing more than French deserters, in the Italian service. The traveller has nothing to do, when he gets to one of their inns, but to stick an *o*, or an *i*, at the end of some of Very's inventions, and he runs a good chance of being comprehended and served at the same time. If this will not answer, particularly when at a stand in the mountains, why I see nothing so good as pulling out a Latin phrase—if he has not left them all behind him with his sons in England—and beating the boy until he con-



sents to understand him. If it be not obstinacy, and he has forgotten the language of his ancestors indeed, it is a still stronger reason why he should be punished. Nothing but the Pope and idleness could have brought him to that pass. Even Irish, I am informed, is still spoken in Ireland.

31. So much for the literary acquirements (which, after all, are very secondary matters) of your pupil. I now come to something of real importance; the pivot upon which turns, or (to speak more correctly, after a late minister,) the feature upon which hinges, so much of the happiness and unhappiness of every class of travelling mankind. One may be blind, one may be deaf, one may be even dumb, (in my mind the least calamity of the three,) and all this will be compassionated, and complimented, and imitated, and once or twice in the century become the fashion;—but to be a two-legged creature and not dance,—to be neither a dancing nor a danceable animal, in the midst of a dancing world, is a heresy, like that of the Gnostics, against the well-being and very existence of society;

and for which there is no forgiveness reserved even in the breast of the tenderest of women, unless on plea of the gout, or a cork-leg, or no legs at all : and which, if it does not incur excommunication, *ipso facto*, from *soirées* and ices, generally terminates in these, or such like inflictions,—from which every reasonable traveller must always beg Fortune to defend, in her benignity, both him and all his tribe. Dancing is every thing, and every thing is dancing :—judge, then, if years and fortunes be not well spent, which teach the young feet—or ere they become old—not to walk, but dance.

32. Beasts do not dance—men do :\* it is therefore another distinctive of rationality. But how is it to be brought out, or improved ? This is a consideration surely not unworthy of a rational man. I am inclined to think it absolutely innate. Dancing, or the power, *per se*, like the power of dressing,

\* *Distinguo*—my uncle means,—*instinctu divinitatis*—*naturaliter*. It is the recognition of this dictum, indeed, which forms the very basis of Ton.

must be born with one. Who will say that the indescribable tie of a cravat is to be acquired? It would be just as possible to acquire the fingers which tie it. Your tailor or dancing-master could do little for a bear except merely prove, in a more obvious and sometimes tangible way, that he is not a man. The step will come, and the habit become, despite of all obstacles and disparagements. Genius will burst through rocks and iron;—education can do little against stupidity and sand-bags. Feet are nothing without head, and the soul will gleam through a cotillon.

33. It follows, therefore, that, without this head and soul,—this *vis motrix*, within one,—all pains and money spent in mere teaching are pains thrown away after money, and money thrown away after pains. Nor am I quite sure, whether it might not be better for the traveller-to-be to allow Nature to dance her own jig. She knows what is good for him better than himself; and the French have it, “*le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*” The

very soil of France, besides, like the bite of the tarantula, or a heated iron-floor,\* will teach you dancing. Every thing breathes of quadrille:—it is in the face of the black-eyed maiden, in the curtesy of the buxom widow, in the saunter of the papa, in the whirl of the son, in the leap of the child, in the what-not of the grandchild; and, if there be any difficulty at all, it is in keeping one's hands and legs quiet, and not running into a dance with every thing one sees. I have seen bishops salute with a step, and grave citizens from St. Clement's Lane "*chasser et balancer*," "*sans peur et sans reproche*," the very moment they leapt on the quay at Boulogne or Calais. Nor am I at all surprised at it:—a country without footways, and with dirty streets, has at least this advantage—it teaches a girl to pick her way through the mud; suggests *petit-à-petit* a charming little, mincing, menacing, tiptoe movement, which, with the least "*intention*" in the world, and a good fiddle behind her,

\* Sandford and Merton.

and a good player behind the fiddle, must, sooner or later, slide into a dance. Now, our ladies, who have a large smooth pavement to stride over—to say nothing of the feet and legs with which they stride—may do very well in case of an invasion: they march, but do not dance, and would no doubt (whatever they may be in a ball-room) conduct themselves in a field of battle as stoutly as the best of our grenadiers. I throw this out, *en passant*, as a mere hint; but the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that much more of the national character is dependant on the manner in which our streets are paved than Lord Sidmouth, who set down every thing to himself and the Constitution, can be at all aware of.

34. Quadrilles, therefore, need not be *learned*, by those, at least, who are intended for France. Their feet will fall into them while their tongues are falling into the language. Necessity is the mother, or stepmother, of invention; and young ladies who would become

wives, and gentlemen husbands, must in the interval, (what I imagine is quite as agreeable,) either *chasser* or be *chassée* out of society. Hunger, as well as Melpomene, may make a fish speak; and who is there that has not, once in his life, danced for love?—or something which a young lady, at least, would consider very like it.


35. But there are dances and dances;—and it behoveth much the youth of both sexes that they be taught, ere it be too late, to make and maintain the distinction. Now, however I approve, or permit rather, such inevitable amusements as quadrilles, I cordially abhor, condemn, and renunciate, under all their denominations, both waltzes and waltzers. The waltz is formally forbidden by the Bible. I once wrote a dissertation to prove this, which was read by my maiden aunt, an old clergyman, and his lame nephew, and so highly approved of by each, that I had the intention of publishing it, and dedicating it to the King, as head of the Church, and distributing it gratis at the door of every

assembly-room during the season, from Spa to Cheltenham. I see no difference between an inveterate old waltzer and Potiphar's wife. This is the Ionic measure reprobated by Horace; and Lord Byron (who, I am glad to perceive, showed dispositions to be converted before his death, and, had he lived to my age, would have been still farther convinced of the vanity of all flesh)—Lord Byron, I say, has dedicated his powerful talents to the extirpation of the same abuse.\* I was never nearer marrying imprudently than after my first waltz. It is the champagne of the art; a single round is sufficient to intoxicate. It is a fiery furnace; Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, could not pass it. I think it necessary thus to cry out, in good season, "fire!" because it is usually a very long time before the stupidity of our present generation can perceive even the smoke. I should like to see our great-grandmothers at such a spectacle! "This," might they well ex-

\* "Ode to Waltzing." It is a sort of sixth satire of Juvenal.

claim, "has come of leaving off trains and hoops. The most decent amongst them is not better than an Herodias."

And how could it be otherwise?—the snares are manifold, the fowler active, and the poor bird blindfold. First, Mademoiselle (or Miss, if she has not travelled) dances with Mademoiselle—and surely there is no harm in that;—then, Miss, or Mademoiselle, finds she has a brother, which is one point gained in the chain,—by whom shall I say, if not by the Devil?—then the *brother* becomes the *cousin*—german, of course, for a week or two,—but after that, on he goes from first to second, and from second to third; so that before the month is out, he has arrived at the thirty-third or forty-third; and at last the whole of her acquaintances are *cozened*, and the relationship, in the spirit of an embracing and waltzing philanthropy, spreads out to the entire world!—And when now she has no one to *refuse*, she begins to *choose*, and things travel to such a pass, that I protest to God, I think a German marriage is the



lighter and looser union of the two. It is quite right that young ladies, and not a whit less old ladies, should see and be seen, in order to be married;—they are only taking proper means to second the designs of Providence; for Adam and Eve existed, and had children, long before there were Nunneries;—but inasmuch as I dislike a “*fumo di carne cotta*” before dinner, so also do I profoundly abhor all this play and circumstance before marriage,—if indeed it hath always the good fortune to terminate in that.

I do therefore ardently beseech all parents, as having the bowels of a parent myself, to look well to it, or ere they entrust wittingly and willingly such tender flowers to the handling and spoiling of the Evil One. For I say it, as of a certainty, of which there needeth little proof, that sooner shall the dew which is once shaken be renewed, or the brilliancy of the butterfly, once brushed off, be refreshed, than purity of maiden which hath felt the touch and soil of a waltzer. “All that” will come time enough,

as any mother will tell ; but as ladies were never intended to have several husbands, so do I see no good reason why they should crave or have, in their lieu, several or sundry waltzers.

I have thus lengthily extended my caution, because, if there be any one abuse of the age more besetting than another, it is surely *this* ; nor for this reason only do I cry, but because none other so disparages, or brings into evil repute, the innocent and moral profession of travelling. Germany is said to be always waltzing—when it is not smoking ; France is a giddy-heeled and giddy-headed nation, and the Rhine but a poor *cordon sanitaire* against the contagion. Italy has nothing to lose ;—and it is of less moment whether she waltzes or not. But why should I speak ?—Is England, vice-suppressing, bible-reading, preaching, praying, proper, perfect England—is England herself pure ? Are there not, at this very moment that I write, mothers and daughters in every ball-room, performing before hundreds these

impious rites?—A girl waltzes before she can well stand—*de tenero meditatur ungue*—before she has cut her nails, or teeth. What can we expect from others, when we are the first to spread the pestilence ourselves? My worst foe cannot say that of me. “*Maxima debetur puero reverentia*,”—I have neither blasphemed nor waltzed before any of these little ones. Let others say or do as much, and save the Nation what it annually expends in buying and binding Testaments.—Why search for Pagans abroad when we have them at home?—why seek to improve the morals of the Hindoo widows, when we cannot prevent our own daughters from waltzing?

36. But if I am asked, what is the dance I would substitute, had I my choice in the selection—I would at once answer, I would *substitute* nothing,—but I would *retain*. Have we not our own country-dance,—why should it be given up?—Nothing worse could have happened, had the country been invaded by the Boulogne Flotilla, and our amusements turned upside-down by a

French Act of Parliament. An Englishman should no more be ashamed of his country, or its steps, before aliens, than a man, of a man's gait and gesture before apes. The English country-dance is a dance true and good, danced by as good men and true as any, I will be bold to say, now extant. I care not whether it be graceful or not; that, after all, is not the question. It sufficeth me, and ought others, that it is an ancient, wholesome, and honest exercise; it goes right to its purpose; is clear, straight-forward, and matter-of-fact; has common sense and common decency in its favour; but above all, is *English*: in a word, was invented by Englishmen, belongs to Englishmen, and ought to be the only dance, at home or abroad, either danced or applauded by Englishmen.

37. So much for the ornamentals.—Let us now look a little to the solids. I would have the young lady, if possible, a good accountant, and a good sempstress. The courier may fall ill, or cheat her;—the lady's

maid, if she does not make her gowns, may lose them. But "*non omnia possumus omnes*;" and nobler cares now occupy travellers. It is usual to leave every thing now-a-days, but sight-seeing, to your servants:—I presume they are persons of education and conscience, and value the interests of society too much to rob a man;—as professedly in search, of truth, indeed, as their enlightened masters.


38. Gentlemen ought to know how to ride. A good horse will go as far as a bad diligence: besides, there is the pleasure of riding,—you can talk at dinner of its pleasure. I am not decided as to its economy. One of my friends lost three horses, though he performed groom and courier himself, between Paris and Dijon;—but then he *saw* the country, and this he could not have done without taking lodgings, at treble the expense, in every town. In a mail-coach, one finds it impossible; a man who travels all night must sleep all day: in a calesche, no

one thinks of doing it—but of this in my Second Part.

39. Some gentlemen prefer walking. If a man does it without being obliged to do it—like a gentleman—and in a place where horses are bad or not to be had, or where carriages cannot permeate,—methinks he acteth wisely, and should in no way be rebuked or reprehended for it, notwithstanding the sentiment of Alfieri. But as to the glory of it,—candidly speaking, and no offence to the Peripatetics,—I do not think any one can set up lion-ship on mere perambulation. I do not think it would stand two hours' ratiocination. Nothing appears to me so simple as putting one leg before the other ; and to do it two days, when you have done it one, or ten when you have done it two, is simply nothing more than eating your dinner to-day, because you ate it yesterday, or to-morrow, because you eat it to-day. Captain-Barclays may be found everywhere ; but give me the rider of Bucephalus, when you talk of glory.

40. One of the great drawbacks on travelling is want of comfort. I do not disparage, nor will I in my presence, as long as I breathe, suffer any one else to disparage, any thing English;—but let us understand the word. What *is* comfort? you might as well ask half the world, what is taste? There is comfort, and comfort;—English comfort, French comfort, Italian comfort, and, let me add, Lapland and Greenland comfort, and Hottentot comfort. Now, I am for *all* these comforts,—not indeed for all of them at once, but for all of them, one after the other, according as I happen to be—I mean *pro tempore*—a Frenchman or Italian, Laplander or Hottentot. And what can be more reasonable? What would a Laplander say, for instance, were I to recommend him to use his bear's-grease on his head instead of his fish;—in other words, were I to speak to him of the *comfort* of expending his breakfast, and perhaps that of his family, on what, after all, with the little light he has, he scarcely knows he possesses,—upon his head-

dress ! Then again, if I were to talk to a Hottentot *belle* of the pleasure of spending half her life in the dark, and having no toilette to attend to, is it not quite certain that the lady, however well bred, would kick up her heels, and trot off in a loud laugh, both at me, and my comfort ? This is reasoning with your hand upon the subject, or, as saith the great Metaphysician, sending one directly to his senses. But let us go a little farther, and see how it will stand with the Frenchman or Italian. It is precisely the same thing. Is not an Englishman, in respect to an Italian, only a gentler and warmer kind of Laplander, and the Italian to the Englishman a cooler, or colder kind of Hottentot ? I see, therefore, no more satisfactory reason why we should insist on having, or finding, English comforts in Italy, than Lapland comforts in Africa, or *vice versâ*. This point, and it is a *dignus vindice nodus*, well explained, as I now trust it is, will go a great way to reconcile the most fastidious to many, until this moment, insurmountable




horrors. There is one way of always having a fair wind—that is, always sailing before one: and I cannot sufficiently repeat, that the short and simple secret of getting through the world with success, is doing at Rome as Rome does, and knowing how to make a big bow, in the proper place.

41. It is, therefore, I take it, tolerably clear, that the first thing which a traveller, *de futuro*, has to think of, is to determine well in his own mind,—or, if this be too laborious, to allow his friends or parents (if he have either) to determine for him,—what country he shall first visit and explore,—whether he shall pass through or abide therein,—in a word, what are his objects and ends; and then he may be permitted with better sense and security to look about for the means.

A man generally succeeds much better in things of which he knows something, than in things of which he knows nothing,—an apothegm, by-the-by, of great importance; and, if I were to judge by the conduct of mankind, till this moment altogether unknown. Now,

if a man be panting for a cool winter in the Arctic circle, and insists on being present, and altogether in for the passing of the North-west passage, it is obvious he will not follow the same course of regimen and gymnastics, moral and physical, as if he were athirst for the White River, and determined to wanton in the black beauty of Timbuctoo. And, to go a little farther, and thence bring the matter somewhat nearer home ;—how many respectable ladies and gentlemen are there, whose purses, however inflated on starting, can never bring them beyond the Alps, but, like the wind-bags of Ulysses, from rents or other causes, will, if they attempt the venture, most probably leave them in the Scylla or Charybdis of Geneva or Lausanne.—Others there are, again, who, having threaded these straits with skill and courage, entertain lofty intentions of seeing Switzerland and the worlds beyond, but are suddenly recalled from the dream by a law-suit, which they had scotched, but not killed, at home, in time to prevent the extravagance of commit-



ting an Italian tour, to which some whirlpool, in the shape of a friend, was hurrying them onward. Others, born under happier stars, have by little and little, *pedetentim* and *seriatim*, with a *festina lentè* prudence and discretion, long since weathered every cape, and boldly ventured to Naples and Sicily—for a long time the *ne plus ultra* of Continental travellers;—whilst a fourth class, happier than all, the truly favoured of the Gods, the envied of men, drink of every wine, hear every language, abuse every conveyance, and see and taste all Europe *radicitus*, in its gamesters, women, and postboys, without the least benediction before meat or after meat, or the most distant conviction of their singular advantages over the untravelled millions of mankind.

Now all these classes are to be tutored differently, broken in after a different *manège*, and in this *manège* and tutorship consist the *arcana arcanissima* of my science. Many are the persons who have consulted, as an oracle, my arm-chair on this very question,

the *Quid agendum*? I had but one answer to give them, the *Quid agis*?—and so indeed it is. Tell me what you are doing, and I will tell you what to do;—your ends, and you shall have the means; your projects, and I will bring you to them, with the same facility and certainty wherewith I understand the mewing, and satisfy, in their appointed season, the wants and wishes of my cats.

42. I begin with France, because nine travellers out of ten generally do the same; it being very nearly a part of England, or, as a Turkish friend of mine once expressed it, England being little better than a peninsula of France. Steam-boats, hirondelles and velocifères, have brought it still closer; and the Pas de Calais has now become a *pas* indeed. Little preparation is necessary for such a jaunt; and, to say the truth, it hath this advantage over other countries, that the boat which carries you there, returns as fast as it goes, and no one need stay longer in the hive than as he finds or likes the bees. But notwithstanding all this, a Frenchman is not a

part and parcel of an Englishman, nor an Englishman of a Frenchman ;—the one is of the *Simia*, the other of the *Taurus* kind ; and there is as much chance of their making one, as of seeing a people of chimæras, or finding that salts and kalis had agreed to make up their differences, and were determined to dwell in matrimonial peace and comfort for the future. Now it stands to reason, that success with such a nation, so monkified, (it was from them that Lord Monboddo took his theory,) cannot well be attained, without some monkey accomplishments of one's own ; and hence it is that a traveller who must needs take Paris in his way, ought for some time before to addict himself, after the example of the German Baron, to a much livelier discipline than if he were about to export himself to Russia, for the admiration of its bears, who, with all due reverence, had much better not be approached at all.

43. A French traveller, besides knowing four or five quadrilles, should write English,—read French, at least the papers,—have by

heart three columns of the vocabulary—the names of Racine's plays—three or four of Corneille's—two of Voltaire's, (despising every thing else,) and the last scenes of *Le Medecin malgré lui*. Rousseau he may be ignorant of; —no Christian, and much less an Englishman, reads him now. Montesquieu he should laugh at, and quote Blackstone. Pascal he should not mistake for a jesuit; and Madame de Stael should, in gratitude for her "Revolution," be forgiven her "Germany" and "Corinne." It would be also well to pick up something of Revolutionary chronology, if he intend to appear in society; otherwise he may mistake Chateaubriand, judging only from his works, for a flatterer of the Corsican,\* and the Marshals of France for dishonourable men, and Talleyrand, the faithful supporter of the Altar and the Throne, for the subverter of both, and the cognomen *Desiré* for desired or desirable, and *la Charte* for our *Charter*,—when *all that*


\* See the dedication to the *Génie du Christianisme*, and compare it with his semi and ultra Bourbon tracts.

has been long since changed, and the heart is now to be found on the side where it ought. I meddle little in politics myself; and as to constitutions, being satisfied *we* have the best possible, care not whether the French, Spaniards, or Greenlanders, are without one, or whether they are likely to continue so until doomsday; but I have a conscience, and some regard for my friends, and particularly for my readers,—and I confess, I should feel sorry to see any one of them pistolled by an Ultra for a Democrat, or what is worse, a Liberal,—or by a Liberal for a Jesuit, long or short-robed, which I believe to be not quite so good as an Ultra.

This is to be avoided, as I have already said, by being a good chronologist, (and the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes* will marvellously assist you in such studies;) and secondly, by pretending to no more colour or character than water, taking the colour of every one, and keeping that of none.—I only know one better mode than this, which is, not saying a single word on the matter, keeping close

to one's corner, and laughing quietly and comfortably in one's sleeve at those who, instead of eating and drinking well, are committing themselves abominably abroad. But then comes a scruple;—although this may do very well in England, where every man's corner is his castle, and a castle too which even a Princess Royal cannot violate—in France, where there are neither castles nor corners since the Revolution, I doubt much whether it can be always brought to bear. There is a remedy, however, which no one who has ever heard Lord Castlereagh speak can be ignorant of—making talk answer all the purposes of silence. Talleyrand said something of the kind, and his conduct repeats what he once said, every day.

In whatever French society you should happen to be, you should never remember, or rather, you should remember to forget, whether a government exists at all. If this be impossible, at least forget Bonaparte:—consider his fifteen years reign a tale of the



Jacobins, got up like the decapitation of Charles I. to vex Kings;\* pass over the Revolution as *non-avenue*, and believe that the Column Vendôme was raised during the reign of Louis XVIII. as the white flag on its summit testifies, but by whom, or for whom, neither ask, nor care.†

This is the sensible conversation of *un homme comme il faut*; and that Marquise must be inexorable indeed, or have something *roturier* in her blood, who can resist so much good sense, and good principle, in one and the same person. It will cost you few words, and repay you many dinners; and you will return to England, with an accurate list of the Valets du Roi, some of the pet

\* Such was the opinion of Ferdinand of Naples. I do not know whether he ever felt the pain in his neck with which all monarchs are said to rise upon the anniversary of the execution of King Charles the Martyr.

† The white flag was to Bourbonize the glory of the French Empire, and a full-bottomed peruque to change Napoleon to a Louis. But it could no more make the one little, than the other great.

phrases Madame de Pompadour used in driving her white mice, and, above all, with a most enlarged view of European politics, in case—which Providence and the Holy Allies avert—of a general war.

44. But if you happen, by a good dinner, or a country ball, or some other such-like syrenish inducement, to be cast away, and shipwrecked amongst the Jacobins, do as you would be done by, and make no difficulty about mounting the Tricolor. Become an exceeding admirer of the past; rail like the Fox in the Fable against the present; compliment all the unhappy martyrs near you on their uncompromising and impregnable virtue, and (you are not bound to be more correct in this particular than if speaking to an ugly old widow,) turn adroitly between the courses to their frugality and honesty, and reserve for the dessert and the Burgundy your *messenienne* on the proverbial ingratitude of all kingly governments to the services of great men. As they are all, of course, *ex-employés*, and have preserved every

thing of the office but the salary, you run no risk in lauding the Police and Gen-d'armerie, as it was administered in the year — (that is, the year when they administered, *subauditur*,)—and what an excellent invention was the Imperial Conscription, and how plunder abroad was preferable to taxation at home, and how the late *regime* was only a better sort of republic, and the Empire, after all, but the old coat of the Revolution turned inside-out, and faced with gold lace. The French do not detest flattery; and though an Englishman, before the end of the evening you will be allowed to be worthy of a better fate, and to have something very like the good head and common sense of a Frenchman *en retraite*.

Thus will you become the oracle of the two pleaders, and eat the oyster to the satisfaction of both. It is a shocking thing to set people by the ears;—the English always avoid it;—see how quiet they were in Spain and Italy; as to Sicily and their subsidies, that was to deliver the oppressed. They

think it quite proper that their subjects should have the right of quarrelling amongst themselves, if they like the luxury, like man and wife, (witness Ireland ;) but that is no reason why they should interfere with the *menage* of other nations, particularly if they quarrel with tolerable decorum.

45. With regard to your countryfolk, the case is a little different. I respect them much, but knowing not to what such confessions might lead, I would never own my creed or politics to any one of them. They esteem a man a mere talker, who is known to have either, under three years acquaintance. An Englishman always buttons his coat and puts both hands in his pockets. Now I question much whether he is not in the right: depend upon it, no one asks you for your purse, without the intention of taking it; and as it is with your purse, so also may it be with your conscience and reputation.

46. But should you carry your ambition farther, and insist on seeing Switzerland,

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these instructions will hardly suffice. The country of the Alps is a country of goats and hermits. If you would see it as you ought, you must, *pro tempore*, be both, or something very like them. A man who loves glaciers, must love walking, and with such men the first of all things is a pair of shoes. London is the first shoemaking capital in Christendom: her shoes are not less titles to immortality than her porter. Ask for my new patent Mont Blanc shoes, tanned, sewn, soled, by steam, according to a plan communicated three years ago, and constructed expressly on an anti-glacial principle. I am not vain, but it is something to have contributed the *primum mobile* of all the discoveries likely to be made for the next century.

Next to shoes, you should bethink yourself of your mind. A different commodity is demanded for the Swiss market and the French; and travellers seldom find this out, till several months too late. A Swiss traveller, time out of mind, is one of two things,—either a mere walking pastoral, and

a devourer of the picturesque, (though it comes to him in the shape of an ugly peasant, and an empty chalet,) or else a man of solemn sense and science, on familiar terms with Nature and her mysteries, and whose life is spent either amongst the stars, or in the bowels of the earth. He consequently despiseth, or ought if he does not, both literature and politics. It is of very little consequence if the vermin on its surface kill or eat each other, if one day they are destined to be eaten up, with the earth itself, by a comet or an earthquake. When you speak to him of Byron, he will affect not to hear you, take snuff after his own preparation, and talk (if he does talk) of Byron the navigator. The only flowers he should condescend to understand are those of Linnæus. He should prefer Temninck to Scott, and Personn should be his Vade-Mecum and Parnassus, instead of Moore or Little.\*

\* My uncle converts an alias into a person : a common error amongst the ancients,—witness their Hercules,—and not unusual amongst the moderns. Who

Cuvier should be his Bible, and Rousseau his Gospel, and the only creeds he should talk of be those of Werner or Hutton.

This is in a good style of preparation; but when he is about to start, something more must be done. I should advise him to go armed at all points into the lists. Let him take twenty maps, grand elephant,—a blunderbuss of a barometer, and a cannon of a telescope. This will remind him to tell others, that he *intends* telling them the exact height of every crag above the sea, whether they like it or not,—for Science must not be blindfolded, and he is not so ignorant as to trust to the calculations of any one, whoever he may be, who may have preceded him. Mineralogy he must know, like the rules for Latin prosody, by heart, and should constantly go about with a small hammer in his breeches-pocket, and in his waistcoat a heavy Swiss snuff-box, made out of the bowels of

would imagine the Consul and the Emperor the same individual, unless indeed such a Proteus as Prince Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun?

the Righi. As to geology—not very necessary, but pretty—he can buy maps and copy them, and menace to study it more deeply when the elements cease to be names, or the science ceases to be mere elements. It would be well also, that once at least in his life, he had been near being blown up like a powder-mill, by some damnably detonating chapter in Chemistry, which would entitle him for the rest of his days to wear a black riband over his left thumb. If the accident, however, cannot be had, I would not for that reason give up the ornament. Portfolios, *hortus siccus*, maps, &c. he should charge on some patient third party, a taciturn admirer of the sciences, and confine himself to his barometers, telescopes, hammers, snuff-boxes, spectacles, (which he should always wear, to prepare him for the snow,) umbrellas (double-oiled), compasses, time-pieces, and treble-lined gaiters. So accoutred, he may sneer at your Italian traveller, as a guardsman sneers at a light-infantry man; and should any one annoy him with tales of Italy, let him shake

his armour, and his head, and point to the avalanches and sun above him.

47. But there may be some young ladies who are neither astronomers, botanists, chemists, nor geologists, and yet have a sort of a sweet tooth for glory; children of Love and Nature, who would wish to live at Meilleray and die at Chillon; and go out with a passion prepense for a Swiss cottage, and tears *pour la malheureuse Julie*. I do not know whether a St. Preux can be had, unless she bring one out; but for the landscape part of the glory, no need to insist on realities. Appearance is the thing which a real lady traveller will look for. Portfolios, pencils, paint-boxes, therefore, in abundance, though you will give yourself a great deal of idle trouble to use any one of them. You have, I presume, your barouche, and it is heaped up on all sides with leather-covered volumes, rose-coloured cases, flying easels, and other significant *et cetera*. That is all you want. Who can ever suppose there is nothing else within? No one, unless he be a cousin-

german, and a very favourite one into the bargain.

48. An Italian traveller must be a traveller indeed. He must learn patience, and forget English coal-fires, beefsteaks, and bed-rooms ; despise good roads, be blind to the charms of English harness and high-bred horses, and content to intrust his bones and safety to an Austrian piquet, who will take as much care of both as an English mail-coachman. He must neither be sanguine, phlegmatic, nor bilious, but between them all ; must love pictures as well as their frames, and know as much about them ; must have ten names at least by heart, and not confound Raphael Sanzio with Raphael Mengs, or Michael Angelo Buonarotti with Michael Angelo Caravaggio. He must know our own superiority over past and present excellence, and turn up his shirt-collar at all mention of David. Contempt is a fine confounding quality ; it grows nowhere so well as in England : and this is the secret of our power and influence over all other nations. They take us at our word,

under fear of being knocked down, and thus save us the pain of the experiment. English dignity is this contempt in disguise : its outward signs are, a high cravat, a well-made coat, an English stride, and silence. It will bring you through every church and gallery with glory ; all hats will fall from all heads at your presence ; and though you may now and then discount in cash for this veneration, surely it is a pleasant thing that cash and silence should be able to buy you every thing. Should either fail, you have always your " G—d d—n," and boxing, in reserve. The Continentals are ignorant and scratch ; you may therefore insult them first, and punish them afterward, with impunity. As to stilettoes, they have gone out, and pistols have not come in ;—and as to laws, no Englishman, I hope, is so bad a Protestant as to respect the laws of the Pope. Nor must your health be neglected. Season yourself in the fens of Lincolnshire against the malaria ; against heat and fevers in London ; against colds and consumptions in Scotland and Ire-

land. Then sally forth, and return, the wonder of priests, brigands, and antiquarians, the idol of printsellers, and the oracle of all who think less of their purse than of their "gusto."

49. An Italian traveller must, in proportion as he goes South, bring all he can of the North after him. Let him fix steadily in his mind, that there is nothing in Italy but a blue sky and pictures. He will therefore have an iron bedstead for every one of his family, those of Italy not being of mahogany, and moreover concealing hosts of traitors, insurgents, and other ambushed enemies, of which a mere quiet English country gentleman can have possibly no sort of idea. Item, A pair of leather sheets for each bedstead, particularly if there be ladies: they are what esplanades and bastions are in fortification, and keep the enemy from the citadel.—Item, Napkins; one hundred dozen, if a tolerably small family, will do. Italians use them only on festival-days, or if titled.—Item, Tooth, hair, nail, flesh, feet, hand, head, up-and-

down, here-and-there brushes of all kinds and descriptions. They may be had in Italy—and they may not.—Item, A canteen for papa and mamma, for papa's and mamma's brothers and sisters, for master and miss, and grand-mamma, and the very best for mamma's maid: and let each of these canteens be large enough (nothing like being independent of the world, and having wherewithal to see a friend) to contain knives, forks, tea-kettles, tea-pots, tea-cups, tea-spoons, ewers, basins, screws, cruets, tumblers, glasses, candlesticks, lamps, gridirons, trays, saucepans, plates, dishes, saltcellars, bottles, &c. &c. &c.—Item, A chest of the best tea,—gunpowder, renovating, exalting, ghost-frightening tea,—which, however, must be sometimes taken without milk, most of the cows having been eaten up in the country at the last passage of the Austrians.—Item, Door-locks, to be screwed off and on; for what would Lady Dorothy Dumbdrizzle's fille-de-chambre say, on being obliged, after having read Mrs. Radcliffe, to sleep in

one of your grim-looking corridors without one?—Item, Though you may not want, you should not be without matches, pick-locks, phosphor-bottles, screens, boot-jacks, lamps, three or four dozen of whips, spurs, springs, patent spits, fire-places, &c. &c. &c. Something of every thing, in fine, which may show you are an Englishman, and that you are resolved not to run the chance of drowning, dying, or losing your way in such a barbarous, outlandish kind of country as this same Italy. I have no doubt, with these precautions, you will come back as you go,—neither thinner nor fatter, longer nor shorter, but a very respectable English country gentleman, who has eaten his dinners two years out of his own country, and has notwithstanding survived and grown two years older.


50. But I am carried away by the impetus of my subject, and forget that I have not yet set out. Like the impatient steed which hath not yet left the career, *pereunt vestigia mille*, I devour the earth—I grasp the goal

by anticipation. I have already travelled over half of Europe, before I have started.—But to return to our prose and preliminaries. Nothing has yet been done. Where are your credentials? If you ask a fop what he should consider such, he will rub his chin, smile, and look down upon his boots:—if a man of letters, he will ask you in what University you have studied?—if a lady, in what drawing-room?—if a banker, he will take the pen from his ear, and oracularly exclaim, “Money! Money! Money!” Now all these counsellors, like the most of mankind, are very right and very wrong.

These things, no doubt, make up nine-tenths of our business, but the tenth still “remains behind.” They will do nothing, or only half do—without *Letters*; a *sine quâ non* advantage, as will be seen by the intelligent reader, in my Third Part. Letters may be easily had, even in England, provided a man has a well-looking name—without an O or a Mac before it—upon paper, and dresses in a manner not to give the lie direct to his recom-

mendation. But then comes *l'embarras des richesses*—the difficulty of a choice. Beware of the non-traveller, or the old traveller, or the traveller who is always in the gerund—about to be—all bad;—and pounce upon the traveller who has been, and that lately : a great authority, at all times ; but if he be a *Dilettante*, and gives *petits soupers*, greater— if rich enough to give good ones, and, *par parenthèse*, calls himself an M. P. or Peer, or Minister, greatest. His firman will do : take it, seize it ; it will go far to make you a great man also : you will catch his importance by contagion, and may eat, lounge, sight-see, and astonish, upon the strength of his reputation, for several months, gratis.

Literary men I don't much like, and still less their letters : you may be sure, they will have the kindness to give you one line—and themselves one hundred. Notorious politicians are also to be eschewed ; if you take their letters, you must also take their principles :—this implies, you must know them, and learn to place your No and Yes better



than Sir Francis Wronghead,—a matter very troublesome in such a country as ours, where men and measures, orthodoxy and heterodoxy, change sides, as in a country-dance, almost every quarter. If screwed, like an Irish Judge,\* to his place, as well as opinions, it might do ; but should you chance on any thing Ex, either Minister, or M. P. only think of the consequences!—you have gained a minus, whilst grasping at a plus ;—once a little above, you are now a great deal below zero. If you take such a letter for a talisman, you will soon be undeceived. The first door will convince you that you are not in possession of a *passe-partout* :—your cards will be carefully lost in the porter's lodge—your *billets-doux* consigned to the valets for the *papillotes* of the poodle ; your antichambers inexorably long, your mantelpiece ungarnished with invitations ; and every dear friend will treat you for the sake of your's and his dear friend, as a Sub-

\* Does my uncle allude to Lord Norbury ? *Quousque tandem.*

secretary treats a Memorialist who wakes and wants him.


N. B. All such letters are usually *sealed*. "Conscience makes cowards of us all." Men who are asked to bless, often stay only to curse us. There is one remedy still left you,—burn them.

51. But letters, like passports, though they call on others to assist you, will do little in assisting you themselves: you must therefore, in time, look not only to the persons who give them, but the persons to whom they are to be presented. It is an easy thing to call your spirits, and a very difficult one to make them come when you do call. Take no letters to Ambassadors; they are paid with your money; you were taxed for them last year;—they are therefore your servants; they *must* work for you, and if not, must be punished by a petition to Parliament, and your absence. Strangers are as necessary to their dinners, as their dinners are to strangers. Cardinals ditto; you will have the pleasure of admiring their scarlet stockings,

and if they be Bishops, of kissing their amethyst rings. To French Deputies,—dangerous; you will be fired into a confession of faith, which may not be convenient to those who have none, or do not like to show what they have. None to Italian Princes, Marquises, Counts, &c. It is not always easy to find them, though it is, their palaces. When found, are they worth the search?—To Englishmen—impossible to catch them: you may knock for an hour at their doors, and at last an old woman will come out, and tell you he is at present at Constantinople, or, for aught she knows, with the Grand Mogul.\* To painters and sculptors,—by all means, if you intend purchasing their paintings; but that is the best letter of recommendation itself. To ladies, if young—and, need I add, virtuous,—they will show you the world, and keep your morals pure.

\* Lord Guildford sometimes travels round by Moscow, to assist at a charity or other dinner in London; and arrives punctually to the hour. Who amongst us can say so much?

52. But there are other assistants equally indispensable with letters and introductions. You must know your way, and how you are to get over it. This is only to be done by charts. Get, then, a collection before you think of venturing out of harbour. When I say charts, let me be understood in the largest sense of the word—not maps only, or itineraries, but Hints, Notes, Recollections, Sketches—things on the spot, from the latest travellers, touching the rocks and dangers to be avoided, and avoidable, in your course. Lord Blayney will give you the best report of the best creeks for watering and victualing:—it is to be lamented he did not extend his peregrinations to the South,—a sort of *terra incognita* to the scientific eater,—where he might have discovered inns, or founded them for posterity. Mrs. Starke is an authority on the prices of washing and of—pictures. Eustace will teach you how to ride over a Frenchman, and to hash up an antiquity. But books in general are holiday counsellors—paraders in court costume—



mere land-sailors:—you must see *men* who see things themselves: who, if they travel, travel better than their trunks,—if they sail, take care to be wrecked,—and if they return, bring back lean purses, but heavy memories—and can talk for three hours without telling more than the same number of lies. If such a man is to be had in a country-town—hire him—get him—and keep him, by all honest means in your power. Entrap him to yourself—dine him—let your dinner be of the best, and your wines better than your dinner:—silence till twelve—then let loose upon him with your questions. It is the hour of truth—three bottles have been dispatched—the incantation is complete. You will extract more in one half-hour from his oracular mouth, than from ten years reading, and a library of folios, and Mendez Pintos. They all write as if they were asked for their affidavits, and all lie as if they had given them.

53. It will be of little consequence, however, whether you travel or not, either to

yourself or others, unless you take care not to die during the course of your travels. This can only be done by keeping yourself well—*id est*, by taking physic. I hate physic; but take it, as I take advice, and go to the doctors, as I go to church and court, because I cannot help it. There are things to which even Plato himself must submit.

As others are likely to be ill as well as yourself, and as you are a good Samaritan, provide your oil and vinegar betimes. England is the country of physic, as well as theology. Italy, delivered over to a reprobate sense, can boast little of either, except at Rome. I would read Buchan, or any other Family or Single Gentleman's Book of Health, putting myself, as I go on, in the place of each patient. This will divert you, and put you on the alert. Then would I purchase two boxes of patent medicines: there is no knowing whether you may not be called on to become the extempore saviour of a village. How many die for want of being afraid in time! How many expire by the road-side, sighing in

vain for the fountains of health at Paytherus and Co. The patient may be a negro, or a Carbonaro;—no matter—“*Homo sum*” should be your motto. The worst of murders is to let one die. When asked for your assistance, you are to consider two things; first, whether you are to pass that way again; and secondly, whether you know any thing about the matter. The first indeed renders the second unnecessary;—besides, killing is no murder, if done by book. If your patient survives, he will live to thank you:—if he die, he will blame the person who is next him at his death.

54. If you ask me what quantity you are to take, I answer—much is good, more is better—*all* is best.—I would have all the lotions—pills—powders—balms—essential oils—quintessential salts—waters of all grades, and colours, and forces, single, doubled, trebled, and if possible centupled—distilled and archi-distilled elixirs, mosses, panaceas, and hyper-panaceas—every thing that has cured, killed, and done neither, for

the last ten years. I know the money they cost, the room they take, the smell they make, the alarm they create, the patience they exercise, and the demands they excite;—yet to a sober-minded man, what is all this, beside one week of a double tertian, intermittent, autumnal, malaria, ultra Campagna fever? Who is there, who if, *in articulo mortis*, suddenly restored to life by some of your resurrection thaumaturgist elixirs, would not instantly promise not merely to carry the said boxes, (ay and multiply them as you may,) in their easy-going carriage, but would, I doubt not, agree by bond, if necessary, to bear them on his back even as a pedlar his ware, and think himself cheaply redeemed into the bargain? But if this toucheth you little, as an extreme case, is there no pleasure in seeing yourself saved from the clutches of a stranger, and keeping health and life enough to get home, and die quietly, as becomes an English gentleman, in the bed in which you were born? Philanthropy I put out of the question,—I sup-


pose every one to feel it, for I am loth to put any man out of countenance with himself. It is a great malady which will not yield when a man sets earnestly about it: with the brute force of patent medicines, you may cure a man every day of your life. What pistols and blunderbusses are to brigands, patent medicines are to fevers, which hate the very smell of a medicine-chest; and were I to be consulted on the draining or colonizing of the Pontine Marshes, I should say to his Holiness, buy me half a million of Paytherus's boxes, and in another year I will give you half a million of subjects, and more.\*

55. Now these things must be done in England and not abroad—to-day and not to-morrow. The apothecaries on the Continent are so unlike ours that they would rather sicken a hundred, than cure one, by means of their nostrums. This is a remnant of their love for gladiators and blood, and

\* In his Life, my uncle suggests another expedient; but one does not exclude the other.

worthy of the Vestal Virgins, who supped in the Arena still soaked with carnage, after the sports had terminated. I verily believe there is a secret collusion with the sexton, except in the single case of accouchements; there they know their interest, and allow men to be born that they may kill them afterward at their leisure. Again I say, in time! Thebes was lost by the delay of a day, and a night has changed my destinies for life.

56. Such should be your provisions : now as to your conveyance. Bring out, if you can, an English chariot; — if you cannot, an English barouche, or barouchette, or calesche, or cabriolet, or gig, or horse, or bridle, or saddle, — in fine, something that will prove, besides your accent, that you are not a Frenchman. No matter if these things cost you ten times more than they do in France; that is part of their merit : besides, you can pay when you return, and may not pay at all. To be worth any thing, they should contain every thing—



room for men, women, children, trunks, eatables, drinkables, ammunition,—be, in fine, drawing-room, kitchen, stable, cellar, &c. &c. and rival the Empress Catherine's travelling Palace, or at least the travelling Menageries of Exeter Change. This will save you lodging in an emergency, when you suddenly take it into your head not to be imposed on, are determined not to allow the innkeeper to feed you—as you would like,—and can find no other accommodation, after a two hours' battle in town. All you will have to do, will be to turn into a portecocher (which you may have for a bow) for the night, and let your postilion, or the police, take care of your horses. Then you are sure always to have your own unbaptized wine.\* No matter if the weather be hot, and the roads rough. If the wine be good, it will resist, and you can cool it in half an hour: if bad, depend upon it, the vinegar

\* I actually met a gentleman in Switzerland religiously reducing to practice this rather questionable counsel of my Uncle.

was always in it, and you ought to thank God that at last it has come out.

This I call being truly independent ;—you need not care if an inundation swept away every inn on your course—you have your home with you, and your great coat. Before you risk yourself aboard, it will however be necessary to put your springs to the proof. If you have an alderman amongst your friends, get him and his family to try it. If not, two bishops, and a retired farmer, will do. Should it break down, bless Heaven at your escape. Much better it should occur in London in sight of surgeons, than on Mount Jura ; and in open day than at twelve o'clock at night. If otherwise, defy the road to Lyons, and the jealousy of French postilions.

57. But to travel thus gorgeously requir-eth a purse. Now it is not every one who has been born therewith, no more than with red cheeks and black hair. Thank God, “the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb.” There are such things as mail-coaches, stages, and diligences, for the “third estate,” which

are nothing else than many chaises made up into one. How happy is the traveller to live in such an age, when he may journey on the back of the public, instead of having the public journeying about on his own. A marvellous invention! they are to the ancients what balloons are to us: and shame it is we have not had an Apollonius Rhodius to deliver them down, in proper colours, to posterity. Diligences I hold to be the chief causes of liberty, virtue, religion, and social order amongst mankind. They civilize—they educate—they polish:—they are the great volume of human nature bound in duodecimo—a pocket-chart of man—a synopsis of all its classes, reduced to the scale of four feet. If this be good in England, what must it be abroad? In England you see faces, nightcaps, red noses, and red handkerchiefs;—in France and Italy, if you have ears and eyes, you will meet men always, and sometimes mind.


58. Your conveyance is much, but your companion is every thing. Before you de-

termine on the first, think thrice; but a thousand times before you fix on the last. I would try him every way; by fire and flood;—no ordeal except starvation, and that only in excess, is too strong. He should be a man who can keep accounts for others as well as himself, and with the same quantity of conscience; a great scolder; a violent man to all but you; a man who has as much bile, and always ready, as may suffice for two; the *μυγα θάυμα* of landlords; the scarecrow of beggars; a Jupiter Tonans amongst postboys; a nice balancer of sous and pence;—a man of fidgets—eager to start, eager to arrive,—but withal so accommodating and considerate, that he will sleep by your side whilst you are taking a sketch, like my eldest cat, and never purr, except from mere pleasure;—an excavator of good things, and never more stupendous than in sore streights;—a man never dull, never inordinately witty, never sleepy after dinner, nor cross before;—a man who can do without fire in his bedroom when the snow is beating in at his

window ; and, should his carriage break down on a moor, would sit there and smoke a pipe at its side ; who, wise as a serpent, is gentle as a dove, and has long since got rid of every other will but his companion's. Two such well-conditioned men may travel together, and no danger that travelling, like the fire-brand between Samson's foxes, will tie them in one way and set them pulling in another. It is the condition of humanity that one man should obey, and the other command ; and every one knows that life, after all, is nothing but a long journey. When a Monarchy is not feasible, I like a Federation. Travel in threes, fives, and sevens—always *en arbalète* :—never dispute—always decide :—reason is nothing—numbers every thing. So may you come back as you went, without a duel or a divorce, during a trial which may prove you as much as a marriage, and, for aught I know, last much longer.

59. But if, after three weeks advertizing, you can find no one who will consent to endure the pleasure of travelling with you, and


you are destined to remain a bachelor and misanthropical, supply the place of a companion with a loud tongue and little sense, by companions who have no tongue and a great deal,—that is, with a pocket library. I insist not on the imperturbable good-humour, abstemiousness, propriety, and complaisance of such fellow-travellers: but this I say, that without them you are a steam-boat without paddles, or, for aught I know, a traveller without legs or head. Maps are good things, on the tops of steeples—if you can climb and see, well; if not, they are as the hidden wisdom of the Egyptians. For this reason, I would recommend to corpulent, gouty, chair-travelling, crutch-ambling, bed-ridden ladies and gentlemen, something a little more closely to their purpose. Views, Sketches, Remarks, Recollections, Notes, Diaries, are all in their line. These will always tell the truth, at least as it was in their time:—if you find them otherwise—they saw what they saw, and do not take upon themselves to be prophets. They will give you a list of pictures



since burnt or stolen, or of Bishops down to the Reformation, or the names of the Kings of Rome, or the eulogies of some defunct inn, or some other piece of ex-intelligence; but thus you learn history—and if you cannot have what you like, you must be content to like what you have.

I am loth to speak of my contemporaries, and too proud perhaps to speak of my rivals:—but duty is before all things, and I have vowed myself to posterity, and the public. Now being, as it were, upon my oath, I shall tell truth;—few of our most candid men, always excepting ministers, (who are ex-officio truth-tellers,) can say more. I hate Classical Tours, since I read Eustace:—he opens the “*os rotundum, magna sonaturum*” certainly, but to say or sound nothing; and shuts it much in the same way in which he opened it. I never saw a more gauzy sort of way of hiding a man's nakedness with woven air, as the ancient hath it, than this man's style. He is the Lord Castlereagh of the trade.—I do not wish to

speaking irreverently of that enlightened statesman, who wished to cut out Europe, for its own good, into handsome-looking *arrondissement* (no man had in greater protuberance the organ of Order): but this I cannot avoid saying,—as far as words go and not deeds, there is an odd sort of cousin-germanism between them. Take away Cluverius, Addison, the Index to the Delphin classics—and what leave you behind? just that which remaineth when the spirit, sugar, and acid are subtracted from the punch:—or if you must have something better than water,—take the lees of a flashy bottle of wine,—lees of prejudice, pretension, of the Pope's post-book, and here and there a knotty lie. Forsyth did not write in a yellow morocco arm-chair, or travel in an elliptical-spring English chariot, and I should be sorry he did—I like his *rictus caninus*—he snarleth judiciously, and biteth in excellent time. Yet had I rather read than hear him—and travel after him, than by his side. His pages are true quintes-



sence—and mixed up with a fine liquid style, like his predecessor's, will make books.

Then there are Letters, which were never sent, from North or South, no matter which, as long as letters patent, but not quite so interesting:—Diaries—excellent thermometers of a man's importance to himself;—I like their clouds, and sunshine, and am glad to see such things in the market: they are made up for home consumption principally, but there are some which may suit all tastes. A man may now learn to be an Invalid, or an Ennuyé, or Ennuyée, (the rarer insect of the two,) or a Fashionable Abroad, with science and style. Tales are very delectable gossip, choice stimulants, when returning: a man is then as indifferent to facts as to coarse English beef, and is not the least offended at a gentleman coming up to him politely, and asking leave to tell him his best lie. It is not the first, and for my part I should be sorry it were the last. An edict to suppress lying would be like an edict to suppress eat-

ing or marriage : it would aim at the destruction of the human species.

As to antiquities, they may go with politics and theology. It is of some consequence to know whether a man has two legs or three ; but I could never get into a rage upon the point of fourteen or fifteen pillars to a temple. As to their names, I confess I care no more for their alias-es than for those of any notorious charlatan about town. Moles, and rats, and such-like excavators, know as much about these things as we do ; as I once thought in my childhood, for a similar reason, that birds might, or ought to be, very good divines. Old Rome, therefore, in this century or the other, is of no more consequence to me (farther than its being a large town) than Old Sarum. Ciceroni are bound to make you learned, and a few half-guineas, and a few half-hours, will make a Nibby of you, without being obliged to read him translated beforehand, in three grievous duodecimos.

But there is a book which, besides being

portly and respectable, and lined with as good capon as any of them, contains such sound matter, that I honour it as I do a medicine-chest, and counsel its admission to your coterie, though you were travelling on ass-back. Let me not be supposed to speak of Lady Morgan, or her "Italy." Far be it from me—" *Odi—et arceo*"—I know the colour and curl of an Austrian's mustachios—I know the smell and look of an Italian prison—the name and strength of a Hungarian fortress. I am, as I ought to be, a prostrate admirer of the powers which be, until they be dethroned by something better, or, which is much the same, stronger. Therefore should I be little less than mad, were I thus to risk the happiness of my travelling countrymen by placing in their carriages a woman, or a book, considered by me as little better than a Congreve rocket. Neither speak I of Lord Blayney's Tour:—it is wonderful in its way, and pity is it, I must again repeat, that the noble conqueror did not, like his Gothic ancestors, eat his

way much farther "into the bowels of the South." But I speak of one who shall yet be canonized, if there be any faith or fellowship in travellers, with twenty signs of admiration after her name,—the terror of washerwomen; the scourge of *modistes*, the keeper of housekeepers, the Plutus of the poor, the Diana of the bashful, the Minerva of the ignorant—the *ne plus ultra* of low prices—John Bull in lady's attire—the only traveller for travelling sake—in herself a *corpus viatorum omnium*:—but why should I prolong my eulogium any farther?—need I mention, the golden volume of the never-to-be-in-any-way-taken-in, the uncheated and uncheatable Mrs. Starke?—With such a work before you, you have the *as triplex* of the poet, and may walk amongst hotel-keepers, custom-house officers, and artists, as an innocent man over dragons and basilisks, or an Indian juggler over swords and ploughshares.—In more than one instance hath she been my guardian angel; and happy am I, that at last an opportunity.

has been offered, though late, to do her justice.—By her counsels have I saved ten pounds and some considerable fractions; and I should be unworthy of the name of Englishman, were I not, in the face of an enlightened public, thus boldly and honestly to proclaim my gratitude.

60. So much for books—now how to carry them. There are three ways. *On* your carriage; where, if not wet in crossing the Alps, or seized by the protectors of the purses and piety of the people, they may be read at Rome, or Florence, or rather when you leave them. *Behind* your carriage; where, if not worn to ashes, or cut off with your trunk by a brigand, they may be read at every great town you stop at, provided neither you nor your servant are lazy, and read and pack up with expedition. *In* your carriage;—the best—unless you travel with a vetturino or have a curious fellow-traveller, who may borrow and forget:—to obviate which latter evil, take a carriage between you—you in front, the books in rear. If some

object to such a *tête*, I only answer—Lord Guildford did it—and shall we object?—  
“*Heu nos homunculi!*”

61. Now all this I call good preparation ; but I again repeat it, let it be done in time. People talk of going—going—and God knows if they ever intend to be gone. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is a good French proverb ; but a man may *reculer* so far, as to get tired and find it impossible to leap at all. Three months are enough,—but let me be understood—for a bachelor. If married, three more ; three for himself, and three for his wife : a little effervescence must always arise on the first stirring of such a question—it is right to give sufficient time for the fixed air to explode. If there be children, I would keep on, in a geometrical ratio : the only thing which can excuse a three *years'* preparation is a nursery—*dans les formes*.

62. A bachelor can make up his mind for himself ; he has no Council, no Upper and Lower House, no Lords Spiritual and Temporal, to consult or humbug, for the


right of spending, or raising the supplies. He has the best of all advisers constantly at his elbow—himself, *εις κοίρανος εστω*—and (let me say so without offence to the manes of my Griselda) the best of all domestic governments is undoubtedly that where a man is his own governor. He unites in his single person all the three estates, each in their perfection; the vigour of the executive, the wisdom of the deliberative and aristocratic, and the sincerity and frankness of the democracy.

If there be a bachelor in the case, he has only to give due notice to his servant, or, as circumstances may require, to his creditors. His baggage falls, almost of itself, into marching order; and his bills (if he intend to pay them) may be discharged whilst the married man is adding up his. He partakes of the best qualities of a ghost: he may go into a house, and out of a house, and round about a house, without any one in the house noticing it—except the dogs: he leaves no chasm in society—unless it be now and then in some tender hearts; but, as Providence

hath ordered every thing wisely, nothing is so easy to penetrate, or to close again, as clear water and the heart of woman. It is a grievous thing to wound, but let them rest assured that no wounds close and cure so easily as those which are called eternal.

A bachelor belongs to no state—no country; he is mere zero in the political scale; it is marriage only which, by giving the integer, gives the value;—without house or home, he may live on Caucasus, or die on Hecla; no one, he may be convinced, will be distressed by his living, or pleased by his death. Such a man is already a cosmopolite, and of necessity a traveller:—locomotion is his *manière d'être*; if he must remain at home, he must either die, or live a living death, and marry.

63. Would I could say so much for his antipode,—the Family Man! Here preparation is indeed necessary, active, incessant, protracted. If he be poor, or going toward it, how many months to collect, by selling, mortgaging, foreclosing bonds, bills, rent-




charges, annuities, &c. &c.—evils to which all land proprietors, thank God, are heirs. Your agent, no doubt, is a tall, thin gentleman, who powders,—turned somewhat to the wrong side of sixty,—rather acid, but prudent, thinking, or something like it,—a great prophet of evil, and sometimes a realizer thereof; who, feeling we are mortal, looks more to the future than the present, and crawls lest he should stumble, and doubts, like a Chancellor, rather than decide like his Vice. The estate (happy if you have only one) is first, in due form, to be considered unproductive for the next ensuing year, and advances are to be made in the interim. Here alone is an expenditure of three months;—then all suits during your absence are to be carefully dammed up, or sluiced off; and finally, your tenants, bound hand and foot, delivered over to the secular arm. The monies then must be extracted, by the intervention of a third person, from a fourth, and of a fourth from a fifth, who, with every *wish* to oblige, is a disobliging man, and who

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unfortunately has a family, as well as a conscience. To satisfy doubts, which attorneys know when and how to feel, your family papers, from King Arthur down, are to be inspected, weighed, and of course found wanting,—for with such purpose were they weighed;—and thus, the web of half a year ripped up, by some unanswerable query, in a single night. Then come charges, for so much smoke and moonshine; and insolent letters from men with their hands upon your throat, and a thousand demands, which are soon nursed into a thousand delays. Six or seven heads of the hydra are cut off, but one remains, and it is generally worth the six or seven, and stands as stiffly as the entire number. A flaw is modestly hinted, which you need not doubt will be ripened into a thriving lawsuit before the spring.

At last, when possessed of a sum sufficient to pay off floating debts, and to start with some *eclat*, a claim you had long since laid in Lethe, or its ghost, leaps up and jostles you from your coach: an attorney's letter follows;




and a *Ne exeat regno*, after your entire collection of P. P. C. cards had been issued, comes down upon its back, and nails you finally to your home. You have choice of two measures; either to pay off portion with what you had got for better purposes, and thank the robber for his civility, or to remain where you are, under arms, and bear the blockade till next rent-day, with the risk of things becoming worse, instead of better, in the interval. The sickness of hope deferred can scarcely furnish a more grievous example, or a more wretched victim. The key turning in your prison-door after a long captivity, and then slowly and gratingly taken out, is a faint image of such ups and downs to the expectant traveller; nor do I more pity the man who is called away from Florence, in the first budding of spring, to enjoy a Chancery suit in the smoke of London—or from the beauties of the Tyrol, to canvass, and perhaps be ousted, (after the loss of a good year's revenue,) in a contested election.

These are serious evils,—and I have more

than once, in my love for afflicted humanity, turned my attention to the cause thereof. Let the reader judge whether I have found the remedy.

64. The chief cause of this, is that your plans are known. How conceal them?—By talking of them several months before. If people always hear the cry of ‘Wolf!’ they will not believe it, when the wolf comes. If this will not do, measure out some ground for building what you never intend to commence: your neighbours, in a fortnight, will be convinced that you are settled in the country for life. No sending off of servants in this interim—no retrenchment in your cellar—no reform in your stud;—in fine, no hints from the outposts of what you are preparing in the camp. An acquaintance of mine was a true *capo d’opera* in this way, and dined the very day before his grand Continental tour, which has lasted ever since, on his own plate, kindly lent for the occasion by his creditors, and with a retinue of servants equalled only by the number of his




bailiffs. This I call masterly ;—but few may hope to attain such excellence. Then comes your agent—he may be got rid of by a visit in state to your tenants, and your tenants by beef and porter. When all are asleep, close your door, call yourself up suddenly to London, dismiss your establishment by the next post, and before the week is out, figure amongst the latest departures from Dover. You will be calumniated for a month, and forgotten the next. This is as it should be ; even country gentlemen and their entertainments are not destined to be immortal.

65. If it be a burthen to live, as some philosophers aver,—what must it be to live over-well ?—A man with a plethorous and overgrown establishment is like an over-fat man—too much territory to rule, consequently impossible to rule it as he ought. One of the greatest advantages I know of in travelling, is the reducing the system to proper diet, and bringing down to wholesome flesh all this pomp and circumstance—

this much ado about nothing,—in which people love, like silk-worms, to wrap themselves from the rest of human kind. I never saw a loaded table or a crowded room,—an army of servants or a herd of horses,—without straitway thinking of the fleas, gnats, and other less respectable plagues of Egypt : so that I very much congratulate the man who can fling his coronet into the air, as a school-boy does his cap on being let out to play, and, by a single exorcism, get rid of the legion (the last are worse than the first) which for so many years succeeded in possessing him. Friends will drop into acquaintances, and acquaintances into visitors, and visitors into men who *think* they have heard of you : until at last your very housekeeper begins to dream of an alms-house for her old age, and speaks of you already in the *preterite*.

Now this is surely a fine touchstone, and a real pleasure ; — almost as good as dying, like Charles the Fifth, before one's death. The parson looks out for some new occupier of your pew ;—your next



neighbour eyes your trees, and his tenant cuts them down;—the hall is voted in ruins;—and all you want is an epitaph, to place you on the same respectable footing as any of your ancestry. Thus, in one fair sweep, do you clean yourself of all the dross and dregs which cling about every thing, as about gold;—you are restored once more to yourself;—you may raise both your hands in thanksgiving to the gods, and reign. You are no longer the servant of this worship, or that worship; you are no longer obliged to do justice by the hour, and oppress people to gain their respect; no lies to sell to the minister in either House; none of the pains and penalties of codification to endure, six nights out of the seven, and twelve hours out of the twenty-four;—you have no relations to cut or beg for; no yeomanry to force you out of warm saloons on wet Sundays;—no minister to keep you in a cold church, with an eternal sermon on hell fire; no steward with bills as long as his face, and as unintelligible as his accent; no visits to be knocked off, (would

you could always do as much for your visitors;)—no gaol committees, road trusteeships, turnpike wars, county meetings, canal failures, farming experiments, (by which your descendants in the fourth generation will make their fortunes); no Foundling follies, Lunatic improvements, Hospital embezzlements, Emigration grievances, and that which embraceth them all—no electing, no electors, and no elected. All this world of disaster, worse than a Bolge of Dante, will dissipate before the magic word “I go.”—A Turkish bath, which is the best imitation of Medea’s process of making up a man anew, is scarcely comparable to this. I never desired to be fatigued and covered with dust until I saw one; and if there be any pleasure in being a lord duke, it must consist, I verily believe, in the great gratification which it prepares for a man who is finally resolved to get rid of the dignity.

Such are the advantages which you are to expect;—now, how to attain them? I would have no hocus-pocus in the matter,

but simply say to those to whom I dare; "Rascals I have found you, rascals I leave you—go!" So far for your court, (I wish Sovereigns would imitate the example,) which compriseth retainers and cameleons of all hues and tempers. The public—I mean *your* public—I would treat much in the same manner, not doubting they deserve it quite as much; commencing with my acquaintances, and so going on to my enemies, to whom you will have this greater obligation—that they will remember you better. All this is to be understood of the Country;—in Town, who thinks of a duke the day after he is dead? and, as I have elsewhere shown, travelling is no better than a *pro-tempore* death. "The fear of the *Lord* is the beginning of wisdom," hath been well said of parasites;—I believe it true;—but when once that fear is found unnecessary, you will soon perceive their wisdom go off with it.

But to return:—give away your hounds, if you cannot sell them: it will console your friends for your absence, and the hares and

foxes of the neighbourhood will thank you, if they don't. Lock up your plate in some bank not subject to the epilepsy or falling sickness—if such banks exist in a country which from head to foot seems affected by the same malady. Make a present of your pictures, if worth preserving, to some Museum—the family portraits excepted, which may moulder, and look ugly if they please. Your gamekeeper tolerate; if he don't shoot your game and sell it, your neighbour's gamekeeper will. As to your demesne, farm it;—corn is as good as weeds;—and hedges and ditches are ugly things, but may buy you handsome palaces in Italy. This done—install your *alter ego* in his office, and exile every one else. Windows shut, silence in the porch, grass in the court, a smokeless chimney, a roomy stable, will at once proclaim to the neighbourhood that you will soon be compelled to leave them in utter darkness.


Choose a Sunday for your adieux: this will create a sensation—you will be talked over in the evening, and gazetted the next day.

So should a great man depart ;—he must leave a trail of light behind him. Comets do so—and Kings and Princes are the comets of the earth.

66. So much for external incumbrances ; a word or two on domestic. Have you a chaplain a little too much *à secretis consiliis* ? a solicitor, rather over-zealous for your rights, or a governess somewhat too closely domesticated for the happiness of Madame ?—now is the time for decorously accepting their resignations, and allowing them the long-wished-for pleasures of retirement. But you have a wife,—and perhaps a family ? They are not so easily unniched :—I shall dispute neither on tastes nor duties ; every one makes them for himself ;—but as I write for mankind, it is proper that each should find something, and that, though a bachelor myself, I should evince that I am far from being insensible to the sufferings of others, whether the victim be already married, or about to be so.

67. And first then of the husband,—first *de jure* and *Dei gratiâ*—if not *de facto*.

He is uxorious, and philogenitive. This cannot be helped; you cannot rub out a boss when once a man has got it. Considering, therefore, that what may be a luxury or a superfluity to others, is to him a necessity—it standeth as a matter which cannot be disputed, that he should travel—were it over the deserts of Arabia—with his inseparable, and not-to-be-by-any-means-separated, wife. Not that, being asked my private opinion thereon, I should not say, that the remembrance of Griselda was still more agreeable at times than her presence,—seeing the numerous cares, perils and privations, with which she might have been environed; but herein I am bound to discourse not of any man's personal sensibilities, but of a concern which nearly regardeth the whole human race. It is true, indeed, that wives (I mean travelling ones) may be had easily, both for love and money, in Italy;—but considering it impartially, there is some advantage, also, in having one that you are sufficiently accustomed to. Besides, it will keep you



English, and moral, so that you dash not your foot against a stone ; confine your attention to your tour ; double your enjoyments,—for what is the enjoyment of the Simplon, or the Colosseum, unless reflected from looks that we love ?—in fine, teach your lady, by seeing the world, how proud she ought to be of her Lord, and her Lord of her, and send you both home, ten times fonder of each other than when you first set out.

There are such monsters as *Cavalieri Serventi*, and *Cicisbei*, no doubt, still lurking by your road-side ; but an Englishman may wrap himself up in the great coat of his own merits—“ *virtute me involvo*,”—and despise them. He has only to raise his voice into its heroic pitch—which, as it is used seldom, and on just occasions only, like St. Paul's great bell, cannot but impose on the most refractory. Englishmen on the Continent are—as Irishmen in London—men whose very looks are as a sign over a shop of gunpowder. You might as well imagine that poachers will venture amongst spring-

guns and man-traps, as Italians amongst the families and sealed gardens of Englishmen.


68. Now as to the children.—It is a matter which requires pondering. Wives must go, because, 1st, they *are* wives, and necessary to the comfort of their husbands; and 2ndly, because they have husbands, and their husbands are necessary to theirs. But quære, whether so much can be said for children? I have not made up my mind, after three-and-twenty years' consideration, on the subject: you may thence judge, how much may be said on both sides. Children have fathers and mothers, a good reason why they should wish to travel.—Fathers and mothers have children; the more they have, the more reasons why they should keep them from travelling. Then there are decisions, examples, and precedents,—but I am not to be swayed from my duty by authority. *Fais le bien, advient qui pourra*, is the best motto, for men or children.

69. If it be an infant, it is bad—if a boy,

worse—if a girl, worst; so should I say to any one but the man determined to take them out;—to him, that nothing was so delightful to a father as the forming the education of his family; and that the only education better than our Universities was running full gallop from one town to another. If your boy is fond of reading, there is French and Italian, which, provided he learns to-day, he may forget to-morrow;—if idle, lecture him every morning, and show, by your example, how such indulgences are likely to turn out. If you regret the loss his health and spirits are likely to experience by the want of his field sports, you can have a drag over the Campagna whenever you like it, and races, with your friend's horses, once a quarter. As to morals, what has a boy of eighteen to do with them? They are only fit for girls and ministers. However, if you insist, you can meet with a moral Italian or French valet in every town, by inquiring from the first innkeeper, and if *that* will not do, give him for governor one of the oldest

inhabitants, I mean English, of Florence, Tours, or Boulogne. Ladies he of course despises, he cannot understand them, not having yet mastered his verbs. Should he meet with bad examples when in presence of his father abroad, what would he have met with, without him, at home? This is a great consolation, and reconciles to many mishaps. If he leave his heart behind him in Italy, it might have run away with him in England; and of the two, quære whether it is not better he be the *protégé* of a Marchesina than the husband of your *femme de chambre*? As to religion, I presume he came out a Church-of-England man—he will go back ten times more so, if you take the precaution of showing him the Cardinal's scarlet stockings (the beasts of the Apocalypse) and the Pope's cloven toe.

70. This proves there are two sides to every subject, as well as coat. Infants are bores to some,—*bijoux* to others. Now, every man must decide whether he has got the bore or the *bijou*. If for the latter, the




houses are large in Italy, and will afford room for the nursery of a regiment ; a consideration—for mamma may have a daughter who may be a mamma herself, and may be bringing up others, all of whom are looking out to be mammas in their turn. I have seen three generations, in not so many carriages.

71. Nurses are nobodies, in travelling :—patient, silent, obedient, they endure any thing, and will go through fire and water for their charge. If ever they forget their habitual temperance in eating, drinking, talking, and other pleasures still less commendable, it is out of zeal ; they have as good a right to exert themselves for the child, as the mother who bore it. Should they sometimes forget they are wives and nurses, from a desire to become mothers, (couriers and valets are great preachers, and sorry am I to add, persuaders in this way,) you have the remedy in your own hand,—turn them off ;—if English, with a recommendation, in order to avoid an action for libel, and double wages to prove your magnanimity ; and you are sure

to find in every village, twenty or thirty who will answer as well. A few days delay,—say a week,—which will give you time to rest,—may be sacrificed. The first trial, it is possible, may not succeed, nor can I guarantee you the second ; but recur to your remedy,—it will be hard, if, out of a dozen, you do not find one good. But I may be asked, what is the child to do all this time ? I answer, doth not Providence feed the raven ? There are goats and asses in every town, a nurse may be caught in every hedge, and if unwilling, must be made to serve upon compulsion.

72. If the child, notwithstanding all these precautions, should die, depend upon it, it would have done much the same sort of thing at home. No one can be blamed on earth for the visitation, and a father would be a fool to sacrifice his pleasure for such a possibility. He might as well, from fear of apoplexy, give up dining at Very's. The danger is dubious—the advantage certain. A fine hot climate, lisping in Italian, sucking




in an instinct for *virtù*, an eye for painting, and an ear for music,—such are the advantages of travelling in one's cradle.

73. There are papas, however, who are not of this mind, and wish to travel as if they were not patriarchs. This has its fair side too; but let me tell them, they will have the task of a Danaid or Sisyphus, unless Madame also shall enter into the bond. Of what use to “*rajeunir à son beau plaisir*,” if mamma comes in, in some unseasonable moment, with her “ever dearest duck, or love!” This is so *coram populo* a manner of proving marriage, that I defy all the fine bachelor speeches of the evening to swear it out.

74. But now comes the *contrà* side of the calculation. Let parents consider well, whether, after all, their son, who is a marvel, (like the son of every mother,) is not much happier, and wiser, as an oyster at home, than as a flying fish, abroad. I have known some parents, and sage ones too, who in starting pursued this plan, and leased out


their children to the highest bidder. A country nurse got the infant heir, and was told, in a convincing letter, (which if she could not read, her friend the parish clerk could) that she ought to love him, and feed him, better than her own. I have no doubt she did so;—nurses are grateful creatures—when paid high. The daughters were cast off in packs, to the boarding-schools, where they learnt virtues with their A B C, and one about as quick as the other. It was hard to say how soon, and how well, they were accomplished in all that boarding-schools can give, and how soon they got rid of all they can take away. Two or three tall lankey nephews were sent out to fatten with an evangelical—no, with a Welsh curate, who required fattening himself as much as they. Public schools, also, are fine reservoirs, and the Universities still better, unless you are for draughting off your supernumeraries to the army. In no place can a man be flattened, kneaded, trained, hammered, or squared out, into a future something or



somebody, as in England; and a father who wishes that every thing should be in prime order on his return, would do well to direct, when he is having his arable thrown into dairy, that one son should be laid down into a churchman, another clipt and mobbed into a lawyer, a third broken up from the fallow rascal he was into a soldier or sailor; and so on till the whole shall turn out into a farm which may do him credit. All this drudgery may be got through, whilst he is profitably delighting himself abroad, and a thriving family in full growth and bearing; with shrubberies, woods, gardens, meadows, &c. will thus meet him on his coming home.

75. But what if Miss *will* travel? No one in such a case can oppose her but mamma, for miss is mamma *en petite*, and has a will of her own, as well as she who gave it. The father is 0+0 in the matter, and must watch events, as the Mahomedan the arrow before it attains its mark. Is Miss to be accomplished? St. George forefend she should remain in England, when St. Cle-

ment's Lane travels. Paris will teach her to wish for Geneva, and Geneva to like Rome. The world once tasted, she will, of course, ask no more, but return home and ruminate upon its emptiness the remainder of her life. She will learn the difference between late hours, suffocating rooms, eternal visits, theatres, dresses, compliments, conquests, proposals, the never-ending still-beginning busy idleness of high life,—and the serenity and simplicity of grandmamma's company and countenance, and the useful occupations of the tea-table, and early evening prayers, and Sunday visits from this saint or that, and pious dinners relieved by serious suppers, and both by sleep, until wisdom shall steal on with age, and every one learn to live as if they had already begun to die. She may then without difficulty learn to dance from Coulon, and only esteem herself a more "despicable vessel" for it; may hear plays, to wonder at their vanity of vanities, and listen to protestations, as mere bitterness and vexation of spirit, except when accompanied



with something solid, in the shape of an establishment and a jointure.

Advice is every thing ; it is like preserving in ice. No mamma should therefore travel without her medicine-chest for the soul also —tracts and treatises, made up into such doses as may be required ; febrifuges principally, and to be administered more copiously as she journeyeth toward the South. But if, after all, the young lady should forget she is an Englishwoman ! . . . : I see no remedy but to make her, in as honest a manner as possible, an Italian. Daughters, for aught you know, may be burthens :—Heaven is wise in its dispensations :—resign yourself, therefore, to its wisdom, and bless it for leaving you with one less.


76. But it is not to every young lady there has been the same “ vouchsafing ” as to those just mentioned ; and it may so happen, that with all their travelling they may remain as worldly as when they first went out. Now, how to make the best of this also, is a question. If she somewhat spurneth, for

instance, our old English formalities, consider, whether it may not sit as well on blooming cheeks and laughing lips, to be less austere than her great grandmother's. Our English decencies are hoops and furbelows,\* and give great grandeur to great and grand-looking personages; but in your young Misses, a little Continental light-heartedness, and light-headedness, methinks, kicketh and playeth indifferently well. I can't vouch for what it may turn to,—but surely that is the affair of her husband. If Miss dances, sings, pleases, wins—I had almost said woos, marries, and what not,—what, in the name of the God Plutus, have you any farther to look to? As to what

\* See Madame Campan's eulogium. She traces to their disuse much of the evils of the Revolution. The anecdote of the Queen Marguerite and M. de Fresne Forget, quoted by La Place, *Recueil*, tom. ii. p. 350, is not quite so flattering to the efficacy either of *vertugadins* (hoops) or *fraises* (ruffs). My uncle appears to have been a disciple of Madame Campan—supra, *Dict.* 35.


followeth, you are presumed to know as much and care as little about it, as if it took place in the kingdom of Galway (a part of Ireland), or the Moon. The duty of a father is clear; that which a farmer hath to perform toward his sheep;—to feed them, fatten them, and, when the market is good—sell them. I hate your men of super-refinement, who talk as if they believed in the sensibility or understanding of any thing female, under five-and-thirty. Turkish ladies, I warrant you, are as happy with one husband, as your Irish widows with their three or four. I cannot sufficiently repeat it;—custom and advice is every thing; you may make boys girls, and girls boys with it: teach sons the wisdom of loyalty, and daughters the glory of marrying well.

Papas and mamas cannot too much inculcate this first of all lessons—that marriage was intended for no other purpose but to please their parents, to people the earth, to start an establishment, and to show Miss Angelica Greville Grundy that they do not intend to



die old maids. A girl once penetrated with this, will know her interest, particularly if she have no fortune, and be an angel—till she ceases to be marriageable—or is married : in other words, until she *obtains* one. After that, Providence will take care of them :—you have fulfilled your duty to them, and they to themselves.

77. On considering, therefore, the matter maturely, there is much evil and much good in travelling with a *nubile* daughter ; but if I were more inclined to decide than to doubt, I should rather say that the good predominates, particularly if the lady had been at most of the watering-places at home. No father so unnatural as not to wish to get rid of his children. Now, a jaunt from Florence to Rome hath done more for the connubial happiness and increasing population of England than all Moore's songs, together with the Monk. It is impossible to be rumbled about in a travelling carriage over rude pavements, eating, drinking, and complaining together, and sleeping almost within



sight and hearing of banditti, with half-closed doors, without wishing "to be blest with such a man," though at the discount of a dozen and a half of children. And what shall I say of a visit to the Colosseum, by moonlight? . . . . Nothing now ; but thus far only : that *it is worth four thousand pounds of dowry* to a good manœuvress, if properly managed ; and this I hold from an authority as high as any which could be cited in any *parlement d'amour* now extant. Fathers who have little, and daughters who have always less, time to lose, will do well not to pass lightly over this hint. It has converted more than one old maid of my acquaintance into a young bride. Well may they prefer the moon of Rome to the moon of England ! How few leave Rome who have not good reason to bless its moonlight and Colosseum !

78. And now as to the temper in which all English travellers should set out. Let every man who leaves England convince himself well of one thing—that he will see nothing at all like it till his return. England

was, is, and always shall be, the envy of surrounding nations; she would cease to be England were it otherwise. She is not only the richest, but the most beautiful, most generous, most enlightened, most powerful, most comfortable island going; and not only of all islands now existing, but of all *possible* islands; and he who says to the contrary must be civilly told (for I hate any thing so unchristian as gunpowder) in a metaphor, "*qu'il ment par la gole.*"

Then her inhabitants are universally allowed to be stronger, any one of them, than three of any other nation; to be of the only true religion, all others being heterodoxies avowed, and damnable by act of Parliament; to be the bravest soldiers on record, for which reason they bear the lion and unicorn, and affect red for their flag; to be the best painters, sculptors, &c. though their fame in this way has not yet reached the people of the Continent—such is their darkness; to be the best poets, the mantle of Shakspeare having descended on the whole nation; to be the

best physicians—they kill, while others can't keep you alive—a great charity; to be the best tailors, the entire French army cutting their uniforms from them; the best cooks—you understand what you eat, and are not obliged to eat what you do not understand; the freest people in the world, with a standing army to gather in the taxes, and useful taxes to provide for the standing army, the gentry, and Government—as long as the head is alive you need not despair of the body; the handsomest nation, men and women, known,—the men all Adonises till seventy, and the women Venuses nearly as long (did not late hours and excessive cheer at times carry them off); the best educated, as appears from the number of Sciences (Theology included) Made Easy in catechisms of twenty-four lessons, which appear every day; the most agreeable, being the most silent and best listening people in the world; the most cheerful when properly roused—after three bottles they are even eloquent; in fine, and to close the account,

the most moral nation upon the earth, being honest to a fault—witness their inns; grateful—witness their tenantry; and chaste—witness the propriety with which gentlemen get rid of wives, and the horror with which they publish their delinquencies, in pounds, shillings, and pence, to the world.


If dearer, what of that? you get more for your money. Is an American President to be put in comparison with George IV.? He costs no more than 4000*l.* per annum—then ten to one he is not worth so much! Kings must live like kings. Monarchy is the government of a gentleman; and religion cannot exist without bishops, nor bishops say their prayers without eight or ten thousand a-year. It has been proved again and again, (in figures) that no country is more flourishing:—is it not protected by its white cliffs and its national debt?—and what must the rich possess when the poor have a property of five or six millions a-year? To conclude: you cannot possibly have too high an opinion of your country, and let me add, in a parenthesis, of

yourself. Indeed, one means nearly the same thing as the other; for abroad you are the representative of your country, and unite in your own person, all that she has of great or good. Convince yourself well of this first, and others will soon be convinced by your conviction. Who ought to know it better than yourself? Any doubt thereon is an insinuation upon your honesty, and the doubter should be immediately refuted and knocked down.

79. And having thus made up your mind, now let me advise you to think of making up your body; and, in a single word, of starting. Depend upon it, that it is not every one who knows how to say, "I will." If you are a thinker after the thoughts of others, you may think through five or six months, when all this time you should not think at all, but have been long since acting.

80. But you are at last, let me suppose, in the glorious week of your departure. How many sighs, tears, and sobs, it is proper to use on such an occasion, I shall not pretend

to determine, not having had much ground or cause for such myself—besides, it being well known, that they depend as much upon a man's eyes as upon his heart: but thus far I may be allowed to hint, that with young ladies, a little exertion of the kind is thought humane, and a man who does not wish to pass for a quadruped, will do well to make his rehearsal the night before. "Farewell!" ought to be said as if it were really a matter of grief. To acquaintances, as probably no one will give himself the trouble of thinking about you any more than if you were dying or dead, I should simply announce my exit with a P. P. C. The master of the hotel is bound to congratulate you, and wish you a happy journey: but as the world is to be judged by contraries, depend upon it he would wish you to break your leg on your way down stairs, for the pleasure of resetting it awkwardly and having you eating in one of his beds for a whole year. I should therefore make him a low bow, and, acting still by con-



traries, to which you are entitled as much as he, thank him for his high charges and disinterested courtesies ; this done, as if you had just signed your will and cut off all expectants, throw yourself back in your bed, and fall asleep in Elysian dreams of to-morrow.

81. And now for this morrow—it is not yet come. There is some mistake in your passport, (for which take care you do not pay one guinea, for it is not worth it,) or in your carriage, or in your boots, or in any thing, or every thing. Amend them, and moralize on time and its value ; add to your store screws for instance, or fish-sauces, more necessary to fish than their fins,—or patience, or longanimity, or long suffering, or any other virtue which you can get at a short notice. Then bless Castor and Pollux, the gods of sailors,\* or Mercury of travellers, for the useful advertisement, and like Mars in his net, rail in vain against London and its enchantments.

\* “ Sic te diva potens Cypri,  
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,” &c. &c.

HOR.

82. Nothing now remains, but fixing the precise, unalterable, certain, and *perfectly certain* day of your leaving town. Your English servant, who has already got a place to slide into on his quitting you, will be a good person to awake you; you may depend upon it, he will not interpose any unnecessary delay. Your children have already been disposed of; that agony you have got rid of, and are now returned to your usual composure. Mamma sees no farther obstacle in the illness either of her pug-dog, or of Master Bobby. She counts the hours—and for the first time since she was married, sees the rising of the sun. Her papa begins to think she may improve, and already pronounces on the reforming powers of the Continent. Every thing is to be in order at four, and every one *en route* at five;—but the imperial must be opened for the twentieth time; the keys are at last lost;—Madame's femme de chambre has not completed her adieux; nor is she likely, if allowed to do so, till twelve. Frissy has been hiding under

a cushion, and from thence seceded to his mistress's pillow without notice—for a long time *introuvable* and his mistress in choler or despair. Creditors summoned yesterday make it their convenience to attend to-day; important message from your agent at the Hall, followed by an insurmountable circular from the minister or a joint-stock society chairman; a conditional order—soon made absolute;—the delay, after much stamping and invective, and tears from Madame, declared inevitable; and the “perfectly certain” day of departure is spent as quietly—shall I say sullenly?—as any of the preceding. N.B. Positive orders against visitors; and the first “longing, lingering” *tête-à-tête* for the last six years with Madame.

83. But it has come at last, and you are really out of London at six in the evening (not in the morning); and beyond its smoke at ten. Instead of reaching Dover and waking in Calais, you are destined to endure one more night of English comfort. This requires courage, and many have turned back

after the first day. But Bobby and Tommy by all precedent should be sick; and Mamma, sadly fatigued the first day, should do sentiment, pale cheeks, Englishism, and sea-nervousness, (or any other she likes,) on the second. I think therefore a night in Canterbury may be recommended. Canterbury is an agreeably dear place—a reason why you should sleep there. To judge between English honesty and French roguery, as you will have occasion to do to-morrow, you must take large measure. No place—and you may ask Wright at Dover—so calculated in all England to give you just notions on this head as Canterbury.


84. I confess, there is not a pleasure in the world for which I have a greater failing than travelling. If abstinence from its gratification were made a condition of salvation, I doubt much whether I, Abraham Eldon, should be saved. Next to the sun and moon at full gallop through a stormy sky, I know nothing so stirring as the sight of a mail-coach close to its time, or a three or four

hundred horse-power steamer right before a spring-tide. My blood, indeed, curdled at the horrible *faux pas* of the Comet ; but I do not know how it is, I am still friendly to them. They are honest conveyances ; and, unlike your sail-boats, keep their promises. I should say to half my friends,—as you abhor drivers, ostlers, waiters, footpads, and every other kind of robber, embark boldly at London, where you had better be blown up at once and drowned afterward than consent to have yourself fretted away *guttatim* with petty evils, almost before your journey has commenced. I congratulate therefore, sincerely, the man who can salute the tail of one of these monsters every day of his life, can mount on his back whenever he likes, and be despatched with the rapidity of a letter to the four quarters of the world.

85. And now stand we upon Dover cliff,—with the world all spread before us. These are moments to be put in the memory, like roses and lavender during fine weather. The cliffs are as naked and as white as in

the time of Shakspeare (you of course read him on the spot); and as ugly as a man could wish who is about to leave England. The eye anxiously turns to the right and to the left,—Madame has already felt ill, and while gradually trying to get well, the Guide points out what she takes for the only packet on the station, far at sea. This is a bad augury, —but Miss finds in every thing a consolation: the sea is preferable to the great pond in the lawn, and she will have time to bathe and pick shells to-morrow.


Dover has nothing to commend it to the traveller, but its being the last town in England; nor Calais, but its being the first in France. A thousand hands and faces gather round, all anxious, except the landlord's, to get rid of you,—but not half so much as you ought to be to get rid of them. A night at Dover is like a second night at Canterbury, and *vice versâ*. Next to dying, the most expensive thing is living here. If balloons were the only vehicles to be had, I would try them: If a packet be about to start, say nothing



to your landlord—he is sure to call you half an hour appropriately too late. If several packets—take that which speaketh least,—it is not the voice of the captain, but the noise of the paddles, that I want! Custom-house officers come next:—they are upright and civil at Dover—travellers are their employers, and they know it. I anticipate no impediment from them in going out:—they will allow you to export almost every thing, down to yourself, without let or molestation;—but like the weasel in the fable, it is not always easy to come back through the same hole by which you go out. Yet who thinks of this or of any other evil which is only in the horizon? The heavens are cloudless, the noonday sun shines upon you, the sea invites you—and beyond it, is—Paradise.

And now that I deliver thee up, O fair and gentle reader, (for of gentlemen and mustachios I take no account,) walking as I pensively do by thy side even unto the water's edge, that so thou mayest more sure-

ly avoid the rude touch and uncourteous parlance of human seals and sea-calves,—turn with me, I pray thee, once more, and drop in thy embroidered handkerchief a silent tear for the home thou leavest, for the hills and dales and streams of our old and merry England. Sad scenes and bright scenes shall visit thee ; tears and smiles shall fleet over thee ; realities shall grow dreams ; and dreams (the loveliest which light heart and fearless head hath ever yet woven from its sleep of summer) shall fade like the sleep and summer from whence they were born ; and the heart shall grow heavy, and the head thoughtful ;—ere thou seest again the gentle land which cradled thee, and like the tenderest of nurses nursed thee, and crowned thee with thy crown of womanhood, and still holds within its stretching arms all that thine inmost soul once held, and shall ever hold dearest. There is a little ray still upon the summit of those white cliffs,—how shalt thou gaze on them on thy return ! There are friends who sit



in that ray, and look through their tears upon thee :—shall they or their tears meet thee e'er again upon the shores or near the hearths of merry England? Her green tree flourisheth, and her bright sky gleameth, and her soft sea danceth proudly around thee :—but the tree is green, and the sky is bright, and the sea proud, because thy son sleepeth in the midst of them, and his sleep is calm and dreamless. Alas! shall no serpent wake him in thy absence? shall sickness fear him—shall Death spare him?—shall the mother who departs, return also a mother, and once more look, as she now looks, on the trees and seas and skies of her merry, merry England?

Thou art silent, and darest not speak to me; but not for that either shall I say to thee—Farewell! Know I not that thy heart hath spoken within thee, that thy heart is full, that thy eye glistens, that thy tongue falters, and thy knee of woman trembles, and thy dainty and delicate foot scarcely picketh its way through ropes, and sands, and sea-

weeds?—Not for that either shall I say thee Farewell, or see thee droop too early. Are we not Travellers?—is not Europe now our England,—and danger our delight,—and years and distance our hope and seeking?—Lo! it hath indeed come—the expectation of long days and sleepless nights. The moments are reckoned—the account is full—the cauldron is roaring—the smoke rushing—the cattle lowing—the stranger scolding—the captain swearing:—all, all are on board—the journey hath begun. Now may the twin gods take thee into their keeping! and if they shall treat thee well—if Pleasure shall guide thee, and Wisdom guard thee, forget not, in thy thanksgiving, the name of one who would have taught thee to unite both; but waft thy softest smiles, and kindest blessings, to him who still stands gazing on thee from the shore—to the guider of travellers, and Mercury's vicegerent upon earth—to Abraham Eldon.

## **SECOND PART.**

**VOL. 1,**

**R**

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

## SECOND PART.

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THE PERFORMANCE ; OR, WHAT SHOULD BE  
DONE WHEN OUT.

—" Volvitur, et volvitur."

HORACE.

86. *Qui capit dimidium fecit* ;—that is, he who puts his foot into the packet-boat at Dover, is already arrived at Geneva ;—an axiom hardly appreciated as it should be, and which notwithstanding deserves to be written in uncial letters at the head of every man's journal. And who is there who has read the 71st *Dictum* of the preceding part, but must well know, "*que ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*;" or who is there, who having made this *premier pas*, will not find every after-course ways of pleasant-

ness and peace?—and that travelling so begun, must follow on with an accelerated facility, as a body once set in motion rushes down an inclined plane of itself?

87. And now stand we on board our steamer, and may chew over our reflections at leisure. It is a pleasant sight—and I could quote Lord Byron to prove it—to see sails, and ropes, and flags, and to have neither sickness nor the fear of it to take care of, in yourself or others. Now, the public mind is not quite so made up upon the beauty of steamers. A chimney has not yet had a poet to praise it; and I am afraid, unless taken up by Mr. Crabbe or Mr. Joel Barlow, it may fare like the great men and great inventions before Agamemnon.

Englishmen, however, who like travelling merely for the pleasure of setting out and coming in, and are anxious to have as little interval as possible between these two pleasures, ought to pardon the means, for the sake of the end. What is the grumbling, growling, smoke, smell, shaking, quivering,

shivering, dirt and danger, and all, to a man who has known what it is to have been tossed about three-and-twenty hours, instead of three—the time in which we may now steam it, *pas à pas*, to Calais? Give me ugliness and utility after all, as I often used to say to my Griselda;—not indeed that I found such an axiom in the glass,—but in long rumination, and the works of the philosophers. I never saw a pretty gentleman or gentlewoman yet, that was worth much, or indeed any thing, out of a ball-room. The same may be said of sail-boats—very pretty things *in port*.

88. When you get on board, never mind your luggage;—it will take care of itself, or the tars will take care of it for you. Tars are honest, and our parsons religious. It was so in my childhood, and there is no reason why things should have changed since. They would rather see you drowned, than rob you. This comes of the long peace, and the out-pouring of the Spirit amongst them.

89. You should stalk three or four times

up and down the deck with a firm tread, and a dignified toss of the head at the frequent departures from your circle—the miseries of your companions—and the *monstra natantia* you see everywhere about you. This will give a lofty idea of your strength of heart, and of stomach ; and if you be a lady, you will be the envy of all the fair, who, forgetful of their complexions, (true or false,) think only of hiding themselves from their admirers.

90. Some people sleep in their carriages. This is ingenious in fine weather, and comfortable, at least, in bad. I see no objection to it, except the chance of being washed over-board ; but you can keep the windows closed, and thus give time to the sailors (whom I hope you do not pay in advance) to fish you up again, should they think you worth it.


91. After your first canter on a steamer, the horse will know its rider, and do what you like ; till then you must follow its humours, and not your own. If of pathetic temperament, this is the time for your poetical

adieux, unless there be too much sea. After the first half-hour, it is probable you may be left alone, or side by side with an elderly old gentleman, who will console you by trying to prove, by his over-talkativeness, that he is quite as well as you. I do not know whether I ought not to counsel you to retreat to the paddle, as the least riotous of the two.

92. But ladies are occupied upon very different matters. This is the time and place which some persons choose, to bow, squint, leer, smile, talk, sing, and delicately hint themselves into an acquaintance. Of course, I do not take either of you for a female ourang outang, or an indigo-blue, or a preacher of good tidings to the grisettes of Calais; but it is a laborious thing, I must say, if I am to judge from your faces, to get up or ward off a compliment at such a season, when you have so many, and much more important things to think of. For this reason, take care how you let fly your mantle, or drop a fan or handkerchief, or show a dainty

ance, or evince an ill-suppressed aspiration after salts or essences—all *queries*, and very intelligible ones in their way. You may create a *liaison* which you did not intend, or cannot keep up,—a mistake not much better than tripping up a gentleman who is approaching you with a biscuit, and sending him by accident into the sea.

93. But all this is on the certainty that my reader is a person of invincible health, and cares as little about sea-qualms and their consequences as a mermaid. Should it unfortunately be the reverse, I scarcely know what council to give you—where to begin, or how to end. Endure to the last, if rocking, rain, and rheums are better above than suffocation and shame below. Conceal your pangs like the Spartan boy: let the wolf eat you up rather than discover him. For my part, I care little, frankly speaking, for your sickness; the steward will tell you it will do you good, and you will, no doubt, think he is right—to-morrow. As to you, ladies, you have only to throw yourselves



on the ex-officio sympathy and civility of some *sœur de la charité* below. You need not doubt, in her keeping, you will be comfortable. The same birth which excludes air, must of course exclude likewise all sights and sounds. If otherwise, and you begin to think you have nerves, so much the better ; a choice time to try them, as a cannon before it is used, a bridge before it is crossed, or the springs of a carriage before it starts. The first step on land will be your reward ; you have been tried and found proof.

94. An Italian poet, the great Dante, hath said, “ *Nessun maggior dolore,—Che ricordarsi del tempo felice—Nella miseria;*” which may mean, in our present case, “ No greater pain than to *hear* eating, when you cannot eat *yourself*.” I would therefore call out to all captains and mates, to prevent eating altogether, seeing no scale (particularly in coming from London) can be established therein ; or, if this be out and out, “ *penitus et in cute,*” impracticable, at least so to arrange it, that neither knives, forks, spoons,

nor glasses, should make any noise whatever, likely to offend the sensitiveness of the unwilling fasters around you. This would be a fine piece of charity, well worthy the attention of the Esquimaux and Iroquois philanthropic, anti-anthropophagic Society; and in so inventive a country as England, no doubt patent articles (lined or shod with felt, like Lear's cavalry) would soon gratify the delicate feelings of the public. On the other side, lest the eaters should be disconcerted over their pasties or madeiras, by any hints of mortality from their friends near, I do humbly conceive, that either an overt or tacit treaty might be entered into, to bear every thing short of explosion, rather than be guilty of any impropriety during the time of dinner. The dinner, however, even for aldermen, should not last longer than a quarter of an hour.


95. But Calais or Boulogne is in sight, and you already think you hear the charming language, half a league at sea. Let your servant pay for you; you are too ill, or too

rich, for that duty. Besides, I presume you are busy in much more important matters,—wrapping (if a lady) English shawls or English lace where the eye or hand of the profane (alas! the French have long been Atheists, and lost all reverence for God or women) reach not, or *ought* not to reach: if a gentleman, counting your new louis, or searching for your passport, which, like a true-born freeman, not being accustomed to, you have probably mislaid. You are next to protect yourself from the overwhelming civilities of your new friends; and for that, put on your grimmest-looking face, such as you generally wear when in danger of incurring a new acquaintance; or if a lady, pull down your interminable leghorn, and double your veil (you have no rouge on, and your curls are *defrisés*); precautions which, if nothing else, will prove you to be English, in the Gath and Ascalon you are about to enter,—and therefore rich, proper, chaste, and every thing else, but agreeable.

96. This is the moment when, if you have

them, children are likely to convert you from your best-determined resolution of travelling. You will then in vain hesitate, and in an un-availing *sotto voce* curse me and my 71st *Dictum*. But I am not to be deterred by this man's or that man's opinions from my duty, and am too good a Christian not to return for evil, good. Be not cast down, *nil desperandum*; as yet, under the guidance of your adopted Teucer. Children and their nurses should be left the last in the ship; with the pug-dogs, bandboxes, and other dogs and boxes, they may make one lot to be taken out at leisure. You need not apprehend you will lose them, neither being contraband nor of great value (except to the owner), nor of such tranquillity, that they are likely to be lost or mislaid, like a portfolio of bank-notes, from not knowing how to cry out.

97. The first thing you see on descending to the cabin, for the purpose of making these preparations, is a fine exemplification of the Bilious System, under all its shadings, which,




if you be a physician or a moralist, you will appreciate. "Where be your gibes now?" may be said to the merriest amongst them; and many is the nonpareil two-guinea complexion you may have seen that morning, over which you may now sigh.—"Go to my Lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this she must come at last." I hope you have long since arranged your cloak, and your portfolio under it, and pent up your features into a countenance innocent of all anti-Custom-house and little less than revolutionary practices,—for his French Majesty, in the person of his commissaries, is already on board.

98. Leap instantly on land, and then back again, to show you don't care for the dangers of the sea. Englishmen were born sailors, and you must show Frenchmen that you are as much at home on it as a seal.

99. Your ordeal is now come: you have to pass the "*durissima regna*," and may thank Heaven you live in the nineteenth century, when Custom-house officers can only

rob and strip, but not put you to the torture. There is a great deal in a look and a manner: you must neither under-do nor over-do, but yet *quite* do. An innocent face I have just recommended; but beware of being innocent to excess. No blushes, no staggering between your no and yes; no uncomfortability, no pulling up of your cloak or down of your hat, or looking into your boot or behind it; nothing sheep-like or fox-like, but man-like. "Contraband" has been as often detected in the corner of a man's eye, as in the corner of his sack. If you can, open your coat, and offer to proceed farther; but then be sure of your provisoes. Say as little as you can, and never sing—it looks like boasting; and a virtuous lady never boasts of her chastity until she wishes to get rid of it. A word in that way proved fatal to a friend of mine, whose face was as untravelled as his baggage. His bag was the victim; the outer skin was separated by a painful operation from the inner, and between both was found the golden egg, the commissions of a whole



family! . . . As to the disgrace which followed this discovery, I paint it not. Those who have been placed in the *septum* or enclosure like him, and exposed, as if a wild beast, to the inhuman scoffs of the officers, or who have stood for an hour in the pillory without deserving it, can alone feel it aright. Suffice to say, it made him an Anti-Gallican for life. Now what, after all, was the cause of this?—a word too many about the padlock, and three blushes, which conscientiously followed it.

100. This was innocence *trop cuite*, overdone. Now cunning drest in the same way will lead you to the same result. No getting off by sideways and byways, which looks like conspiracy and flight for debt; but plain forward marching up the king's highway, as if you had made up your mind to a forlorn hope and cared as little about it as the Duke of Angoulême. Neither must you lose your keys, *impromptu*, or *à loisir*: in times of ancient chivalry, which went out with cannon curls, a gentleman, like a king, "could do

no wrong," and might lose his key or keys at discretion; his lock and pocket were inviolable, as well as his fidelity to himself and sovereign; but we have changed all that—the heart has gone over to the wrong side, and privilege has deserted from the *Monsieur* to the *Commis*. If you do not open, others with their official "*sesame*" will open for you.

As to hiding in boots, carriages, sides and entrails of trunks, capes, cravats, bottles, blunderbusses—you *may* cheat the voracity of the examiner, as Ulysses did Polyphemus, and you *may not*. Now, the "*may not*," and the "*may*," depend upon yourself. You need not tumble out the things themselves:—there is honest motive for it, you are not the *commis* of a *commis*;—you need not scold unless choleric, and the excuse of a red nose to carry it off; neither must you look gloomy, nor growl, unless by the cut of your hair, and the sound of your name, you have an Evangelical right to be as sour and surly as you please. Neither must you walk

too much, laugh too much, sit too much, sneeze too much, or groan too much; all these things look like an uneasy conscience, and may cost your favourite her newest silk gown, a ball, or, it may so hap, a husband. Do every thing, as few do it, without the least see-saw between bullying and cowardice; they are not the less near relations, like man and wife, for appearing to be separated. If a victory is to be gained, let it be nobly gained. Cheat, but cheat like a gentleman; you have a worthy antagonist in Louis, *par la grace de Dieu—Roi*.

101. But it is not in speaking only, or acting, but in dressing, that the greatest danger lieth. For more than once have I seen a vampire-looking physiognomy, staring suddenly from out a porpoise-like accumulation of what the proprietor wished us to believe—himself. Now this is monstrous, and bears legible falsehood on the very face of it. It must not be wondered at that such personages, yea and their carriages too, should be peeled down to their natural pro-

portions, by the discriminating shears of these matter-of-fact officials. But when ladies are in question, the case is more complicated, and demandeth much and grave deliberation, to ascertain where the real ends, and the fictitious commences. We all know that of all the charms of these charmers, fulness, sufficiency, and completion—to give it no ampler name—is the most charming; but where we are to place the limits, none but the Custom-house officers can duly decide. For my part, accustomed as my eyes have been to the *rotondetto* of my own Griselda, I am, perhaps, but an overweening judge, and tolerate what more precise critics may deem excess. Yet no one surely hath a right to exclaim. A lady may be thin or otherwise, as it lists her,—nor can I see why greater suspicion should attach to sudden increase, in such a place, than in her own nursery or ball-room. The most delicate features, particularly if the lady be married, may therefore conduct the most portly persons; and I

consider it an impertinence to doubt, on the part of any King, that they belong to one and the same person.

102. But the Custom-house officer is as ungallant as Cerberus, and ladies exceeding the statute measure must be searched. I see no necessity of an entire display—you may catch cold. But if you have not a clear conscience, be modest, and rather endure to be sent back to England, or seized altogether as contraband, than infringe in the least on the habitual delicacies of an Englishwoman. You will thus save your character—and perhaps your laces, and your hips.

103. Now are you in Calais, and greatly do I felicitate you on treading the same soil with Louis le Desiré! If you think the mark of his foot is like that of other men, you are grievously mistaken. Go back and correct your error—*Ex pede Herculem*—and learn to form a just estimate of a King *selon la Charte* from the sacrosanct outline of his great toe. What an expansive mind, and

how well lodged ! You cannot feed your usurpers so.\*

104. Having admired this *regium donum*, and congratulated Calais on being the first place consecrated by the return of legitimacy—an advantage it owes not at all to its proximity to England, but to some peculiar loyalty in the soil,—think next, of what kings think about as often as their subjects, the care of the commonweal you carry about you, and—need I say the word—of an inn. But here is the great stumbling-block of the uninitiated. All that glitters is not gold ; nor do Silver Lions, or Golden Eagles, or any other gilded deceiver of the kind, ever turn out other than mere pinchbeck devourers of the public money. A staunch true-mawed Englishman

\* The pillar erected where Louis XVIII. landed, and the mark of his foot traced on the stone, are the great sights of Calais. *Vestigia hominis cerno*, may be said, indeed : but my Uncle seems fully impressed with their magnitude and importance. I do not find that the *extrema vestigia* of his flight to Lisle were preserved with the same accuracy.

will not be guilty of apostasy, but confess his nation, bolt-upright, before all France.

Let him then seek out, with an unabated love of *bifsteck*, as it is sacrilegiously corrupted by these foreigners, a thorough-going "inn," for such, let me tell my countrymen, there be, though in what lane or by-street I do not strictly remember; suffice it to say, modest merit is little known, but the light behind a bushel is not less a light for all that. It is true, indeed, that all things will degenerate, when transplanted. The beefsteak, on French ground, prospereth not, neither is the tea other than a feeble and washy imitation, a mongrel composition between Europe and Asia; nevertheless, it is a cheering thing, when away from your country, to see English faces, and to hear English voices, and to feel that you are not left like a child in the dark, or tumbled head-foremost into a mill-pond, in order to learn to swim. I much recommend Mistress Dolly or Dorothy Goodbehere's, who, if she were originally a kitchen-maid, is not so now, but has im-

proved by travelling, without losing the virgin tastes of her native land. She will place before you an orthodox muffin-looking breakfast; tea right from England—eggs ditto, (though this may be dispensed with)—milk and butter such as you might have in Oxford Street or Piccadilly, and coffee of a rich auburn hue, which will not injure you or heat you, as the French doth. At dinner you shall dine in company with honest Englishmen, who despise Frenchmen, as their ancestors did before them, and would no more taste their vinegar wines, and meagre soups, than condescend to speak the jargon which they call their language. Mistress Dorothy Goodbehere always keeps the most comfortable port at Calais, and gives you mock-turtle, and plum-pudding, in perfection. Take by all means her card, on entering the gate; though you should be jostled by a thousand French rascals on the way: they are civil enough now; but once in their clutches, gramercy! you might as well be in the den of Polyphemus. They have

no mercy on an Englishman since the battle of Waterloo; no one can mistake their poisonous cookery any longer. If any one doubts, I would ask him simply why or wherefore are those herds of cats seen prowling and fattening in their court-yards? You do not see them before Mistress Goodbehere's, I warrant you, unless of an age beyond all possibility of fricasseeing.

105. As to beds, Mistress Goodbehere has featherbeds, and comfortable English curtains to boot;—for such conveniencies, who would not bear some occasional detractions, which now and then may arise from the heat of climate, &c. &c.? Mrs. Goodbehere's rooms are warm, and low; floored, and not tiled; have fire-places, and not stoves; and are served by English maids, who speak English, and are as much attached to Englishmen, as if they had never left their country. If they be not quite so neat, and somewhat less active, set it down to bad example and long residence amongst Frenchmen:—still it is a great comfort to be at

your ease, and not to be jeered and gibed at by strangers.

106. Frenchmen bring you up a long bill, with a longer compliment. This I cannot with any tolerable patience abide. I hate the Judas, and would kick him down stairs, if I did not respect myself, and—such as they are—French laws. But an Englishman, though he sometimes may charge you as much, always does it in such a *blunt* honest way, that you dare not for an instant doubt that he has laid out *bona fide* every farthing stated in your bill. You will not have a single syllable of thanks from him, I warrant you, unless he be in as starving and frog-eating a condition as his neighbour. For is not all the obligation on your side? What forced him to leave his comfortable fireside, in Berkshire or Somersetshire, but the desire to rescue you from the annoyances to which you otherwise would have been exposed? Besides, you are his countryman, and Englishmen, it is well known, never take advan-

tage of Englishmen, particularly when travelling.


107. But there be those whose insatiable curiosity, rather than miss gratification, would risk travelling with sharks and crocodiles in preference to not travelling at all. Besides, as Mistress Dorothy does not puff herself, (the English are not a puffing nation, nor does Mistress Dorothy want it,) it is possible on your landing you may fall unwarily into the hands of these cannibals. If so it be, I must only attempt to draw you forth, with as little loss of purse and patience as I can.

In the first place, when a French *commis-saire* or *garçon* comes up with his card, after your leaving the Custom-house, there are two things, one of which you may do,—swear, or look stupid. I presume you *can* do both ;—it will immediately set you down as a very great *Milord Anglais*, and confound their importunity into sudden silence and admiration. If they persist, show them your card, which they will mistake for their rival's, and

walk off. Beware a word of French ; it is their duty (they are suppliants, and paid for it) to understand your language, not you theirs.

I care not to which of their hotels you are conducted. Your servant, if English, of course does nothing at all ;—he is twice as English as you are ;—and instead of asking his way, which is below the dignity of man, has gone about the town to find it by the innate resources of his own mind, and will probably be in time to dress you for the evening. Madame relies on you, and the young ladies on mamma. You have therefore a great trust to discharge, which requires head as well as legs. Observe the first Englishman that follows the first Frenchman—accept the augury, and follow him. You may have to choose between Scylla and Charybdis ;—no matter, the choice must be made ;—and you will obtain the consolation of seeing others wrecked before you.

Arrived, let Mamma and Miss wait in the court-yard, and count the windows,—conjecture on the arms of the carriages, and the




cyphers of the calesches,—acquire an appetite from the distant scent (by distance made more sweet) of the ragouts, and praise the beauty of the French sky, which is remarkably different from that of England. In the mean time, do you make right forward for the kitchen, and should you see any thing like rabbit-skins (they are false colours) hanging up outside, take care to prohibit directly every eatable in the shape of salmis, fricasées, &c. Cutlets are safe, if you inspect them beforehand; and so are vegetables, when not in masquerade; and poultry, unless they altogether disappear in the boiling. Then comes the learning of their names of ceremony, otherwise you may order a bel-lows for an omelette, and *vice versâ*. As to wines—drink them not at all,—but make up the deficit by *Eau de vie de Cognac*, which is almost a substitute for our finest port.

108. The first day I should spend in nibbling, lest I should be taken in. Courage will come with knowledge, and both with time and exercise, by degrees. Dinner will

teach you hard names better than a dictionary. The waiter is a very condescending master ; and master and miss, I doubt not, very apt scholars. Mamma may probably be slower,—and as she is of more consequence, it is right, before she ask for any thing, she should take out her pocket vocabulary, and study well what she is about to say. Otherwise she may not only be wrong, but very improper ; and every thing will of course be set down to the account of Monsieur.

109. Should it be winter, you will have great occasion to panegyryze the coal fires of England. Ask the waiter where his carpets are, that you may have the pleasure of comparing the two countries. You need not ask him twice :—he will hide his head and leave the room precipitately. You cannot have a better proof of the vast superiority of your native land.

110. Madame is, or ought to be, ill-humoured—or tired ; the children sleepy ; and Miss ill. Their bed-rooms, of course, smoke, and the smoke of France draweth tears.



Whilst waiting for your trunks, and enveloped in clouds and confusion, take out your pocket-map, and plan, and moralize for to-morrow. This will give an exceeding idea of your philosophy; and you will have your breakfast at the precise hour you order it, the ensuing morning.

111. Should the *commissaire* delay, however, a little longer than you wish—and, against your better feelings, you should be obliged to ring bells and to roar, I beseech you roar with dignity, and as may become *Milord Anglais*. Let the whole hotel be convinced alike of your existence and importance;—but in the very whirlwind of your indignation beget a temperance which may give all things moderation. I have seen some gentlemen behave like giants altogether, both in strength and exercise,—a mistake which I earnestly deprecate, for the sake of travelling, and the nation.

112. Your carriage is three hours later than you had ordered it, and your passport four. Marvel at the insolence of these peo-

ple quietly, and console yourself with the reflection that you are rich enough to buy the whole burocracy of Calais. Pay no one, until you are seated in your carriage;—in love, war, and travelling, nothing like taking up a good position. The greater number of claimants, the better. It is common-place to inquire, or understand, the demands of any of them. Scatter a handful amongst beggars and servants,—one cannot be distinguished from the other; and let them pay or be paid as they best like it. Madame hates a crowd, and the horses are restive (if the postilions will take the proper pains);—this, with the chorus of all ages around you, will give great brilliancy to your starting. Your rattle over the pavement afterward, the whips in full glee, and the dogs keeping up with the whips, is a fine stimulant. My blood leaps when I think of it. It is like opening a bottle of champagne.

113. But you have not seen Calais:—*Tant mieux*.—The great art of travelling is knowing what you are *not* to see. Read


your Galignani, or Post Book—and observe, that it is quite true, that there is a church here, and a wall there, and what you believe to be a ditch below,—and a gate, as you know by your passport, and its price,—and something between sand and marsh, and as bad as either, beyond. As to its history, you are not obliged to know more about it than Mr. Brummel.

114. You will now have time and spirits to be angry with the horses, roads, postilions, traces, &c. sympathizing thus with your wife, and paying her the compliment of getting into a passion. The horses are ponies in size and obstinacy, and Rosinantes in every thing else. The postilions are not boots belonging to men, but men belonging to boots; the traces are ropes—fit only for elections, and executions; the roads made for cannons and not carriages;—and the whole country as ugly as a neglected kitchen-garden. If you are fond of the picturesque, shut your eyes: you will constantly run the risk of mistaking vineyards for turnip-fields,

and churches for barns. If you are fond of music, shut your ears; gaiety does not always make a good musician, and the taste of a postilion is spoilt by his profession. You will at last reach your journey's end, I have no doubt,—for which you have to thank your purse as much as your horses.

115. French villages will give you a good idea of their towns. As pence make shillings, and shillings pounds, so villages make towns, and towns cities.—If you wish to read the capital, you must spell it in the hamlets on your way. Paris may be comprehended at Montreuil.

116. On your arriving at any town, beware of looking too narrowly to the signs and names of streets. They will take you for a stranger, and laugh at you; or, what is worse, you will be followed by a dozen and more *guides*, competing for the honour of misleading you. In such a case, you have a large choice, and as it is important you should choose well, you will not think half an hour mis-spent in selecting. The



natural equity of an Englishman will guide you, and astonish the giddy nation amongst whom you have condescended to appear.

117. You must not judge your guide by his exterior. Rags are the livery of the philosopher, and little boys may be men in wisdom. The younger they are, the more communicative,—the poorer, the more intelligent. You will gain a great deal of political information from these urchins, if you know how to ply properly your francs and queries. None are better acquainted with the mysteries of the cabinet; most of them have seen the ex-Usurper—and know to a hair's breadth how the battle of Waterloo was lost and won. If the reviewers or newspaper editors had one of them constantly at their side, they would not make the blunders they do, or would make them with a better grace. Newspapers trim and furbelow their columns from the Note-books of travellers:—now I should like to know where travellers themselves pick up their knowledge, if not from these very guides. A friend of mine

nearly killed one of them by questions, and afterward published every thing he could extract from him, without the least remorse or acknowledgement whatsoever. I met him a few years later in a very sickly state, on my way to Paris; and was surprised to find, in his first half-hour's conversation, half the gentleman's book.

118. If you wish to pump a Republican, abuse the Bourbons and the priests. Frenchmen, you are aware, are very frank; and beggars, *par état*—sincere. You need not doubt, you will have the secret history of every conspiracy from the 18th Brumaire; and an account of the machinations of the Pope, who is to be generalissimo against the Defender of the Faith, whenever he shall have sufficiently disciplined his body-guards the Jesuits, and received official communication (which is expected every day) of the coming of Anti-Christ. If your man be a Royalist, he has probably come to *son petit bien* by the guillotining of half a score of cousins; and therefore, if you will take the trouble to cry

“ *Vive le petit Duc de Bordeaux !* ” you may expect to hear him modestly declare how much he, and his family, intended doing for the Bourbons, had they not been prevented by the conscriptions, “ *et les emplois* ” of the Usurper. There are some people so scrupulous as to ask authority for all this, but it disconcerts the narrator ; and one thing is at least certain,—that being on the spot, and having had the honour of suffering for his Majesty, in the person perhaps of his next-a-kin, he ought to know more about the matter than you or I do. As to any sinister motive or play upon your credulity, I first answer, you are not credulous—John Bull reads and thinks too much for that ; and next, the French are a thoughtless people, and do not know how to act for second ends. There are no weathercocks amongst the lower classes, nor would they sacrifice their principles and veracity for any thing under a double Napoleon.

119. In this way you may gain, in an agreeable manner, a competent knowledge of

the politics of the place. Now for the statistics :—catch an old woman, or a *rentré*, and ask her or him, boldly, for a full and precise account of the quantity of beef, mutton, poultry, vegetables, butter, eggs, wine, land, coats, shoes, snuff-boxes, horses, bonnets, prayer-books, rosaries, sold or to be sold in the district ; the more varieties, the more authentic, proving that there is good faith and honesty. Take your average ; draw up your scale ; and send in your page to the next Review, to prove how France has fallen off during the Revolution.

120. Next to the *commis* and the *valet de place*, your postilion is, by his very place, an authority ; a just measurer of men and things ; a deep weigher of cause and effect ; a nice calculator of “ *mouvements*,” and a liberal, ultra, *côté droite—gauche—centre*, just as you want or like. Profit therefore, ere it be too late. With some patience, more lungs, a good ear for *patois*, an indifference to rough roads and rude smoking, you are likely, before the end of your journey, to know as

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much, and as well, of France past and present, as a deputy. Conceive your superiority over those who stay in England, and imagine the capture of Paris was owing to the Allies, and not to the soldiers of George IV.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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**THE**  
**CONTINENTAL**  
**TRAVELLER'S ORACLE;**  
**OR,**  
**MAXIMS**  
**FOR FOREIGN LOCOMOTION.**

**BY**  
**DR. ABRAHAM ELDÓN.**

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**EDITED BY HIS NEPHEW.**

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**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

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## **SECOND PART**

**CONTINUED.**

**VOL. 11.**

**B**



## SECOND PART

CONTINUED.

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121. AND now let me congratulate you on the perfectibility of the human species, which I thought savoured of Atheism until I had travelled in France. Mail-coaches, stage-coaches, leather-traces,—“*credite posteri!*”—English pannels, all these beneficial results from our invasion, prove, that mankind is at last regenerating, and that order ariseth out of Cossacks, chaos, and confusion, as light out of storm and darkness. The French have got travelling as it ought to be, a charter as it might be, and a king as he should be; all imported from England. If, after this, they are not happy, I must pity

their ignorance. “*Oh fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint.*” If they would only humble themselves sufficiently, we should be glad to communicate to them all our improvements.

122. It is possible you may wish, for variety, or any other motive, to travel *en diligence*; now, the taking your place in a public conveyance is one of the nicest calculations of probabilities I know of. John Bull generally goes three or four days beforehand, and writes him down first; but then John may get ill, as he sometimes does, in the interval, and his sagacity loseth his place. In France, the precaution is superfluous; nay, sometimes worse—you may be followed by a *partie quarrée*, from which you will be compelled to escape, ere you get half way. Two ancient ladies, for instance, with a parrot, and a pet poodle (not washed since she left Dunkirk); or a nurse, and child “extremely quiet, except when travelling;” or a merchant, who looks as if he carried his cloth about him; or some Flanders-looking mare of

a landlady on her way to see her children—and she has ten of them—or to buy pies for her customers at Amiens;—all these I regard as drawbacks, not to be encountered without preparation. Then, if you think the cabriolet better than an inside, I should like to know first, whether you prefer the propensities of your companion, the conducteur, to the pious ejaculations of the ladies within. As to sleeping, you of course do not intend it,—the thing is notoriously impossible; but, in lieu thereof, you can contemplate the country, the moonlight, and the stars; and now and then, whilst the horses are changing, add a little to the elegancies of your vocabulary.

. 123. So now you are really *en route*, despite of passports, gens d'armes, and sulky horses. *La belle France* extends before you,—to my eyes, an old haridan, brown, withered, and—if I may use the metaphor—all skin and bone. There is no disputing, however, about tastes;—there are Frenchmen who think it superior to England; the Lap-

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## **SECOND PART**

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**VOL. 11.**

**B**

124. Amiens, Beauvais, &c. &c.: so they stand in your Post-book; you have nothing to do but to eat your breakfast, dispute with your innkeeper on their distance from Paris, and if your servants and horses, and other contracting parties, consent thereto, to go on.

Chantilly is said to have been celebrated for its princes and stable: of the first I know no more than a Jacobin of ten years standing; the last I suppose is celebrated in the History of the Hounyhms. St. Denis is known for *the* Abbey, where you must prostrate yourself and weep before two credible witnesses, if you intend to qualify for the Fauxbourg St. Germain. It is not certain it will be ever so well tenanted again. Ask your postilion for the legend of the saint; (query was not he an Irishman?)—but do not let him sell you one of his own *chicots*, for his jaw-tooth or that of Henri Quatre.\*

\* The teeth of Henri Quatre were sold, at the spoliation of St. Denis, at so much per tooth. Denon possessed one of them, which he plucked out him-

125. And now for that last stage—to Paris. It is quite *passé* to be interested about any thing, or in any way. This was the opinion of Solomon, when he had got tired of his one thousand ladies; and of the Romans when they had conquered the world; and is, I understand, the preamble of the New Code of Dandyism, *octroyé* by his Grace of D—— to all his liege subjects on his return from his great expedition to the Continent. So that if you be, and still more if you want to be, of *haut parage*, under pain of being put *hors de la loi* at Almack's, you must neither ask nor guess whether you are going to Dijon or Brussels, but leave every thing to Providence and your postilion, who will do much more for you than you ought ever to think of doing for yourself. If an earthquake were to occur, I would not allow you a greater quantity of surprise than what can be contained in a

self, if he be not wronged by his friends. Forsyth speaks of a tooth of a Rhinoceros having been preserved as a relic at Laverna, vol.i. 108.

simple—Ha! Never lend yourself to the raptures of your driver, but meet his exclamations with a prolonged yawn,—stretching back in your carriage,—and a look such as you generally wear, as if you were asleep. This will smother all vanity in him at once. What an idea must he have of London, and the demi-gods who inhabit it and its clouds. Of all things, avoid being Parisian at Paris; you must not *faire foule*;—every one must feel that you are of the *few*. This is easily done, in a talking nation,—by exerting your talents for silence. Silence puts you *en surveillance* at once, and they will respect you as much as if you were a policeman.

126. If you can, you will enter Paris by dark—it is *du tems du roi Dagobert*. To enter a great city by daylight, evinces a wish to see the place. Now this is grievously young, and injureth,—particularly at Paris. Though the first time of your life, you ought to lounge in there, as *of course*. As to being seen—that will come necessarily to-morrow, at the Tuileries, where the King himself,


as he is grateful to Englishmen and their bayonets, will, no doubt, salute you.

127. And now that you are in the third heaven of the Traveller, let me direct your ecstasies :—be riotous, but grave—dissipated and sanctified—curious and taciturn: get as much, and give as little, as you can. No one sees you here, if a bachelor; if married, only by halves. For once you are in the garden, and may eat your Tree of Knowledge at your good leisure. But detest your countrymen, and fly them ;—not that, in lieu thereof, you are to like Frenchmen; but that Frenchmen, having fewer to like, may without trouble like you. A thousand things are to be done, but each in its order. He who begins all at once, will never finish any thing he has begun.

128. Your first object is to find a lodging. Let your postilion choose the street, and your servant the apartment. They are persons for whom you have a regard, and to whom you gladly would do a service. If they gain at your expense, it is a just dis-

pensation: it is the poor rate, which the rich must one way or other pay to society. As to prices, people must live and people must pay—you might as well quarrel with a flea for trotting over the back of an elephant, as show undue choler at the exertions of a Parisian hotel-keeper, when his guest, or elephant, is a *Milord Anglais*. But this does not debar you from maintaining your pre-eminence, and humbling the nation: find fault with every thing; declaim contemptuously against the unclosing doors, the ragged keys, the rickety chairs, the flimsy tables; smile gravely at the hangings, shake your head at the fireplaces, and disdain to gratify the *garçon* (who is generally in a course of English, and his victim every new comer) with a single accent of your divine tongue.


This will create in one day an opinion of your importance, which will last you nearly as long as you wish, that is, as long as you have spirits, or money: when both are drained, you may escape in a fit of *ennui*, or



the gout: a slight evil: people formerly cut their throats.

129. Eat and drink, for to-morrow you die,—in a word, live at Very's, for in a month you quit Paris. Eating is the great peacemaker between man and his miseries;—do it well, and tenaciously—and you may despise the roaring of the hungry Acheron beneath your feet. Young travellers grope, and half kill themselves with experiment before they make a discovery. It is of importance you should acquire from the beginning a correct taste. Be cautious, therefore, how you choose: the *gothique*, the *baroque*, the *ci-devant*, the *outré*, must be studiously eschewed in the selection of both principals and accompaniments. Names also are of consequence; nothing gives a greater *piquant* to your sauce, than an expressive daring sort of title. Take your day, therefore, and your place; and when the ground is most crowded, post yourself without the intrenchments. Observe the corner-tables,


and the white heads and bald crowns along the line. You are happy should you see the three combined. A low, meagre gentleman turned of sixty, with sufficiency of well-powdered hair, not to cover the head, but to finish out a queue,—dining quite alone from the herd in the centre, and now and then summoning the waiter, as a man who spoke with authority, — such a man you may at once pronounce an Aristarchus, graduated by twenty-five years of perfect eating, and capable, and not less willing, to give you lessons on the abstrusest mysteries of gastronomy. Should he be an emigrant, a *Vol-tigeur de Louis XIV. à l'ailes de pigeon*—still better. England is not the country to preserve uninjured the freshness and precision of an early taste ; yet when we reflect on the revolutions which have in that time desolated the demesnes of legitimate eating and dressing, as well as every thing else legitimate, we must admit, that he who could escape the contagion has been as happy in his unadulterated taste, as in his loyalty.



Watch him profoundly, pertinaciously; and in retiring ask his name:—a St. Pol, or a St. Roche, or a De Bouillon, of course:—an acquaintanceship is easy (it will cost you a Bourbon snuff-box and a pinch of snuff); and a week's *tête-à-tête* dining will qualify you for deciding on any dinner, except that of a new minister, or a cardinal archbishop in Lent. An ultra-appetite is not easily satisfied,—ask Monsieur Marcellus,—but then this and other grievances must be endured, rather than quit Paris the same barbarian you entered it.

130. But if you be not amongst the princes of the earth, whose duty and glory it is to fare sumptuously, and to be clothed in purple (scarlet) and fine linen all day long, then indeed you must try your fortune amongst the shoals and quicksands of the *Quartier Palais Royal*, and eat your way knowledge, with what appetite you can, yourself. There is a great deal in the programmes of the columns;—you may there find promises, and pledges, of the most exhi-

larating kind, both to your taste and pocket. You may there see all the *truiteurs* of the neighbourhood, contending, as it were in a sort of public arena, for the honour of sating, at the least possible sacrifice, the most extravagant of your desires. Each house is a land of promise, where "the grapes are not as our grapes." You have "*pain à discretion*,"—the discretion even of a Frenchman; you have "*petit vin*,"—*fabriqué*, of course, but after the least poisoning process known; you have "*quatre gros plats à choix*;" a dessert of three entire apples and three times the number of chesnuts; and the whole dinner or supper, or whatever name you give it, "*à 30 sous véritable prix fixé*." This is excellent, with a violent fit of hunger to precede it; but when walking home, be cautious how you pass by the gourmands Very or Tortoni's. Every thing in this world is comparison, and if sheer ignorance is bliss, as other philosophers have said before me,—it is folly, and the worst of follies to be wise.



131. After you have established your headquarters, I would permit you excursions. The *Café des Mille Colonnes* is to be seen. You must not appear to have come for any other purpose than condemning the ices, or to defend yourself from your own society two or three hours out of the twelve. It is a heinous fault to be taken for a stranger; be therefore as little accessory to the discovery as possible. Salute briefly, and, when done, hide yourself instantly from public notice behind your gazette. Should you find a sudden inclination to conversation from having dined with Monsieur St. Pol, or Monsieur St. Pol having dined with you, ask your neighbour in the best-trimmed phrase you can muster, why the place is called *Mille Colonnes*? and then count them;—or who is the lady in white gloves?—and where is her husband?—and why should she write in white gloves, and at the bar?—and how many ices must she have sold to purchase her ink-stand? and such other pertinent questions; which, when answered, may be sent to your

friends, and prove to your companion, that you allow nothing to pass, and travel for instruction.

N. B. When all the society has withdrawn, about twelve, and no one is near but the *garçon*, who is engaged, with his back turned to you,—you may steal up and satisfy yourself personally on each of these queries. If repulsed, no one will know any thing about it but the *garçon*, who is polite, and never looks into the glass opposite. If not, no person can be better qualified to publish it than yourself.

132. Having eaten, you must now see—and your wife adds—be seen. You are a husband and not a tyrant, and will labour through the duty with conscience. Sights are to be had in every street;—but whilst you yet have eyes, see the nearest, which are usually the best. As to paintings, an estated gentleman is not bound to learn these things for his bread, but still it would be well to visit the Louvre; you are a lover of your country and its glory, and must like

the place, now that, thanks to *us*, it is *stripped*. The frames also are “pretty,” and the ceiling worthy of a church. As to what it contains, suffice, you have it all in your catalogue. Whether Rembrandt or Raphaël painted the pictures, ought to be of no consequence to you:—it is enough, both their names begin with an R; and both painted, as well as you recollect, in oils; and both, to the best of your belief, are dead.\*

133. But if you be determined to “do the connoisseur,” with the intention of talking it, you must content yourself with the lesson of a veteran. I love the arts myself—but I have every consideration for the loves and hates of others. I do not profess to make a scholar, or an artist—but a traveller. There is a manner of doing all this, which will egregiously distinguish you. After taking a

\* A gentleman connoisseur, (though no historian,) purchasing one day two of those small bronze statue of Rousseau and Voltaire, gave as an additional motive for desiring the acquisition, “that they were the friends of Napoleon.”

glance—a pinch of snuff—and an orange, guess aloud at the masters; guesses which you will take care shall be correct, by looking at the catalogue a moment before;—lounge back, rubbing your glass before putting it up; and scarcely deigning a smile to the *chefs-d'œuvre*, exclaim, “trash!” “rubbish!” or some such damnatory phrase, as you masterially and emphatically advance. Madame may be allowed “pleasing,” or some such “*nimini pimini*,” faint-praising panegyric. This done, throw yourself, *excedé*, on the first fauteuil, wondering, with an interminable yawn, how people could come so far for the mere purpose of being bored. Should a young Miss be copying near you, take care to repeat the reproof, till she blushes and runs off. This is the triumph of your criticism: she feels the consciousness of her ignorance, and you have maintained the superiority of your nation like a true Englishman—*à toute outrage*.

134. Should you be professionally an idler, and known by the life that late you led, it is

possible you may meet a brother of the same profession, nearly on the same quest, and with no better success than you. Succour him, and deliver him instantly from himself. He will return the compliment ; and having thus each got rid of self, (though I will not say you have profited by the exchange,) saunter into the heart of the gayest place there, the Statue gallery, to see how young Misses get through their first visit, and who blush and who do not. The mammas will be very angry at the interruption, and the lounge will soon wear out :—but neither can be helped. There is the eternal Battle of Waterloo, and the Siege of Paris, (forgetting Marmont,) ready to take you up. Take the statues for so many *ci-devant* acquaintances you have had the sagacity to cut ; and wonder in going out, that Blücher was not entreated to execute his own wishes, and blow the monsters up, peremptorily, in their and our despite.

135. Having thus killed off a large portion of the first day, and certain odd hours of the

succeeding, which cannot be applied to any thing more reasonable than going out because you came in, and coming in because you went out,—you may venture with due preparation (of breakfast, *s'entend*,) upon the Catacombs and the Invalides. The Invalides, observe, is smaller than St. Paul's, and therefore uglier:—wish the gold on the dome was in the Bank of England—and chat of the Golden House of Nero, and Bonaparte. The Invalides, for your taste, is probably too gay: a man with a leg or an arm minus has no right to be content; the best-looking duke in England makes it a point to look gloomy.

When you visit the Catacombs, bring your ladies; as you intend to be sentimental, it is right you should have some one to be sentimental at. Put on your soberest livery—you are absorbed, and, being silent, think. If you have tears at command, I think a French lady, for variety's sake, would like to see them; but in shedding them, you should not blind yourself, and lose your way. Show great attention to your taper; should it go

out, and you were left without a guide, and together with God knows whom,—though you had all the fear of all the skulls before your face, I can scarcely aver what might happen, or what might not.—On coming up, wonder why you went down; and observe that these cemeteries are but quarries after all. For my part, I should prefer lying in our churches, where a man is not hustled with a mob, of whom he knows nothing, but each person has the rank he ought, and a yard or two of praise beside, for little more than the expense of the marble.


136. After the Catacombs comes the Theatre. The Theatre makes Paris to the Parisian,—a reason perhaps for not going there; but unless you have been at the second Cataracts, you will not be allowed to dispense with seeing Talma. It will be an annoyance, but you avoid the stare and titter of Miss Angelica Greville Grundy by submitting to the bore. Now, how to endure him with the least inconvenience possible. In the parterre you will obtain the name, but

must also go through the probation, of a critic. You will have the whole play thrice over,—first from the audience, (every shoemaker knowing Racine *par cœur*,) next from the prompter, and lastly from the actors. Of these three, perhaps the performance of the prompter is most agreeable; you hear him as well, and see less of him than of the rest; but after all it is a trial, and a tribulation, to be obliged to hear three plays, when, on paying your money at the door, it was certainly understood you should be limited to one. This may be avoided by taking a box to yourself. It will shut you out from curiosity, ugly faces, and the second play:—but perhaps suffocate you before you have got over the second act. Should you escape this, the place has its advantages. You are in solitude, and afraid of no one:—you may hiss or applaud according to your conscience, either at the scenery, which is older than the Queen Matilda's tapestry, or at the dresses—at Polonius' scarlet hussar boots, or the blanket drapery of Hamlet, for instance,—or,

to keep up habits of sound criticism, at the actors. This, however, is laborious:—an Englishman's pleasures are passive, and in hot weather I am always too lazy to damn any thing but the climate. Your best plan then will be, to learn the names of the actors, the play, and the theatre:—and then conscientiously go to sleep. On your waking, attribute your *siesta* to the effect of the rhymes, to which you are as little accustomed as to the jangling of a mule's bells. The first journal you see on your breakfast-table in the morning will tell you what you are to say;—no one will contradict you or your taste,—you have an advantage,—you were sleeping in the theatre—they at home.

137. Having thus seen Talma, make a similar sort of *bivouac* visit to the other Theatres. Should the music be pretty, which you will learn from your next neighbour if you are condescending enough to ask him, tell your daughter in an audible whisper to buy it. She may not sing, but she can show and talk of it down in Yorkshire. My Griselda


had the Miso-gallic protuberance, and could never learn any thing French, but she had always a French romance, "*On revient toujours*," for instance, upon her table. In the *Variétés*—and the *Gaieté*, as the name implies, you must learn to laugh, and, as well as you can, in the proper place. A grave face is a libel, and worse than an O. P. hiss and rattle. But then there are exceptions: when you or your nation are laughed at, for instance, scorn to become an accessory; it is flagrant apostasy and rebellion. "*Les Anglaises pour rire*" ought to make you stand bolt upright, and "black as night." If you have but a frown in you, out with it now, and confound the giddy impertinence of your adversaries; with a look you may drown them, and stifle their laughter. I am much mistaken if they think the laugh half so good a thing the night after as the night before your appearance. Potier has talent; but when the spectators have seen you and Madame, they must feel disgusted at the caricature.



138. But what shall I say of the Academie de Musique? Here indeed you require eyes and ears,—not for the performers, but for your sons and daughters. Read to them beforehand Rochester's Confessions, and show them that an opera may do as much for the ruin of a family, as a suit in Chancery. As to yourself, whether old or young,—you are proof, and require no tying up, like Ulysses, if a whole legion of Syrens, Psyches, Circes, and Galateas were dancing and doing worse around you. As to the music,—ascertain whether it be comic or tragic, Gretry or Rossini. If the latter, and you are content to be common-place, praise it,—if something more, abuse it. All sects in music are orthodox, though they should differ as much in their creed as two uniformity Bishops. It is all time, place, and tact to use them:—play to one the old light, to another the new light, to the third the no light at all, and you will be considered by the three—infallible. As to hearing—who

does it now-a-days? That also has been abridged, and one man listens, by proxy, for a thousand.


139. This, I much apprehend, will give a grievous appetite, if not for music, for dancing. Now if Miss dances, Mamma must dance—and both, I am certain, will seduce or subdue you. Purchase therefore, according to the emergency of the case, a few pounds worth of the most approved graces. They must, however, avoid waltzing—that condition should be my *sine quâ non*:—and should dance and do whatever they intend dancing or doing in that peremptory rectangular superb manner, which will not allow them to be confounded with the French. As to yourself, you despise the absurdity, like Cato;—but if, out of compassion for the weakness of the age, you condescend, do it quietly, and without committing your dignity before your friends or family. Steal out on a constitutional walk some morning when unsuspected, and step into Coulon's:—an hour, and ten quadrilles written down and noted—



not danced—will accomplish you. In the evening you can walk them with scientific nonchalance, and having given this proof of your talents and modesty, retire into *tête-à-têtes* and ice-eating for the remainder of your life. Like the painter of old, you know where to stop.

140. Dancing begets a toilette. Madame knows, though you do not, that dress is as necessary to a body, as a body to a soul. It is time you should be illuminated, and the process of conviction is instantaneous. Madame throws upon your desk, or *dejeuner*, the addresses of all the *modistes*, *ci-devantes* and *regnantes*, of the Rue Vivienne. The alarming name of Madame Le Roy closes the list. You are invited to hold yourself in readiness to follow her. You cannot avoid wanting three or four dozen of silk stockings, and you are not yet long enough in Paris to have provided an escort. I see difficulties on every side—and in a given time the knot must be cut or untied. Put on a bold countenance, and trust to Mercury. A gentle

quarrel will get you over half the ground, and a tender reconciliation over the remainder. Thus you avoid *vermeil*, *sevre*, bronzes, *bijoux*, and other *impayable* inutilities, which you will have to encounter, and would to God you could do it with closed eyes, on your way. When arrived, do liberality with a truly English grace—Madame will of course look charming in every thing, and enchanting in what costs the most; but this is natural, taste is a dear article—Parisian—quite inexportable:—like Champagne *mousseuse*, a fashion must be taken off the moment it froths,—nothing so ill bears keeping, except the resolutions of widows or the patriotism of ministers. When consulted, approve; if not, consent to be sneered at by the *modiste* as a mere Briton, as little acquainted with dress as his ancestors,—to be tittered at by her girls, attacked by your wife, disobeyed by your daughters, and voted a brute bear, without the chance of rescuing a single louis, by all the rest of the world. Now it is very de-



lightful to have the opposite character, and to be quoted as a *mari complaisant*, in the best sense of the word. The next day more visits and more philosophy; the *première demoiselle de boutique* is to present you with her *memoire*—so reasonable, that you would think it was addressed from an old pensioner to a prime minister. She of course expects you will pay it with gratitude and a *bonne mine*. I know it is the etiquette; and if she have one herself—there are things much more difficult to do at Paris.

N. B. Should you seriously dislike all this, I think it right to say, that there are means to avoid it—such as leaving your wife at home; or not marrying, or unmarried—or rushing through Paris as if a 21 *Mars* was at your heels, or by not going there at all,—which, for a professed traveller, is nearly the same as not travelling. But this I say only on a presumption:—husbands should like to see their wives in every way *comme il faut*,—therefore expensive. Besides, the pleasure at a race ball to say,

"This is a Le Roy," and to set all the ladies longing, *coute qui coute*, for Paris, and all the gentlemen trembling lest their ladies should insist on going thither!

141. What is man without his head, or the best *modiste* without a *perruquier*? When about it, choose one who can talk as well as friz, and adds a grace to your mind as well as to your curls. French gazettes have no deaths, marriages, *enlèvemens*, or crim-cons: the deficiency is, as of old, to be supplied by a *perruquier* of *esprit* and information. In a morning or two, you will find yourself *au niveau*, and be as well acquainted with the *calembourges* of the Duchesse de Danzig,\* the *nouvelle préférence du Roi*, the lady Jesuits Madame D—— and her


\* The Duchesse was not so fortunate as many of her compeers, in getting rid of the traces of her origin, and the *blanchisseuse* occasionally swam like oil on the surface of her most drawing-room conversation. Her *calembourges* (facetiae) and *epi-graphes* (epigrams) were as much cited as the happiest mistakes of Mrs. Malaprop.

cousins;—the original of Edouard;—who is to sit next for the Vicomte Inversif;\*—whether M. de Chateaubriand has recovered the fragments of the Sainte Ampoule, &c. &c. as if you had regularly run away, in detestation to usurpers, with the King to Lisle, and not done any good to the state since your return, except praying loyally for the restoration of property, and every thing else legitimate in France. This will give you a *diplome* to the *parties quarrées* of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and every one will lament you were not born a Frenchman, that you might have been an *Emigré*, and now in a state to vote with the Duc de Blacas, or pray with the Bishop of Hermopolis for the regeneration of France, and the greater glory of “the altar and the throne.”

142. But young ladies must also dress;—

\* The Vicomte *Inversif*—Le Vic. D'Arlinecourt, author of the “Solitaire,” &c. His zigzag, topsyturvey style, has obtained for him the distinction of this cognomen.

and betimes learn the dresses of others. I know their morals are impregnable,—the saving words of Mr. Drowse have been strengtheners to their soul, as steel drops are to the body. But I think still, a city which is not besieged is safer than one which is; and I like, on the whole, a *filie de chambre* better than the most virtuous *coiffeur*. France, in this class of her productions, is without paragon. A really French Mademoiselle Annette is a treasure. She studies dress in her own person, that she may be able to perfect it in yours. If sometimes absent, it is always on the affairs of her mistress. She is humble, and, blind to her own attractions, she has those of her mistress always before her. She sympathises in all her fortunes and misfortunes. French confidantes have held the head of the market ever since the time of Clovis.—She is as profound as a statesman, and more discreet than a brigand, or an abbé. She would not betray the secret of her mistress,—not even to her admirer, and with a *petite verre*




*de parfait amour* before her. *En revanche*, she is as talkative as you could wish, on the affairs of others, and has the talent of saving you any other trouble than that of keeping your ears open and mouth shut. Where matter fails, she will make it, and from *chiffons* sometimes turn you out a perfect dress. As to the well-frilled and well-booted coxcombs you see about the house, on her arrival—a little philosophy and reflection, I pray you. Without them it is impossible Mademoiselle can obtain her regular supply of intelligence; and without this, of what use is a *femme de chambre*, even though the *femme de chambre* happened to be Mademoiselle?

N. B. In confidence I should recommend a *petite figure chiffonnée*; eyes—sleepy, or rather sleeping, as a kitten sometimes seems to do for a mouse; nose—à *la Roxalane*, but *croqué avec esprit*; and mouth—coral, ruby, of little consequence, but full of *espiègleries*, *mignonerics*, and now and then *boudeuse à faire mourir un cœur ou un Car-*

dinal. I say not this *pour Monsieur le mari*, but for his lady. It is the true *signalement* of a *chien de race*. Better assurance cannot be given of that fine ferret instinct for chit-chat scandal, the elegant *petite monnaie* of society, than such eyes, nose and mouth, upon the *buste* and legs of an indefatigable French abigail.

143. But the world is not made up altogether of boudoirs, and ladies, and *bavardage*; but there are such things as Lycées, and Academicians, and Memoires, and gravity without sense or end. One must go through vaccination and the measles, and stand out a *séance* of the Institute, once at least in one's life. Arm yourself therefore with a double dose of sleep, ten cups of coffee, and a tale of Voltaire's, and then enter the *salle* without dismay. An opera-glass from Cauchoir will bring to your view all the learned lines, the sacred hieroglyphics of the arts and sciences, in every countenance present. In one, you will see a Plato *ebauché*, philosophy and all its harmonies; in another, a noble geo-



graphical promontory about the nose or chin, which portends a traveller ; in another, eyes like caverns, bespeaking the antiquarian and his subterranean researches ; in a fourth, a mouth open like a volcano, and hinting the mineralogist ; in fine, the man, and his works, printed in capital letters upon his physiognomy, and like a frontispiece, menacing the volume which is to come after it. Do this openly, for philosophers like opera-glasses and discrimination. When the reader commences, put on your spectacles, and draw up the cape of your cloak ; sleep will come apace, and nothing obliges you to listen, or rewards you, should you hear. If you must pronounce judgment, observe the acclamations, though they also may be calculated beforehand. *Royalistes selon la charte* may know something about the antediluvian elephants, though nothing about any thing else ; a Liberal is execrable even upon elephants,—and without sense or genius till next change of *regime*, when his reputation may reappear, like the grass after a thaw ; but

an Ultra and Apostolic, is the *sutor et rex* of the poet, and you will soon see, in his eyes and those of his auditors—" *Nil majus generatur ipso ; nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.*" This is the ritual of the thing, and, as long as the scene lasts, should be obeyed. It is foolish and rude *d'avoir trop de raison*, or to be right, whilst the rest of the world is wrong. All that you have to do here—is to *be* here, to come away, applaud, laugh at your applause, and swear before your Lares at night never to go there again, unless in want of opium and a good sleep.

N.B. There are two opinions for travelers, as there are two dresses: one for home, another for abroad. Praise the world, *en habit habillé*—laugh at it quietly, *en Carmagnole*.\*

144. Now are you duly prepared for solemn initiation into the *beau monde*. It is what the Ganges is to the Indian. Plunge

\* *Carmagnole*, a short morning jacket. *Habit habillé*, court dress.




into it, and gain *caste*, if such an anomaly be possible in any country but England. Rehearse the night before the ceremonial—propose answers to questions which may be asked, without any regard to such expenditure of talent. Madame de Staël was always brilliant *à loisir*, and never hazarded an *impromptu* which had not been written out a week or two before.\* *Abregés*, *Pensées*, *Beauties*, and *Anas* are fine quivers of sentiment and wit; but if you know the titles of Lord Byron's works, you may risk forgetting every thing else. Young ladies have talked and traded on them a whole winter, without any other capital; and more than one gentleman uses them with effect as his *pièce de resistance* at every entertainment.

But this is presuming on what is mere presumption,—that you intend talking,—or can—or ought. No one calls on you for a speech, any more than for a tumble on the


\* See her own *Memoirs*, and how she prepared her *impromptus* for the Emperor.

tight rope. Then you are an Englishman, and may — and secondly a traveller, and should—be silent. Your whole business in a drawing-room is to be saluted,—and this done, to be wheeled round from admiring circle to circle,—to the fire. You may there take your station, and kindly act as a screen to all the ladies present. Englishmen are practised, and don't mind it. It shows a delicate attention to complexions, which, for the moment at least, may be considered their own. Besides, it is one way of concentrating the public gaze,—and perhaps the only one then ready. You cannot be supposed to travel everywhere with your *grandezze* and reputation on your back, any more than with your peer's robes, or yeomanry uniform, or doctor's gown, or any other cumbersome distinction you may have; and this standing with your back to the fire, this "*Eccomi!*" admirably supplies its place. No man who feels chilled, but will turn to cause from effect;—you must be a "personage" who can thus dare to affect them, and deserve, in one



way or other, to be attended to. The lady of the house you are not to know; the essence of politeness is to think yourself at home,—and to act as you think. All newcomers, yourself excepted, you must consider intruders, and obstinately refuse being presented to any one of them; if you ask their names, and do not smile, it is the utmost condescension you can permit yourself. An Englishman, I hope, does not come from England to fawn and flatter, and will take care to call out the first man who has the insolence to *protect* him. If they do not know you, it argues themselves unknown; and unknowable:—is not your card at the Ambassador's, and the assurance about you that you have been presented, and are presentable? Half the *Ducs* and *Pairs* around you are not as rich as your tenant, or agent, or partner, or foreman,—and wealth, after all, is the only true nobility;—take things as they are, which of us can go higher than Adam, unless he wishes to fall into the dust? and which of us cannot go as high?


As to the ladies, they are not to be looked at, except through a glass;—not that you use for the Academie, but something more flattering, and less true. If you take to your naked optics, you will not see, or be seen. English eyes are all blue, and are no more believed to have a soul in their keeping, than a Turkish woman's. Should they by chance have one, it is not every one can find it out. Now an opera-glass is a question direct,—a sign of admiration or interrogation, (old ladies confound them,) which no one can mistake. For my part I neither approve nor disapprove; perhaps the better way (I am for the dignified) is to ask your brother or cousin whether a creature be lovely, or loving, looking, or to be looked at, before you throw away your own time and glances on the search. Should the lady be near, and you checked,—endure it and her uneasiness. She will eat her ice more rapidly in the hope of your turning round to her—to take the glass away. This begets conversation, conversation a dance, and so on. But I have no-



where read that such is your duty:—your interest is to remain impenetrable, *imperturbable*, admiring yourself and the mirror opposite: a single step, a single turn, may dislocate your cravat, and commit you: there are servants and Frenchmen enough in the room. Should the lady drop her fan—an accident learnt by heart,—you will do well to move off sympathetically in an opposite direction. It is a degrading thing, since shepherds and shepherdesses have gone out with Queen Anne, to be seen (except for some particular reason, as good and better than Gibbon's) at a lady's feet. The sight of the feet do not reward you,—and it brings the blood into your hands and face, which may bring on an apoplexy with it, and throw you and keep you prostrate, besides injuring your complexion, in grievous earnest. The lady is as young as you are, and for aught I know stronger; and if her corset is over-tight, it is possible your's may not be less so. I would ring the bell in such an instance—if the girl were pretty,—but no more. This shows

the kindliness of your disposition, but does not compromise. Fools and Frenchmen will anticipate you,—it is pleasant such beings exist in the world. I had rather see a butterfly than be one. I bless Heaven for all its dispensations. Simpletons are necessary,—what would wise men do without them?

145. But wise men sometimes become fools, and some extreme accident may compel you to exchange compliments, at the place and hour you least intend it. This is a malignant trick of fortune to your serenity, but listen still to Abraham Eldon. You have been ensnared, or goaded into a dialogue, out of which you are anxious to struggle as fast as you can. Think you have got into a marsh after a bird, which you are mortified to find has not waited for you,—and do now as you would then;—every thing soberly and *pedetentim*. Direct your words one way, and glass another—both in accord is a decided *affiche*, and, as you are English, rich, and marriageable, implies you intend committing matrimony, duel, or some-



thing between, and worse than either, without delay. To ladies show your teeth, and talk like a lady, but always in a tone which shows you shrewdly guess you are a man. If France be your text, lounge to England,—if England, to France :—eating, dancing, dress-making, are your sciences,—and you yourself the *Magnus Apollo* of each of the three. Should you encounter—which Heaven avert—an old lady, in an impassable pass or crowd, ask the chronology of her life since last you saw her, when a child, and take her for double the age she is, that she may have the good sense to avoid you, and your agreeable conversations, in future. A young lady must content herself with what is nearest her heart, the weight and influence of furbelows, the *cloche* and its majesty, and the *savoir faire* of her *modiste*, “*qui a refait bien ce que les Dieux ont mal fait,*” a compliment which she will tell her mamma, and her mamma decide to be too true to be a flattery. Should music commence, declaim ; or look melancholy and try to sleep in the

great *bergère*, with your legs stretched out and your eyes open. You will be deemed a *fatal* passion, and dandled, and doated on accordingly. The more you shun the ladies, the more the ladies will seek you ; the more you scorn them, the more they will adore you. Valerian to cats, sedition to ministers, and high looks and higher words to women. Whom did the lady of the Egyptian select ? —Joseph.

146. This is the soil of gallantry, not love. A man, some eighty years ago, might have deemed it his duty to keep up a sort of permitted reputation in that way ; but since the new improvements in morality, by which it appears our ancestors were reprobates, the mode has become as stale as it was always unprofitable. Men now are wise and secret : light makes colour, and publicity sin. Should you feel the necessity of communicating happiness, there is no need to wander ;—the lady of the house will exercise your affections, and keep your heart from rust and egotism. As to *petits soins*, which


mean nothing but the *besoin de ramper*, you are not old or bent enough for that. At seventy, it is time enough to take up with that vocation, and nibble courteously at what no one will suspect you can bite. The day is now gone, when celebrity in these mock-fights was deemed a passport. The world is getting serious, and looks to certainties and realities.

147. But you cannot leave Paris without seeing the government—by that I mean the King;—the Charter and Chambers being what they were intended to be, his play-things. In order to do this, your wife must find out some other wife, who is acquainted with a third, which third has a husband, who is in constant contact and contagion with the Court. Kings are made to be looked at; and I confess, nothing gives a better idea of the good ordering of a state, than a proud and portly-looking sovereign: the column must be stout which is to support such a capital; and the people, who think they have some share in making him, are as

much flattered at the flourishing appearance of their idol, as the Egyptian at the onion god he planted.

I shall not easily forget the impression which a first view of Louis XVIII. made upon me. I at one glance perceived the secret of the signal triumph of the Good Cause. Such a man was not built to limp away existence in a vile crowd ; he was made for the throne, as much as the throne for him. It was not intended he should ever leave it. You have been long enough at Paris to know, there is only one class of politicians destined to be saved ; that the Holy Alliance, through the inspiration of Lord Castlereagh, pronounced *Anathema Maranatha*, against any man who, being aggrieved, has the sacrilegious insolence to say so ; and that the Kings of France and Spain, as Christian and Catholic Majesties, will undoubtedly be found in the Last Day at the head of the lambs, and the Carbonari at the head of the goats.

As a man may come abroad to learn how




to govern,—a much more agreeable *métier* than to *be* governed,—I recommend him to see how a legitimate on the Continent holds his sceptre and wears his crown. The day before your presentation, penetrate yourself with the last orthodox pamphlet:—the master of ceremonies may address you, and it is right you should not babble about constitutions, but know what becomes a “*veritable Pur.*”<sup>\*</sup> The important morning being arrived, submit yourself to a Royalist barber, who shaved before the Revolution—no matter whether his hand trembles, his heart is steady—*quand même!*—then on with your—any—uniform, and wear medals, crosses, and ribbons, if you dare or can. This will show you have assisted the King in beating his subjects; a recommendation which all kings, *comme il faut*, must and do like. In passing by the Swiss guards, admire the generosity

<sup>\*</sup> *Pur, Ultra-ultra* — The Evangelical, Divine right, Passive obedience, Blind allegiance men of their party:—excellent doctrines when in power; never practised, seldom professed, when persecuted.

of those brave traffickers in their own blood, and hope they may never want kings afraid of their people, and people detesting their kings, to give them an opportunity of shedding it at a discreet price. In the Hall of the Marshals, say nothing of "the Tyrant" who made them such;—remember to forget every thing French down to 1815; but remember to remember well every thing which has or ought to have followed afterward. Who thinks now of Austerlitz? Have we not the heroes of the Trocadero! a humane victory,—and which cost as little blood (though more treasure,) as if performed at the Porte St. Martin.

On entering the saloon, take particular care not to look at the same side of the apartment; and on your presentation, appear dazzled at the intensity of Majesty, which, however clouded—out of condescension to our weakness—still beams on every side around. Thus it was, that suppliants approached Augustus, and left *him* at least well pleased. Should you see a smile upon



the royal lips, remark that kings smile like other people, and feel astonished that any thing royal should so closely resemble in benignity the *canaille*. He probably has heard mass, breakfasted, but not yet decided on the festivals of the week:—it is therefore too much to expect he should ask your name. It is enough you have had the happiness of seeing and admiring him;—a *bona fide* descendant of St. Louis, and for aught you know of Charlemagne, is not to be met with every day. Marvel at your good fortune, as much as if you had seen Charles the Martyr, some three or four years before his execution; and go out admiring the marshals and their uniforms, the *émigrés* and their powder; paying and thanking the *huissiers*, and singing “*Te Deum*” if you be a Catholic, and if not, “God save the King!”

148. This done, let me shake you by the hand;—you are a new man, and may defy spies, *surveillance*, and the worst report of your countrymen. You are washed clean from

all suspicion—innocent of novelties, or of thinking—a believer in Holy Alliances, Bourbon sincerity, and the revival of the Asses festival in Europe. Your wife may dance with the oldest *voltigeur* at court; and you, though English and a benefactor, be half endured and half forgotten. But alas! every thing which has a beginning has also an end. Happy men die; and the traveller and Paris must sometime or other part. If, therefore, your lady be not irrecoverably captivated, and you be as free as your lady, and your children have completed their course of dancing, and you are *really* desirous of parting—part. But your passports are concocting; they are not, any more than Rome, to be got up in a day. You are to petition, and to be delayed, and to plead, (and plead in vain, like a Papist,) and to be questioned, and doubted, and at last be vouchsafed an attestation, which surely you do not want, of good conduct and better will.

This is endurable—but what shall I say of a *signalement*?—Mem. tall and towering, black

and bold eyes, Turkish eyebrows, German mustachios—all this figures on paper ; but, as men are built now-a-days, it is a cruel thing to crucify them thus, and deliver them over in print for dissection to the public.

When had, see that it is seen, and signed, by every kingdom in Europe, through its representative. I am tender on this point, and have had good reason to know the value of *quid nimis*—or too much rather than too little. A king of France is a great personage ; but so is a duke of Modena, or Baden,—when you are in his power.

149. The streets of Paris, to a man getting out of them, are interminable. But you have passed the Barrières, and the three-headed dogs which guard them. Take care you do not let your wife look back ; beware of the fate of Lot and Orpheus. Now you are on the high road for Switzerland,—not Macadamized ; but Frenchmen seldom travel just after breakfast, and never after dinner ; and when they have the gout, stay at home. The English, whom it most concerns, ought

to raise a subscription. It would encourage emigration, and precisely where it is wanted.

The country is very beautiful, to a military eye:—just the thing for a camp. The trees are well disciplined, and keep line in perfection. The fine open fields, if it were not for the corn, are great invitations to fighting. Admire them, and thank God for the restoration of the Bourbons, and execrate the Revolution. Things have come back to the flourishing state of Louis XIV. See what can be done by a restored *noblesse* ! We ourselves should have been all lost, but for the Stuarts and their courtezans. I say nothing of the priests, for they are Jesuits.

Churches are springing out of theatres; sign-posts, by aid of lamp-black, have been converted to the ancient faith. The eagle has been obliged to conform, and with a little clipping, now humbly hangs, like other *girouettes*, his imperial wings into the form of a right royal *fleur de lis*.\* How refresh-

\* The backs of the grates in France have been formed, with a laudable attention to economy and

ing ! a man may now travel through France without any danger, except from rough roads and breaking of springs and bones. He may sleep all day, and wake all night, without fear of interruption.


But the *toujours perdrix* will not do. I was sometimes inclined to feel tired of my Griselda ; and although flat fields are good things for those who have to travel over them, I now and then wished that Nature would throw in a shovel-full of mountains, to keep me awake, and occasionally vex me, that I might feel the enjoyment of being quiet once again. This, however, will come time enough. In a few days you will be in Switzerland.

revolution, with an eagle on one side and a fleur de lis on the other. This expedient has been still farther improved in the rest of their furniture. I remarked, with some expression of surprise, an eagle supporting the drapery of a bed-room. The proprietor, who had lately "*girouetted*," answered with coolness, "*Ce n'est qu'un pigeon !*" A name is every thing in France,—and might we not add, elsewhere ?

N. B. This is a fine bread-making and bread-eating country. Catch the peasant at his meals, and multiply the appetite into the population. It will enable you to decide, on your return, the great question between the fund-lords and land-lords, to the satisfaction, if at all reasonable, of both.

150. And now, if you do not break down at Lyons, which is the usual place, you will arrive in a fine state for seeing, in the space of three days, at Chamberry. This is the signal for all the young ladies to put in order their newest set of sentiments, and to begin falling in love with rocks, bridges, cascades, robbers, (though that kind of game, notwithstanding the encouragement and preserves of the King of Sardinia, has become scarce,) Mers de Glace, mules, burnt faces, blistered noses, and Albums blotted over with names intended by the writers to be immortal.

In passing the Echelles, ask some maiden lady to quote for you a terror or two of Mrs. Radcliffe; and—need I beg you to be on your




guard against that outlet of Tartarus—*horresco referens*—misnamed Beauvoisin? In the morning, when you rise, put all your wife's shawls about you, and cough, so as to show cause; a good catarrh is a *pièce justificative*, and may pass, if any thing can except a beggar or whirlwind. So armed, walk proudly up and down the court-yard of the Douane, and whilst the harpies have their talons fastened upon the very entrails of your chest, show a lofty disdain, and be as grim, and magniloquous, as your voice and size will permit. Browbeaters must be brow-beaten;—if not, they will eat you up, as they nearly did me, entire.

Next comes Mont Cenis;—but when I am about it, why not take you at once to Geneva and the Simplon? Mont Cenis is a bad plagiarism of the latter, and the decorations got up in a very inferior style.

Geneva is to be admired for three things:—its Calvinism—its Calvinism—its Calvinism. It is now proved, they never would have made the watches they do, nor the Lake have

looked so beautiful, had it not been for John Calvin. Lord Byron lived in these environs; but has omitted this and other verities, for which I hope you will never read his works but with the resolution beforehand to condemn them. It behoveth every English gentleman to testify his abhorrence of this Satan in gentleman's clothes, who if he had not had the good fortune to die at Missolunghi, would have been swallowed up, like a second Don Juan, in Mount Vesuvius. It is to be regretted that we have not yet a censorship in England (though I see we are improving in this respect also) which might put him down altogether, like Voltaire in France. As it is, I much fear he will be the downfall of all poet-laureates, and leave the king and court—*proh pudor!* without a voice to praise them;—the consequence of which we all know, after the report presented on that subject to Augustus by his privy counsellor Horatius Flaccus. I hate every thing belonging to the man, ex-




cept his wife, but that is no reason why I should not pick up, *en route*, every thing I find of him and his companions. Whatever you hear must of course be true—Englishmen, and Travellers, say it,—and his cottage was on the other side of the Lake. I doubt indeed whether he has been seen with a *partie quarrée* of vampires and their mistresses dancing by moonlight, to vex his wife and the Society for the suppression of Vice in England; but any thing short of this is credible, and one thing at least certain—that as he did no good, he must have done much evil; and that if you hate him, you must love George IV. Mr. Southey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Eldon.

Lausanne is, now that Gibbon is dead, a Christian town; and its inhabitants, since Madame de Staël taught them, speak tolerably good French. Here you must decide whether you will see Switzerland, or not. There is some difference between tra-

velling *over* mountains and *between* them. Following your horses' tails along the Valais is like seeing London through the Tunnel.

151. Now, that you may not throw away my preparations, see *Dictum* 46. It is right you should walk, that they may be of use. I do not know whether you like walking,—but *possunt quia posse videntur*,—if you have the soul, you will soon have the feet. It is a creditable thing to run the risk of breaking your neck and falling into a *mer de glace*; should you tumble, “*magnis tamen excidit ausis*” will be inscribed upon your cenotaph, and you will furnish forth a paragraph twice as long as if you had died indolently and ingloriously at home. There is a great pleasure also in standing once in your life over the head of the whole world. God knows, whether it may ever occur to you again.

152. The night before, make your will, and sup tenderly with your family. By daylight you should be already high enough to wish that you were once more below. Beware of fires, brandies, and losing your nose




and fingers. The deficiency might not be observed, but it would be disagreeable to go to see the Vatican as a *torso*. When you are half-way up, and have found little which you expected, keep your secret, and reflect what a pleasure to take in others on coming down. Remember the story of the Fox who lost his tail: it is the story of his betters. When lying on the ice at night, how you may look down upon the "Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," and despise them! Little do they know the sublime consolation of suffering in the cause of science and humanity. On the summit, you must not fail to observe, that the sky looks black blue, and the snow has extinguished all vegetation, and that your barometer or calculations differ from those of others, and that it is so much the worse for them, and so much the better for your calculations. In returning, treat the thing as a mere excursion,—and let your guides, whom you will pay well, be grateful and praise you.

153. Should you visit St. Bernard, — a




lounge after Mont Blanc,—you will be much diverted by the dogs and monks. Ask them what is the cause] of snow and double windows,—and whether they get tithes for their trouble, and from what? Fasting, they will say they have nothing, “*les pauvres hommes* ;” try them after supper, when forgetful and frank. It is a curious madness after all :—how would a Prebendary of Winchester or Durham like to keep dogs on Snowdon? As to charity, I laugh at it :—if you doubt me, hear the Church ;—the first of charities is to take care of oneself. Who feeds sheep or lambs, but with the intention of eating them?

154. It is an essential thing, particularly if you have not yet gained your spurs, to deliver yourself in the best terms you can to posterity. Albums are the faithful interpreters, to all succeeding travellers, of the high respect you entertain for yourself. I hope, in passing through France, you have formed a style. History should be written in the superlative, and I see no reason why you may not be as



handsome, as bold, and as hyper-excellent as any historic personage whatever—upon paper. Young Misses will do well to insinuate they are marriageable ;—maidens, that they are still so ;—matrons, that they have sons and daughters who are both ;—and men, young and old, that they are their own admiration, and that of the whole world.


It is a pretty thing, and looks innocent, to be so charmed with every thing !—it bespeaks you fifteen, which, for ladies double that age, I take to be an advantage. But should you find this either ineligible or impossible, take another course : what think you, for instance, of the best double-refined gall ? Misanthropy is a great magnifier :—disgust proves you to be of a clay as superior to that of other men as Sevre is to our own Staffordshire. To find any thing good, is as much as to say you know nothing better. Though Mont Blanc is the highest in Europe, seem to have seen a dozen higher. Content is quite *canaille*, mere kitchen happiness—not to be tolerated in cultivated society. The more frowns,



sneers, and sarcasms you scatter—"I abhor," and "I detest,"—the better. You discriminate, and, where others stoop, you rise.

Lovers may be inconsolable for ten lines;—an incurable passion, *lateri lethalis arundo*, which any day may blow up into lunacy or *felo de se*, looks also well in writing. Soldiers should speak, at Mont St. Bernard, not of what Napoleon did, but of what he has left undone. Scholars should talk of Hannibal, and should doubt whether Hannibal came into Italy over the Alps, or came at all.

But the most useful document (and I appeal to Mrs. Starke) is what comes home to the business of every man;—notes on the "*quid pro quo*" — the *materiel* and commissariat; the inns to be sought for, and avoided;—all of which will call blessings on your pen from the hungry and thirsty, give you an honest name for fair dealing, and a renown amongst great and small, which black eyes, poetic reveries, and yawning in the best *genre* over whole pages, will never secure for either you or your album.



155. But I have kept you too long suspended—like the Saint who feared to work a miracle—between Earth and Heaven. It is right I should now take you up to my Pisgah, and, putting my magistral telescope into your hand, show you, if no ill-mannered clouds come between, what I can, on the honour of a traveller, assure you to be, as it is fitly termed, the Garden of Italy.

But first, if you can bespeak it in any way, you will do well to have a storm. It is no matter should you see nothing but the lightning—imagination will do the rest. People, however, who have none, except what they borrow, may prefer seeing things as they are; and if so, they cannot do better than endure patiently a fine day. Yet here also are difficulties. Madame must breakfast at eleven; the mountain air is not digestible earlier: this will bring you late at night to Duomo d'Ossola;—but then it may be moonlight,—or, like a sensible man, you may not care whether it is or no. If the scene be beautiful, you can see its beauty

next morning from your inn. The galleries are dismal, and Bonaparte should have spent less of the money of other people, or blown them up. They are much talked of, but I am sure the cascades and avalanches are a good deal finer. In going down, leave the picturesque to your daughters, and take care of the drag-chain, and that the wheels do not catch fire. You will not know much of the scenery, but you will have preserved your calesche and family, and merited "*Ob cives servatos*"—a civic crown.

156. You pass, I should hope, by the Lago Maggiore;—in order, 1st, to arrive at Milan, and 2dly, to see the Lake.


You will find it like other lakes; but as you wish to describe it to your friends, read over your Road-book. I would not leave it, however, without eating of its fish. I know a gentleman who thus implants on his memory the recollection of every lake and river of his acquaintance. Fluellin, I imagine, took notes in the same way.\*

\* "There is a river in Macedon, there is moreover

You will of course see the Isola Bella. Bella indeed it is, and as handsome an imitation of a Carmel on a supper-table as Italian cooks have ever made or imagined. Its walks and terraces are in the finest style of confectionary architecture. I recommend their study to the young ladies who are destined soon, if travelling be good for any thing, to marry a husband and establishment of their own. Wonder at the great brass Colossus of San Carlo Borromeo, and ask your guide, if you can get inside of him—as you did at the Monument? What a fine view there must be from his eyes! After that, you have nothing but to eat grapes, and envy the happiness of that country where they can be had in the fashionable season for very much less than four shillings a pound.

a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but it is all one; 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is *salmons* in both."—*King Henry V.* act iv. s. 7.

157. You arrive in Milan, as you ought to do, (*Dictum* 126) after dark. In the morning, provide yourself with a man who has been seeing the town for the last half-century for others. Should he be blind, deaf, and lame—depend on it he is a man of experience. It is useless to inquire: unless you wish to fret yourself and grow thin—believe. Ask for the Cathedral,—you will be led to it, through the longest and worst lanes. When at last before it,—neither stare, nor smile:—your guide will then think you have seen ten or twenty such in your life, and venerate you as a greater man than himself;—besides, you have been born between York and Westminster, and would know the Gothic, were you stone-blind. Your guide will tell you, it is white marble;—it may be so,—but go up, and touch it;—touching is believing, after all. Whilst holding forth, permit him to do something for his crown—and turn round to the puppet-show in the square;—take out your book, and note down some of Punch's best



sayings :—you can retail them afterward, as your own. But the sight here is neither Punch nor the Duomo, but St. Charles himself.\* It would be well to pay him a morning visit, were it only to judge conscientiously of his striking resemblance, in colour and feature, to his statue. Lest you should be taken for an idolater, when before the shrine, let mamma put a handkerchief to her nose, and the young ladies burst out a-laughing, and papa talk loud, and wish to God all those confounded jewels were in the Bank of England or the King's crown. This will show you are of a loftier race, above humbug, and do as much as the liberators of Genoa to render us the envy of surrounding nations. I know nothing else worth wasting a moment about, unless it be a St. Bartholomew coolly holding his own skin,† a sort

\* The body of St. Charles is encased in a magnificent shrine of crystal, and exposed to such strangers as choose to pay, in a small subterraneous chapel below the high altar.

† The statue of St. Bartholomew is considered a

of thing which none but a saint could take upon himself to do. As to his bones ; I suppose they are all in their right places, but I put it to the opinion of any one, whether it is quite proper to go so very naked, or to make a hospital of a church.

158. To make up your disappointment at church—and remember once for all, you are to be disappointed until you leave Italy (it is the latest good sense and etiquette of the thing),—ask if there be such a thing as a theatre at Milan,—which you need not doubt there is, if there be a church. The Scala, I believe, still exists, if not burnt down—the constitutional malady of theatres ; and there you may go, and sleep, if you like, till midnight. If any one asks you about it on your return, say there are boxes, a pit, and for aught you know a stage.—People come here to play cards, eat ices, or worse. The

miracle of anatomy. It has no other claim to the admiration of the stranger. Michael Angelo, who could not resist the temptation of naked muscles, has adopted the incongruity, in his Last Judgement.

music is no more thought of than a band at a public dinner. If allowed to hiss when I liked it, I would sometimes applaud ; but as it is, had I compliments at my discretion, and were they as plentiful as rice crops or mustachios, I would not give one of them “ *on compulsion*.”

159. I pass over the libraries and picture-galleries—the latter with some compunction ; —but I wish to preserve my eyes for Rome. “ I want not scholars, but subjects,” said one of the wisest men of modern times, and Europe knows how that want has been felt already. Should you stay, however, a day longer than you intended, see Petrarch’s writing, which, *though not his*, is very handsome ; and the ink as black as if new patent japan.\* The other books you may look at as you would at a flock of sheep, through a

\* The inscription, or note, in which Petrarch commemorates the death of Laura, in the commencement of the celebrated Virgil, is at least doubtful. A believer in the Abbé de Sade would say less, a believer in his opponents more.

cloud of dust, on the London road. The only thing curious is the branding on their backs. If you cannot get farther, lay the blame on the cobwebs.

160. If there were no education, there would be no Carbonarism, no revolutions, no passports; consequently travelling would go on without impediment, as in the time of Lot and Abraham.\* They, therefore, who attack the Austrians know not what they do. Like merciful parents, the latter chasten whom they love. Yet a little while, and when things have come back to their ancient propriety, I am certain, as I am of sitting in my

\* The opinion of the author is only a free transcript, or translation, of an address from the throne of the present Emperor. In most of his documents he generally evinces the same mole-like propensities. "*Omnis homo est stultus*," is an axiom which he not only proclaims to the Hungarians, but practises in its fullest extent amongst the Italians. When an ancient tyrant wished to trample securely on his captive slave, he put out his eyes. Austria is the tyrant; but is Italy for ever to be the captive and the slave?

arm-chair, that they will give the country, for the little schooling they at present insist upon, a whole century of recreation. Seeing, therefore, that it is to come, it bespeaketh a froward and foolish disposition to thwart them like an idle child in the way to their benevolent intentions; for though they be slow, yet can I assever they are sure; and the hour of play will come—*when* it will.

The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the Austrian should be paid by the Italian. Do not the English the same? and what have they gained more? If they think it excessive, the matter should have been arranged beforehand. I leave it to Lord Eldon, who by this time, I presume, has “made up his mind,” whether it be not too late. It is, therefore, mere ignorance of men and things to rail, as some of our travellers do, in the most unseemly guise, against the wise dispensations of this Government. The pettishness of a few nobles, who dine worse than they did when they were the only tax-leviers and tax-eaters in the nation, is not to be taken for


the choler of a people. Again I repeat it, a nation is not to be redeemed but at a high price:—a great battle is an expensive pastime:—and finally, and indeed firstly—if the Austrians did not expel others, they might be expelled themselves. I admire magnanimity, and adore the Emperor Alexander; but after all, self-preservation is a great law, particularly for governors, as I once heard observed by an English prelate to an Irish Papist; and when people will not be happy quietly, you must only make them happy against their will.

161. I have gone thus far into politics, because one of the principal occupations at this first gate of Italy is an examination into the safety of your principles. It is quite right that so paternal a government should prevent any thing from hurting its children, and that every traveller's pocket should be examined, lest it might contain gunpowder and insurrection, which might blow up the glorious Lombardo-Veneto constitution of church and state, and thus leave the Mila-

nese once more to wretchedness, and themselves. For this purpose, then, burn beforehand, (if so unwise as to travel with them,) having well handcuffed them, Lord Byron and Lady Morgan; though an Englishman, look obedient and pleased, and, putting on your most accommodating face, (which will be easy, if you have served under various administrations,) advance boldly to the question. Think you are going to ask a favour of an under-secretary of state, who has thrice promised you without remembering it, and declare, that your ignorance of Lord Holland can only be equalled by your respect for the Emperor. Praise smoking, silence, and the *ratio ultima* of the bayonet; venerate the Holy Alliance, under the Jesuits, as the enlighteners of the age, and the saviours of Europe; and pray for the extinction of reading, and the greater exaltation of all rulers, good and bad, throughout the world. So shall you be considered as a person qualified to travel, and do no harm; and sent forth, with a gracious curl of mustachio, and a pass-

port as long as a tax-gatherer's bill, to the four quarters of the Empire.

162. Having thus pronounced your shibboleth as you ought, there will be no difficulty in giving you a peep at Venice. Some go there to calumniate, and think it a grievous thing to see a great town die. Now, supposing the Austrians were accessaries, by the administration of some subtle poison, why, after all, such a profuse and puerile expenditure of sentiment? Streets and houses are no more immortal than those who made them; and if a city, eight hundred years old, is not to die, I should like to know who or what is? For my own part, I wish that travellers would look to both sides of the tapestry. Have the Venetians themselves no peccadilloes to expiate?—and if their masters are performing the part of the scourge of God upon them, is that the fault of the instrument, or of Him who wields it? Is not their cruelty to the brute creation shameless and notorious? Let any traveller go up the Brenta, and see the systematic carnage which



ensueth there, I may almost say daily, in the noon-day sun, and then wail and weep, if he can, over the decay of this other Babylon of iniquity. There are judgments just and terrible which should not be inquired into. This, if I know what justice is, is one of them.\*

163. On your way, you will pass by Verona, Vicenza, Padua. As to Como, cut it,—it recalls too many painful associations to the lovers of legitimacy as by law established, and the Protestant succession of the House of Brunswick. At Vicenza, compare Mr. Palladio with Mr. Nash; but how could he have been superior? Italy may have been more favourable to great genius than England; but where else could we find the riches of the latter,—its judgment,—and George IV.?

Padua is a miserable aping of our Oxford. There is no learning; and so much the better, men ought to be kept to their trade—“*ne sutor ultrà crepidam*,”—when you bind a horse to a mill, you ought to put out his

\* See Life, and particularly note, vol. i. p. 85.



eyes. But neither are there fellows ;—nor livings, the “ *vis genitrix*” of fellows— which accounts for it. Near Padua, they say, Petrarcha had his living—a mere’lodge, not worth the trouble of looking at ;—the easiest way is to disbelieve every thing about it.

As to churches, the only one I can recommend is St. Antony of Padua’s, a saint who has a great reputation among the fishes. Now, that is what I call a preacher indeed. Could we tame our congregations so, we need not despair of the conversion of the Irish. In seven years and twice seven years—and years and weeks of years, I have heard it calculated, by a Lord Chancellor whose decrees have never been reversed, and an Archbishop who can comprehend his own evidence, that the wild native might be transmogrified from the four-footed beast he is into something of the neuter or epicene gender between Papist and Protestant, something like a barnacle or a bat, and leave off his savageness with his tail ;—but then the Papists of the south must be prohibited the use of

potatoes and wives; otherwise it might turn out, the drawing of troubled waters with the sieve of the Danaids, milking he-goats, or laving the sea dry with a nutshell.\*


164. When opposite Venice, recite all the passages you know from Shakspeare, and ask, if there be any Shylocks or Othellos still living near the Rialto? Pierre's or Jaffier's descendants you will of course go see; unless they have been banished, with so many others, to terra-firma. When in your gondola, ask Miss Florinda to unpack her guitar and sing;—the sea may be rough, but it never impeded singing at Venice. If it does, note it down for a marvel in your note-book. In quitting the gondola, remark that their form was the cause of all the corruptions of Venice. Had they used our barges,

\* There is a bas-relief of this great outpouring of the Spirit at Padua. The Pope did not find the Jews quite so obedient at Rome. As to Ireland, convert her first from "war, pestilence, and famine," and then think, if she still continues to have one, after so many doctors, of her soul.

they would have been as well conducted as we are in London.\*

165. You may enter Venice by daylight, because you may hide in your gondola; looking out however now and then, to see if the palaces are tumbling. When arrived at the first inn you chance on—stare; but do not leave your gondola. The song may cease, or change into cries for payment; still bear, and stay where you are,—you have not arranged your conditions. You are now on your vantage-ground, (pardon my Hibernicism,) and you may make, dictate I should say, your treaty in due form. 1. That you shall pay one-third and no more, (precedent, British, semi-British, or otherwise, notwithstanding,) for your rooms, of the sum total originally demanded by the enemy (your host), and that you shall have therewith the choice of said apartments, to be re-

\* A favourite theory with all those who forget we have hackney-coaches. A *gentleman* government would do the same; or rather does, in our own unblemished England.



gulated by the joint consent of your wife and her *fille-de-chambre*. N.B. Young ladies, unmarried, being never considered of age, have no rights to save or guarantee, in the aforesaid or any other article. 2nd, That you shall be allowed, on entering the citadel, and in consideration of eating *bonâ fide* fifteen or sixteen dinners, good or bad, in said citadel, to pay no more than three times the sum usually paid by the natives. N.B. It is possible your appetite may exceed the supplies; but this must be considered an infraction, and you can blow up the fortress and retreat accordingly. 3rd, That you shall not be called on to pay for the whole or part, until you shall have received due consideration for a week before, to be computed by the enemy. 4th, That any difference as to the meaning of the foregoing, or other articles, shall be referred to commissioners on both sides,—composed on your's of the courier, who shall be sworn not to betray you, and your *femme de chambre*, who loves you too much to require it,—and on that of the

enemy, of the head *cameriere*, and the two head cooks, as assessors. . *Additional article.* Provided always, that your servants shall pay as well as eat for themselves, and that the *carte Italienne*, and not the *carte Anglaise*, shall be adopted and preserved as the *tariff* for the measure and prices of your wines. This form, regularly signed by the several contracting powers, and duly attested by the head-waiters on one side and the *gondoliers* on the other, may be made to serve, *mutatis mutandis*, for any other occasion, and you will have many, in your travels and conquests in Italy.

N. B. Though you do not speak Italian, yet, as you swear in English, the treaty may be considered valid, and will not take you, unlike most modern treaties, more than two hours.

166. Musquitoes are the *flagellum* of Venice, and a pernicious concomitant to any pleasure they are. Various are the means by which they may be avoided. Do not in all things abide by the wisdom and counsels


of others, but ponder soberly on the nature of the insect, and thine own. Some hold that they eschew the light, and recommend many tapers to be placed round the head of the sleeper, which will straitway frighten them into flight. It were well also, in order that they may escape, (for I would not drive a flying enemy to despair,) that the windows should be left open during the night. But not having well ascertained this point by personal experience, I hold it surer to spread your musquito nets, and after railing against the invaders, sleep, *coûte qui coûte*, in your intrenchment under the clothes.

167. The Carnival of Venice is celebrated, and in order to describe it better than Mrs. Radcliffe, see it. But for that you must be *there* at Carnival time ; and if so, you cannot be in any *other* town at the same season.

The Carnival is the suspension of all grave thoughts and sober actions,—you must therefore do madness with the mad. For that, surrender yourself and your discretion to the first masque that calls you "*Anima mia* : " she

is a houri in woman's clothing,—and you, I doubt not, a true believer. Should you hesitate,—see Titian's ladies in the morning: they will put you in the true way of choosing. You do not know Italian, or, if you did, you would still have to learn Venetian; but soft lips and tender eyes speak all idioms.

A pair of pocket-pistols have been recommended as an antidote to the stiletto, but stilettoes are now no more worn than bag-wigs, and people have got tired of watching what is not worth being tired with, or watching about, after all. This is a glimpse of the Millenium, and every one goes about, like the pigs in the story, asking who will eat them. An Englishman who knows nothing of it must be delighted to see the whole town one Argyle Room. It is true, indeed, he will not see much more of their palaces than the gondolas which pass them: but those whom he sees are Venetians, after all: and that is the main point for a Traveller. To speak of Venice, you must speak of the she-inhabitants; and to speak of them, you must know them




If you have wives and daughters, however, bring them to the Theatre, and tell them *that* is the Carnival. It will quench their curiosity, and not interfere with your's.

168. But there is another sight which is no longer seeable ; and the loss of which, to any one who has seen Venice Preserved, is as if half the city were swallowed up by a sea-earthquake. I mean the Marriage, if indeed it deserved that name, (at least of late years) of his Highness the Doge, with her Majesty the Sea. I came to Venice in the hope of seeing something of the *Epoux*, but was sorry to hear that the *Epouse* had long since eloped with an English husband, and the *Epoux* been left without any hopes of her return. I went therefore in a boat to see where the ring was once presented, and must say, though I never saw a Bucentaur, nor have more idea of the shape of the monster than of a Hippogriffin, yet I have, I know not how, a clearer idea of the whole business than when last at Covent Garden. N.B. Never to let Venice Preserved pass without attend-

ing, for the remainder of your life,—that is, if in England.

169. Wonder that the Rialto is not larger, nor longer, than Westminster bridge :—then, that St. Mark is smaller than St. Paul's. The square is an inferior sort of thing,—there are no trees. Go see the Arsenal, to compare it with Woolwich, and rejoice you are an Englishman. The horses, thank God, are come back, and look quite fat after their French excursion. It would have been more creditable for the Pacificator of Europe\* to have made them a present to the Duke of Wellington, who has been so grievously neglected by his countrymen. Here they are out of place ; what has a four-in-hand to do on the top of a Church?—Inquire for the Portrait of the Doge who was beheaded, they say, for conspiring against himself ; and con-

\* So calls himself (in the inscription at their feet) Francis Emperor of Austria,—without a word of Alexander or Wellington ! But the real pacificator was Napoleon. He fell a suicide ; and betrayed, himself, what millions might have struggled for in vain.



gratulate England on not being exposed to the same governors or principles. Ask if there be any Jews or Turks, and go and measure their Synagogues. Abuse the Venetians for not adding a Protestant Church. I wish they could see how tolerant we are in Ireland.


170. But it must not be said that the fair Venetians should o'erlong defraud the rest of Italy of your presence. If you have crossed the *Canale Grande* thrice, seen harlequin, (though I do not insist on your understanding him,) walked in and out of St. Mark, galloped, to the terror of the gondoliers, on the Lido, been kept hesitating between the *mal de mer*, and Barcaiola canzonet,—you are fully qualified to speak miracles of the Lady of the Adriatic. Join to this an adventure, if not with a John Shogar,\* with a Jew, Turk, and serving maid, whom you wooed, wed not, but won,

\* An extravagant cousin-german resemblance of the *Solitaire*. Who need despair of imitators? Vermin have their vermin.

and left her weeping like another Ariadne behind you :—then say you have done your duty, and satisfactorily ride down the throat of the public.

. 171. In leaving Venice, you may pass by the Armenians and their island. They are not altogether wild beasts, and, unless curious in beards, you will not think them worth the pains of being looked at. I know a German would like to hear them speak, but I hate jargons, professors, and walking dictionaries, already.

. 172. Shall I recommend you a second trip to Verona? It is not worth your while, unless you have forgotten to steal a portion of the tomb of Juliet, (which all English maiden ladies think themselves bound to do,) or have not seen the houses of “The Two Gentlemen of Verona,”—so let us on to Mantua. Beware of its physicians,—they are neither richer nor better than its apothecaries. See the Palace of the T, or the Tea Palace.\* I think the Duke might have found a better



\* An ordinary *bévue* of the English. It is so called the resemblance of its plan to the letter T.


bred and better drest company of Gods for his Tea parties, than the circle who actually possess his saloons. Be cautious how you look to right or left when walking through the town ; the inhabitants may think you are sketching the fortifications, and get frightened, lest, at some future period, the English might come from Malta to besiege them.

N. B. Ask the waiter of your inn where Virgil was born. As he knows something about the Mantuan families, he will tell you whether any of the name is still to be found in town. See the garden which contains his monument, though, according to all accounts, he was buried at Naples.

173. Modena is your next resting-place, unless you wish to see where Tasso was shut up at Ferrara for having lost his wits, and where he was properly punished for the same, with persons of his own quality and discretion. I wish to God the same mode of improving the style and good sense of our contemporaries was still in use. It is right kings should have these means of bringing

people to their understandings,—not indeed that our most gracious Sovereign would have much occasion for it amongst so thinking a people as ourselves. I would rather see men mad outright, than half mad—and Alfonso did right, (fortunate for Lord Byron he did not live under him) to bring things at once to a conclusion.

174. If kingly governments be the best possible,—and it was proved so by the battle of Waterloo,—that kingly government must be the best of all others, where the king is constantly with his people. Now, Modena enjoyeth this blessing. It is small enough to allow his Highness almost to shake, every morning, every one of his subjects either by the ear or hand. This I consider comfortable, and he may pick up his taxes from them just as a gentleman might his rents, without armies, parliaments, or any other ministers than his land and law agents for the time being. Should any one prove refractory, he can order him to quit the state in very near



four-and-twenty minutes, instead of four-and-twenty hours. This I consider convenient. He may protect all his "children," in despite of themselves (as in a large nursery) and regulate every thing, even to the meat they eat and the wine they drink. No wonder they should feel happy and healthy, and, if they have hearts of flesh in them, grateful. But so it is, some one or two will always talk; the avaricious, the envious, the ignorant, who do not like paying their contribution, and reflect little that reigning sovereigns always repay them back tenfold, and reserve little or nothing for themselves. It is quite natural: such is the condition of our nature—disaffection speaks trumpet-tongued—but contentment is always silent.

175. I premise these observations, that, in case you should meet his Highness, you may feel inclined to make him a low bow. After admiring the prince and his people, and the people and their prince, and wishing them all sorts of union and happiness together, dine magnificently, and go and see the

*Secchia.* Since the *enlèvement* of Helen, so small a spark was never known to excite so wasteful a conflagration. Women and buckets! . . . and for such prizes, have men consented to cut each other's throats! . . . .  
“*Audax omnia perpeti, gens humana ruit, per vetitum nefas.*” . . . I dropt a tear upon it—and bought Tassoni, the Homer of the war, with the intention as soon as possible of understanding him.

176. Bologna *la Grassa.* If you ask me why it is so called, I must only answer, because *there* stands an university;—of course professors,—of course stalls,—of course benefices,—and so on. Ask for the colleges, and take care you do not confound them with the *Torre degli Asinelli.* Before every thing, inquire for the never-in-any-wise-sufficiently-to-be-lauded sausages. You are aware they are amongst the marvels of the place, and I may almost say, antiquities. I never could satisfy myself, however, (though I often put the question to Mezzofante,\* to whom I

\* Mezzofante, librarian and professor at Bologna;


spoke my best London English in order to put him down,) in what age of the Christian dispensation they were invented. There is no mention of them in the archives, or inscriptions, of the city. I should still have addicted myself to them, (nothing more truly the staff of life to a wanderer,) had I not heard too minutely of their elements. My affection for the victims of which they are composed is too strong to allow me to become an accomplice, as it were, in so nefarious a trade. At the same time, let me exculpate the Bolognese: they eat them, it is true; but not one in twenty, I vouch for it, know what they eat, or whether the delicacy is made or grown. The real guilt is with the Venetians: the carnage-house, *heu nefas!* is on the Brenta.\*

177. Now for Florence, and the Apen-

he reads thirty-six languages, and, though never out of Italy, speaks many of them like a native. His German, Russian, and English, are particularly perfect.

\* See Life; and *suprà*, vol. i. p. 85, vol. ii. p. 77.


nines ! . . . *Pietra Mala* deserves its name. It was, and may still be, a den of brigands. Of course, as you are likely to meet them, you may wish to know how they are to be received. Make a great variety of manœuvres, in the court-yard, before you set off ; fire off all your pistols in the court on starting, that people, being in bed at the time, may be sure to hear them, and, if they like, may report it to the robbers. They will of course think you are a Mastrelli yourself, and perhaps consider better of it, and not come. If, however, you are really curious in such matters, and like their costume and an adventure, send on your *corriere* beforehand with his blunderbuss, to request an interview, or to clear the way. This will render them civil, by the time you come up ; and if any of them should be shot, *tant gagné*—you will have rendered a service to humanity—“ *Homo sum, humani nil à me alienum puto*”—and may examine the monster without fear, and at your leisure. Should all these precautions, however, prove fruit-



less,—(such things happen with greater captains than yourself,)—I see no reason why you should descend to beat persons who are every way so much below you. Besides, you have a horror of shedding blood, either your own, or that of others ;—if so, give up magnanimously what trifles you may have about you, and make twenty people happy, instead of killing one.

178. But you have lost your watch, escaped Pietra Mala, and are at last in Florence. What shall you see first ? Not, like most people, what least deserves it. The Gallery is near you. You will there be introduced to the Venus, in company with a great number of young ladies, all of whom, as you may read on their modest faces, think they might make as good an appearance, if they were allowed to take her place on the pedestal, or in the same *negligé* ; or if the Venus were obliged to disguise her fair proportions in our abominable, all-concealing modern costume. For my own part, I have read quartos in her praise, but could never

be persuaded to think her other than a dowdy. I may not be a fair judge, indeed, and perhaps am biassed by the recollection of my Griselda; but, Lord! there are hundreds of my young countrywomen, (gentlewomen of my acquaintance,) whom I should be sorry, at any time, to compare to her. If the truth were out, (I have no patience with some people's eyes,) we should find, I warrant you, that, after all, the whole thing was a slattern portrait of the *fille de chambre* of the sculptor. The Apollino, or little Apollo, I do not quite remember, having spent the whole time of my single visit to the Tribune in gazing on the Venus of Titian. Ay! call *that* a Venus if you choose!—flesh and blood!—but young gentlemen should be kept away;—as to young misses, they are *proper* now-a-days, and go hoodwinked;—besides, their mammas can teach them to stand opposite St. John, or some other apostle, the whole time. It will edify and do good amongst the Florentines, if they are ever to be seen there. Moreover, it is much



easier than to blush,—particularly with a thick skin.

179. I should recommend the same discretion in seeing the Niobe, and her large charge:—no need of getting into a fit or a fever about them, all at once. Critics are salamanders, and can stand the fire. Nothing so foolish as enthusiasm;—except, indeed, it be folly itself. I could see no family likeness between these sisters and brothers, and cannot, for the life of me, imagine they are even Irish cousins. Now, the whole pith of the thing turns upon this; for, if not relations, Niobe's grief goes all for nought, and might as well have been expended for Hecuba. But as to grief, God knows, there is not much of it. I should like to see a widow (even at the opening of a will, and however marrying or marriageable,) show such a care-for-nobody face as that. I strained my eyes, and went to every part of the room, to look for a tear. No such thing,—they seem to have quite made up their minds upon the matter. But as

people will admire, and it may be deemed brutal to do otherwise,—I say this only in a whisper and in confidence. What you are to admire then—admire; for I deprecate eccentricity;—and that you will find out in your Guide-book, or by watching the eye of the tallest maiden ladies you may see in the room. If there be any thing tender, they are sure to find it out,—though, I must say, the eyes which I saw in my visit were so dry, you might have dried gunpowder upon them.

180. In going to and from the Gallery, you must of course stumble on Michael Angelo's David, as large as Goliath,—a perversion of the Scripture, and which takes away the miracle altogether. Near is Anteus, who ought to be a Goliath also, but is, I am grieved to say, the smaller of the two. As to Cellini's Perseus,\* I like the idea of

\* The *chef-d'œuvre* of Benvenuto Cellini, of eccentric memory, standing at the extremity of the Loggia of Orcagna, and perhaps the finest modern statue at Florence. The Rape of the Sabines is a *tour de*



having a statue of that Jack the Giant-Killer of antiquity. I have of late got so tired of gods and goddesses, that I am thankful to any one who will take upon him to cut me off one or two of their heads.—Not but he might have selected better. Medusa, with all her snakes, has a pleasing resemblance to my Griselda; and might well be spared, when there were Fates and Furies on hand. The brass of which this statue is made is a monstrous expenditure for a poor town where they build high walls, and have no artillery to defend them.

As to the *enlèvement* of the Sabine, it is a crim. con. business (if it doth not deserve a worse name) with which I intend to have no concern. But were I Mayor, I should certainly apply a portion of the corporation funds to the providing a decent dress, as has been done at Rome, for the Lady. If this were impossible, she and her paramour

*force*,—more creditable to the ingenuity and skill of Gian' di Bologna, than to his decency and good taste.

should be locked up, and looked at, and talked of, in *têtes-à-têtes* only. N. B. It is right the traveller should be informed that this *enlèvement* did not take place in our times, and therefore there is not so much scandal in it. Any thing which occurred three thousand years ago may be well produced, and has no harm in it. Do we not all read the Bible?

181. You have, no doubt, a very satisfactory idea of the Arno. I congratulate you—the best way to keep the idea and the satisfaction, is, not to see it. Poets indeed are liars *ex professo*, and as little ashamed of the practice as a Neapolitan. If you think it a pleasant thing to confound them with a counter-affidavit, why do it and lose your time. The world is made to be humbugged, —and it is a foolish thing to open a man's eyes against his will. The Arno is as muddy and as shallow as a city justice; but if you go about proving either, you will soon feel the consequences of seeing better than your neighbours.

182. I think the first thing you will be asked, on entering St. Peter's, is whether you have seen the Santa Croce? It is at the other end of the town; and though you have a great deal to do, in lying on your sofa, or trotting out to the Cascine, yet still, as it is asort of mongrel Westminster Abbey, though not so respectably inhabited (Boccacio lies there \*), I think you are in duty bound for once to go in and come out. You will not fail to observe, that it is mere barn and brick-work; but how could it be otherwise? These things require money (ask the Dean

\* One of the assertions of Eustace. I see a passage in my Uncle's journal nearly to the same effect.—“Here is also that outcast, Boccacio, and his pestilent ashes; would that his book had been buried with him! How he sleepeth in such holy ground I wot not, unless, this being a Popish church, it is the *refugium peccatorum*, and, like their Purgatory, cleanseth whom it ought to consume.”—*April 14. Pace tanti viri*; and despite of Eustace, the ashes of the Certaldese are *not* in Santa Croce, but where, though less visited, they are quite as comfortable,—in his own village of Certaldo.

of Westminster) to keep them up; and where is the money to be had, when every one is allowed to come in and say his prayers, as if it were for that it was built, and look at this statue and that statue—and all,—*proh pudor!*—*gratis*? Now, I would tax every monument a shilling, which would give three-pence to the public (there must be something laid out in the collection); and before fifty years were out, I'll vouch for it, if I know deans, chapters, and vergers, we should have a handsome stucco front, to cover the nakedness of its present brick physiognomy.

In the church itself I see nothing but popery and trumpery,—of which Michael Angelo and his neighbours, I have no doubt, are much ashamed. N. B. I am told that this was the favourite haunt of Corinna, when in Florence. I am not surprised. Santa Croce is by no means the most respectable rendezvous in the world.\*

183. Speaking of churches, I see no reason,

\* See Machiavelli—Mandragora.

as you are now on your legs, why you might not knock them all off in the same day ; but regulate your watch, and take due care not to have to thunder and broil for an hour before the door, in a July sun, while your servant is looking every where but where he ought for the keys. If you like to see in what state Royalty has thought proper to rot, go and see that splendour of all posthumous splendours, the Medicean chapel. Now *that* indeed does honour to a nation, and betrays a noble negligence of self, for the happiness of those whom God hath placed over them.\* No children are more dutiful than the Florentines,—none more truly filial and affectionate.

\* The sepulchral chapel of the Medici, attached to the Basilica of San Lorenzo, contains the Sarcophagi or Cenotaphs of the Grand-Ducal line. It is one of the most egregious displays of petty vanity, but at the same time of mechanical skill and rich material, existing in Italy. The present Grand-Duke intends, it is said, completing the monument. He is the father of his people, like his two immediate predecessors ;—but is this paternal ?

There is enough here to pay a national debt, if they yet shall have the *eclat* and security, the "*decus et tutamen*," of such a bond. I believe Cosmo's tomb is and ought to be with his relations. When I heard him called *Padre della Patria* instead of Highness, &c. I must say I felt no disposition to make him out,—the thing smells revolutionary, and might do well enough for a Washington. Do not confound Lorenzo the Magnificent, or Magnifico, with any other of the Magnificos near him. He was called so, for some reason I forget,—but Travellers cannot remember every thing. His tomb says as little as possible for him. I did not, you may well imagine, (nor do you,) step in to see Michael Angelo's works. I should have lost, and to no avail, five and thirty minutes. The trash is unfinished,—and it is of little consequence that it is so. The only thing he has left worth looking at, is the illuminated cross of St. Peter's, but that you can only see once a year.

184. Go and see the Gates of the Baptistery ;



but be very particular, and ask your guide which is which,—that is, where Ghiberti worked, and where Andrea Pisano. Without that, you may make the mistake of the little boy in the puppet-show—who took Bonaparte for Lord Wellington—and waste away not only an hour, but all the enthusiasm you have been secreting the last week, without any thing in the end but the satisfaction of having taken a great deal of time and pains to make a blunder. I, who saw the *true* door, think it a very pretty epitome, without note or comment, of the Bible; and wonder the Inquisition has not ordered it long since to be burned by the hands of the common hangman.

185. Fiesole and Vallombrosa, if you have a pleasant party of young and joyous damsels, and the month be April, and Madame be reading a novel, and the young Misses Extracts or the Beauties of Milton,—Fiesole and Vallombrosa, I will take upon myself to say, may be visited. You will, besides finding out there are leaves there, discover

monks in almost as great a plenty, and have to elegize over the rapacity of the French, who eat up every thing, and have not left a tree behind.\* It is true, I could not find a day or gig to go there; but I have read Eustace, who now and then is true.

186. The Cascine are next to be seen. Admire the Florentine ladies for their accent, cant, voice, language, and nothing else. They are very hospitable and generous of their hearts,—not of their house or table. You must consent to be loved, not *fêted*. Cold water, however, is in summer excellent, and at times better than ceremony. Ceremony I hate, as I do new shoes. It is only bearable, and then not always, with a good supper.

187. But you have not yet seen the Court, nor the Ambassador, nor the Am-

\* Another miso-gallic mistake of Eustace. See the Illustrations of IVth Canto of Childe-Harold; and if you can, visit and judge. Even the monks are more candid, or see better, than the liberal and inquisitive traveller.



bassador's Court, nor the Courtiers of the Court ;—all *which* I mention, lest you should leave Florence, as it has happened, without once thinking of them. As a man of good ear, supple back, and sound principles, a lover of private operas and their consequences,—an appraiser of old kings, venerable governments, well-kept wine, and new music, (all which I presume you are,) if you have an establishment and a family, you will of course be received at the Ambassador's. You have nothing to do but to cry “Bravo!” as loud as you can, and every thing else as low. You will be thought to have taste in Senates and Governments, and be found a better subject than Lord Amherst, for kou-tooing and kissing of hands, wherever hands or feet are to be kissed.

188. As to the Prince, he is only a Duke, and may be as good-natured and dress as slovenly as he likes. You will find yourself soon at home, and may perhaps mistake him for your servant. It is a delightful kind of thing to receive your ices, paradoxically thus,

from a natural-born sovereign.\* It must give him and his Court a high idea of your independence, and prove that you belong to a nation, who, if they are not, ought to be the lords of the human kind. It is impossible they could have such manners, unless they were born to them. On the Continent, at least, they are not to be acquired.

189. Now, you might easily leave Florence, provided the Florentines would let you. This is sometimes a difficulty. I would willingly deliver you; but a cure is seldom so good as a preventive. You do not intend to live sempiternally at Florence, I suppose, but to turn it over and throw it aside like the last new novel. This is the wisdom of the thing; and for that purpose, do not allow any one, on their peril, to fall in love

\* Pleasantly verified by an English gentleman, who judged royalty by the shape of its boots. The Austrian *bonhomme* never appeared to greater advantage. The *valet*, for such he seemed to be, handed ices;—the Englishman awakened, blushed, and the Grand-Duke smiled.



with you. There are ruts everywhere in these streets, and it requires stepping cautiously for a well-dressed man to avoid them. There is no danger, in such a country as this, of being starved into a capitulation ; and I hope John Bull has heart and hide sufficiently tough, not to be taken by assault or invasion. I say this, remembering my Griselda.

190. As all young and some old ladies are fond of the places for the waters, and so of the watering-places altogether, if Lucca be once mentioned, you have no alternative but running from it, or to it, as fast as you can. Lucca indeed will do one good :—it will convince your lady that Italy is not so barbarified, after all ; and though there be no dear enchanting pump-rooms, or charming chit-chat libraries, or close comfortable tea-parties, there is no lack, for all that, of baths, cards, and substantial scandal, to live and grow fat on, for six weeks in the year. In England, no one goes to a watering-place to get well, though they sometimes leave it for that purpose. In

Lucca you *must* get well, whether you like it or not;—I cannot promise late hours, nor small rooms, nor high play :—but *en revanche* ask any of your countrywomen whether they do not equal in the “gay science” any other academy, without excepting Spa or Cheltenham, in Europe? It has, besides, trees, under which young hearts may sigh, and purling streams, by which they may walk without danger of being swept away. Drives there are also, for sedate grown-up ladies; and since Madame Baijocchi built her road,\* they may take the air every day without danger of losing horse, wheel, or reputation, for their pleasure.

191. I believe you ought to see Pisa;—that is, if you are fond of skeletons. Indeed, as to that, I might include Lucca. “*Libertas*” you will still see over the gate, stuck up there by some Carbonaro of the time; you

\* One of the noblest in Italy, in the style of the Simplon. Murat paid a similar attention to the horses and vehicles of his subjects, in the creation of the *Strada Nuova* at Naples.




see how cities thrive on thatameleon's food. As to Pisa, people go to die of consumption there, and, you will take care to observe, they generally succeed. If you are disposed to look into empty palaces, or to lounge over grass-grown streets, (they are softer and pleasanter than Macadamising,) here you will find them. Insist on discovering why the celebrated Tower continues leaning on the same side:\* publish an address to the antiquaries, and prove that it grew so, from the workmen being either blind or drunk.

The Cathedral you must declare to be *Tudesque*; and if people know what that word means, then call it *Byzantine*, which will show you have read Gibbon to find out the name, and been at Constantinople to

\* The Leaning Tower stands near the Cathedral: see Forsyth, who satisfactorily solves, though rather in a different manner from my Uncle, this ridiculous difficulty, vol. i. p. 13. It has excited, and to as little purpose, as much guess-work and purblind learned dissertation, as the inexplicable holes in the Colosseum.

judge of it. The Campo Santo I did not enter, it being a vestibule to Purgatory, and a sort of assurance-office for the saving of souls. I am told there are pictures there, which if you cannot see, you may see their place; much the same sort of thing, I hold,—unless you are paid to copy them. The architecture is to be damned as a poor Gothic; which will humble the Italians, and show that you come from the country of Westminster Abbey. Cry out for the university,—and if you can, find it. After all, it is like a needle in a bundle of straw. As to the Pisans, I only know of one man who reflects any credit on them, and that man is the Cavalier Seta: he drives his own carriage, and that of the public, and knows how to make you pay like a gentleman. It is now too late to make his acquaintance, but boast of it as if made. As to the Knights of St. Stephano, they are as little visited, and deserve it as little as their chapel.

192. Leghorn—is Bristol on a visit to Italy. How delighted you ought to be to



see something, once again, like good old English smoke! Then the Brumagem ware, and the English delf, and broad-cloth, and canteens, and leather gaiters, and Mantons, and Dartford powder, and Bath vellum, and Nottingham stockings, and above all the right mustard, and the Cayenne, and the Harvey and other sauces, and the pure London accent and porter; why, your heart must rise within you, as mine did, on crossing its double ditch full of musquitoes, and sleeping comfortably in the first commercial-looking town,—English, warm, trading, busy, and not caring a d—n for you, or those who come after you,—since you left England. I don't doubt, if a spark of family or national feeling burns in you, you will be as glad to arrive, as if you were about to leap into the arms of your cousin-german.

Lose no time in seeing the English burying-ground; you may sleep there yet, for aught you know; and in travelling, I always like to see my lodgings before I lie down. You will, besides, meet with some of your old

acquaintances, over whom I invite the young ladies, if not already *épuisées*, to drop a consoling and sympathetic tear. It will do them a great deal of good, and they may look for the like in their turn. The burial-ground, I rejoice to say, is very smart, and one of the gayest and best-furnished hotels of the kind. This I like—it shows travelling prospers : if many die, how many more must live the exact proportion I hand over for her dissection, (when next she travels and writes,) to Mrs. Starke.

Next to a churchyard, I know no better sign of population thriving, than a good swarm of Jews. Here they are, as if they had dropped from London. Where there are foxes, there must be poultry ; and where there are Jews to fatten, there must be Christians to feed them.

193. It is quite time for you to be on the move to Rome ; for though an Englishman has a right to think the climate as much afraid of him as the inhabitants, yet am I for



peaceful measures, and like not to insult any man or thing, much less the malaria—except on the most urgent necessity. So, unless you are altogether fascinated, and find the national instinct too strong to allow you to quit this delighting and delightful residence, I counsel you in this my 193d *Dictum*—and I pray you to take it in good part,—after having refreshed your medicine-chest, and sauce-chest, and canteen, and powder-flasks, &c. (for God knows when you may chance again on so civilized a spot!) to start at once, and in full gallop, for Sienna. Here you will see a church which is so good, or so bad, that you will not know what to say to it. In such a case, the surest way is to condemn. It is drest in a sort of livery, black and white, like my Aunt's footman when in his Sunday waistcoat. I warrant you, Mr. Nash never thought of putting his New street (the finest ever known in Europe) in the King's red and gold. It is a mere zebra turned to stone, and as dangerous

(as far as the ladies are concerned) as Jacob's peeled rods.\* On going in, they will show you some pictures—on the floor: now, this shows great lack of common sense, unless they care as little about them as a country tombstone.† *Apropos*, as you are so near, give a modest peep at the Graces—they are so well matched, and in so sacred a place, that I at first took them for Faith, Hope, and Charity. They are in the Sacristy, and, at all events, ought to have (where it costs so little) an honest name. I do not think they can do much harm by being naked,—they are as ugly as foundlings,—but then I do not pretend to answer for the imagination of a *priest*. The Missal, however, should not be put near them, like God and Dagon in the same temple, though, I am sorry to say, they dwell together in profound peace. The Wolf

\* See *Forsyth*, vol. i. p. 121. Black and white are the colours of the city; but it may claim a higher origin—from the Saracenic.

† The celebrated Sgraffiate. They are now covered with boards, to preserve them from farther in-




near, I imagine, was suckled at Rome.\* If you have kept your mineralogical hammer, now is the time to put it forth. Swear the hills are Neptunian, and ride over every Vulcanian you meet. As to the ladies, they are all, with their little mincing steps and accent, if not Griseldas, so very like her, that I doat upon them in my heart, and love them all as my own sisters, and more.

194. Travelling, look out of your carriage-window, and note the houses, and the men, women, and children who inhabit them. The houses are very clumsy and uncomfortable—being too large, built of stone, two stories high, and tiled as if they were intended to last for centuries (and they sometimes do); whereas every one now admits that houses should fall down, (if on the inhabitants, it cannot be helped,) after twenty or thirty years. In winter, they must be very cold, for there are three or four large rooms. Observe also

jury. Forsyth thinks they have been improved by the attrition, *ubi supra*.

\* See *Forsyth*, vol. ii. p. 177.

the coats and waistcoats, and shoes and stockings, of these people. They wear nearly the same dress every day !—and presume to think themselves as rich and happy as the townsmen ! Their farms are well divided, it is true ; but then they have too much to think of : four different cultivations cannot thrive, and, instead of helping, must pull down each other in the end. Then as to their language—they are too finely spoken :—give me each man with his dialect,—how are you to know an Irishman from an Englishman, otherwise ? But what most surprises me is their gaiety,—as if they did not live under a despotic government, or were not unable to send a single representative to represent them and support the Ministry ; and were altogether without tithes, poor-rates, church-rates, and other rates,—without which, I take it, it is very difficult for a nation to be happy. In a word—are they Protestants ?—and has not Lord Eldon already proved to us, that Papists must be miserable, and whenever they cannot help it, slaves ?



195. On entering the Pope's territories, you will see that I and Lord Eldon are right.—Nothing, take my word for it, can ever put this Campagna in a decently wholesome state, except a Foreign-Branch-Bible-auxiliary-Beer-and-Tract-selling Society,—and a small company of Mrs. Fry's,—not by way of colonizing, but converting it to the proper faith. In the primitive ages of Christianity, before Popes and popery were known, I warrant you it was fertile and healthy enough. I'll vouch for it, there was no malaria or fever then. All this comes from believing in transubstantiation, of which the bogs and fens in Ireland are notorious and existing proofs.

196. But how can you pass by Thrasy-mene? You must defer it till your return. But perhaps you are no predestinarian, and would rather do it now. Very well:—hire your virtuoso, and let him lie to you as he likes. This they do at Waterloo—but always with a shewer-off, on the victorious side, which greatly improves the matter. It is

impossible to have a Carthaginian ; — you would otherwise see what a difference there is between glory and glory.

197. You must, for three or four days previously, muster all your fine feelings, and order them to be ready at a moment's warning for a grand *feu-de-joie* the instant you come in sight of Rome; but you have still to pass Montefiascone, without getting, in imitation of its bishop, very solemnly intoxicated. I hope you will see his tomb, and copy the inscription. It is a great consolation to the afflicted.\*

\* The German Bishop, who was so attracted by the wine of Montefiascone, as to return, when half way on his journey to Rome, is said to be interred in a small church, without the modern town. In visiting the sepulchre, I saw, on a plain slab, the effigy of a prelate in full costume, and a cup chiseled on each side. The inhabitants suppose, that the name of their best wine—*Est*—is derived from an exclamation of his Lordship—*Est—Est—Est*—when resuming his potations in their city. The legend adds, he died a martyr to his propensity, and his death is still celebrated with gratitude for the preference which he

198. *Roma! Roma! Ecco Roma!* is the signal which your postilion is accustomed to give,—and curse the fogs, which you may be quite certain for another half-hour will shut you out. You must believe it, as you generally do whatever you cannot see or understand. At Baccano, methinks, you will meet some signs of desertion, as if a rebellion, *i. e.* a revolution *manquéé*, had taken place. Go on boldly through the Campagna, and thank God you were created a Protestant. Anti-christ himself seems to have been marching about without much discretion, and the marks of his burning hoofs are still to be seen upon the soil. Defy him and all his works; despise St. Peter's; abjure the Vatican; and enter Rome, as Shadrach and his companions stepped into the fiery furnace.

199. The first thing you have to do, is to see the Tyber;—first find it out, and then all the passages that speak about it and its complexion. How extraordinary it should gave their ancestors, by the modern vigneroi of the district.

have remained yellow\* since the time of Horace, and that a poet for once should have told truth! In passing San Angelo, ask for the Tomb of Hadrian and his ashes. The guard will go with you,—and pay him, if he can find you either. The Bridge is worth looking at, if it were only for the celestial host who mount guard there for the Pope. It is from San Angelo that the only cannons in Rome go off. When you see them, measure them, and compare them with those at Dover; they afforded me marvellous consolation. I am now convinced, our Protestant Constitution has nothing to fear from his Holiness. I think we could beat him off, with all his bulls, if he were once to land; and if not, I see no reason for fearing him at all. I say this, not meaning thereby to liberate the Papists:—they know not what liberty is,—and that they may never know, we do right in depriving them of all means of studying it, and keeping them where they are—in the dark.

\* *Vidimus flavum Tiberim.*—Horace Odar. l. i. 2.



200. The Forum is a thing to be seen, and so likewise is the Capitol,—at least all modern travellers say so, and modern travellers never lie like the ancient. If you were a resident, you need never go near them. It is worth while finding out where the geese cackled, and did more for Rome than all her gods—though I am sorry to say, judging by their portraits, they were little better than ducks—nor wild ducks neither, but home-bred, squat, and stupid, and as little likely to make a bustle when Church and State were really in danger (though loud enough at other times) as a modern dignitary. The Tarpeian rock has not run away, and you may almost walk down it without any sensible inconvenience;\* and as the Gulf of Curtius has closed up, (a proof that

\* The Tarpeian is nearly lost in rubbish and brambles, which occupy the interval between the Palazzo de Conservatori and the Spadale della Consolazione. Sufficient height is however still apparent, if not to break the necks, to justify the faith and terrors of the Antiquarians.

he leapt into it,) I do not think it worth your while looking for it where it really is not. The precise spot where Virginius killed his daughter—(Query, would the King's Bench allow this?) and where Cicero roused the populace like Mr. Hunt, may be sought after, and no doubt found, when you can get two antiquaries perfectly to agree. Their trade, like that of lawyers and theologians, is, to—differ. If all the world were of "the same opinion," there would be no chancellors or archbishops; armies might be dispensed with, and all those who set them on.

Having thus seen the ancient city, in order to know its worth, see the modern.—But I am precipitate—the Colosseum still remains, which, as it has already consumed the life of more than one writer, may be allowed to eat up a day and night of your's.

201. The Colosseum is as fine a quarry above-ground as impoverished Pope or insolent Prince could make it. It is right you should see the spot—to me it is all mystery. Here wicked wild beasts ate up the prede-



cessors of those who, in their turn, would do as much for the rest of mankind ! Go—and be scandalized. It is true, Christian martyrs perished in these precincts for the Cross and the faith of the Cross :—but you are a true Protestant, and will see the impropriety of setting up its image in the same place. The trick is popish, and what necessity is there to excite the piety or recollections of the people ? Earthquakes and Vandals have paid as little respect to the work of the heathens, as Popes themselves,\* and methinks they knew what they were about : it shows a just Providence, and the Talion law even upon earth. If you wish to find out the plan, walk over it yourself, but take care you

\* See perhaps the best account extant of the Colosseum in Hobhouse's *Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold*. The inscriptions at the entrance are very angry against the earthquakes ; but I am sorry to find nothing except a whispered pasquinade against the Popes. Pope Pius VII. has lately atoned for the dilapidations of his predecessors by building a buttress, which contains materials and required labour sufficient to build a Palace.

are not biassed by any previous reading ; if you know any thing afterward upon the matter, depend upon it, you will not forget it for the remainder of your life. People come to pray and preach here,—why attend to their mummeries ? Walk through them ; what have stones to do with religion ? Have they not a church for every score or two of people ?—and, above all, why cant in the open air ? A minister of the Word, who sees souls starving and perishing about him, may do it ; but in a Capuchin, who cares little and knows nothing of either, it is outrageous. As to the *beauty* of the place, when you, who know what a nice English ruin is, can bear unroofed houses and crumbling stair-cases without moss chair or sofa to sit on, then, but not till then, will you admire this monster of a Colosseum.


N. B. I except the colour, and (inside) the material. Only think ! it is quite red, and really of brick ! I often thought myself in London !

202. But there are sacrifices to be made.



Should you have many daughters—I mean, unmarried,—and few acres,—this is the place and tide for them. Travelling, take my word for it, is not all for travelling sake. It will be a cruel thing to come home as you went,—with all your house, snailwise, upon your back. This may be avoided by the Colosseum, and a little thought. A span-new bashful young lord, who wears his honours blushing and trembling about him, has just arrived: he is the *bien aimé* of dowagers, the desire of their daughters, the *bien venu* everywhere,—but yet so untainted with worldly wisdom, that he thinks all young men were made to be married; that mothers are as honest as lambs—and, for aught he knows, as pure; and that young misses are all made up of love and roses, without thorns, as in the time when Venus rose up naked from the ocean, and had not yet begun to study equipage and furbelows. Such a man was made only for those whom the gods love, and affords the best proof that they have not yet abandoned our humanity.

But *pas-a-pas*—set him first—his shyness should not be ruffled—he should be delicately flattered into the snare. He loves poetry—well;—seduce him with the pet passages in the *Italy*, or the *Manfred* of Lord Byron; and when he looks interesting, and is in the noon of the fit, look out upon the night, and hint something of a moon. The *Colosseum* of course occurs, and it is only ringing the bell, and ordering round your carriage, to be there. Let the lady, by accident, be seated near the gentleman; and when arrived, get up sundry exclamations at the magnificence of the scene, for which, however, you care as little as a professed artist; by which means you will be decreed mad, and avoided as an alarming bore. When entering or climbing up some dark passages, drop your handkerchief, and stop to pick it up. In the mean time, you lose your daughter, of which she does not complain, nor the company make more inquiries than if you had left her in England or the grave. But so much the better,—this is the witch-



ing hour of night, and a few moments at such an hour are worth three-score morning visits, and two dozen and a half of dinners, besides serious readings, serious pic-nics, serious boatings, and serious subsidiaries, of various hues, morning and evening, to carry off the same. If Lord Cowslip, or Lord Hawthorn, or any other Lord, escape this, depend upon it, it is not written by the Destinies that your daughter should be married. It would be well if the innamorato were to walk over the galleries by daylight; he would thus avoid the holes and not fall through them, as has more than once happened in the *beau milieu* of a declaration.\*

*Apropos* of the Colosseum.—The Colosseum is covered with holes. You cannot leave Rome, without making up your opinion thereon: no one has hitherto found out,

\* This accident, as far as the fall is in question, occurred to a young gentleman during the time I was last in Rome. It had no other injurious effect, than to disgust him with the Colosseum, at least by *moon-light*.

why, wherefore, or by whom they were made ; so that, I am happy to tell you, you are yet in time for a discovery. It is like an article of faith ; that man must be stupid indeed, who cannot piece up a new religion out of an old one. It is only turning an old coat inside-out ; or shoeing anew your hack hunter ; or calling the Tories Whigs, and the Whigs Tories. A name is every thing, and every thing a name.

203. The Baths of Titus, where there are no baths—of Caracalla, which are like those of Titus, are to be groped out, and, candidly speaking, are not worth the groping. Unless you have an all-saving and all-seeing faith, and believe whatever your guide tells you, you may go out as you came in. I can't imagine why they preferred darkness to light, when the question was cleansing ; you might as well wash with moles, or in your great-grandmother's vault.\*

204. If you like obelisks and pyramids,

\* See the late work of De Romanis. It gives every thing interesting, and nothing more.



from having seen them on a supper-table, it will amuse you to compare copy and original. You will see half-a-dozen of all sizes, and covered with inscriptions which, as no one understands, must be full of wisdom. It would be well worth the time and fortune of the Duke of Devonshire to transport a leash of them for the ornament of his house. As to the pyramid, which after all is but a pocket pyramid compared with those of Cheops and Co. I really do not see why it might not be taken, like the Sibyl's Temple, packed up, and embarked, with its passport, for London.\*

205. And now for the Moderns.—And first, I believe it is your duty to see St. Peter's. If you have seen St. Paul's, and are not a Papist and disaffected, you will be dis-

\* The notable plan of Lord Bristol, amongst the few follies in which he was fortunately interrupted. Denon proposed a similar *enlèvement* of the small Temple at Philœ, which is distinguished for its beauty and inscriptions. Napoleon, good sense, and just taste, interfered.

appointed. Thank God, it brought about indulgences and the Reformation, which would never have taken place had the old Church stood. It is a mere palace, or second-rate Vatican,—too little and bedizened for a church. People say it looks thus because the proportions are so perfect ; now I remember the same remark being made of my Griselda. The Colonnades would make an excellent bazaar, and the Fountains are almost as well supplied as if a joint-stock-company were the managers.

In visiting St. Peter's, choose your day ; Sundays are the best. A day of rest is a day of idleness. You will find the church a good lounge ; almost as good as a ball-room, club-house, the lobby of the Commons, or the saloons of the two theatres. People cry scandal ; and so would I elsewhere ; but, after all, what is it but a Popish chapel ? and a little innocent talk and laughter is, God knows, quite as innocent as the abomination of abominations daily celebrated there. As to the service, you of course go there (you are en-



lightened) to laugh at it. You do, or you do not, understand it: if you do, it is a copy of ours, but so disfigured! if not, (the more probable) what a shocking thing is a Liturgy which well-dressed gentlemen like you can know nothing at all about.\* The music is awfully scandalous, and makes me ashamed of the degenerate age in which I live. I now understand why the Campagna is so depopulated. Should you be obliged to bring your daughter thither, tell her all the Italians sing so, and leave her to her philosophy and ruminations.

N. B. Why the Pope should have such delicate ears and conscience at one time, and so little of either at another, I really cannot comprehend. He anathematizes the Opera, and the Theatre, and yet brings both into St. Peter's, with all their indecorums and enormities, for his own private amusement!

206. Now that I am in St. Peter's, it is

\* Anticipated with great accuracy by most of the lady-visitors, whom I had the happiness to meet with at Rome.

only right I should say something of the Holy Week and its gaieties. The Capella Paolina is as fine an illumination as can be seen on the Serpentine. The Capella Sistina, hard by, sports such music as dowagers dream and die of in London. But *non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum*. There are dragons in the shape of knaves of clubs, or Swiss guards, before the garden and the sanctuary, whom you must cut your way through, or put to sleep, before you can pluck a single apple. This, for quiet gentlemen, is grievous, and very inhospitable of his Holiness. I wished for the caduceus of Mercury thrice, and attempted to excite their discrimination by a pathetic appeal, and drown their vigilance by an *offa* in the shape of a Roman crown. They are blockheads, and cannot comprehend the axiom—*virtus post nummos*. I see no other means but carving them outright, mounting at once into anger, and pulling the officer's nose;\* to be followed by keen curses against

\* Facts—facts.



the Pope, (how valórous in the very heart of the Vatican !) sending for your passport, and telling the Romans you no more value them than a Spanish Armada, or bloody Queen Mary.

But, whatever you do, see the Holy Week ; it is Rome, and the essence of Rome, especially for parsons and ladies. The Chapel Sistina is a ridiculously small chapel, and so far from being large enough to contain the whole Roman people, it can scarcely contain their masters. But what of that ? in any case the English must and ought to be admitted. They come at a great expense, from a very distant land, and purposely to see this ; now the Romans can see it every day, and if there should be a war—as is likely from the speeches in the House of Lords—between England and the Pope, they will have the wax-candles, and the incense, and the *Miserere*, to themselves.

In order to get a good place, a little arrangement is necessary. Write to the Cardinal Secretary—setting forth as how you are

wife to a British Admiral, or first cousin to a "*feu* Lord Mayor,"\* or that your son has (or intends to have, when he can raise the money) a place in his Majesty's Parliament. As the Secretary, of course, is a thinking and wily man, (it is enough he is Secretary to the Pope,) this will set him calculating and balancing between the good and the evil which you may yet have in your power. How does he know whether the projected war, or a subsidy, may not turn upon your very vote? Depend on it, you will have the place, should your letter ever reach the Secretary,—to assure which, you have nothing to do but to give the Cerberus of the ante-chamber a piastre.

N. B. Perhaps it is simpler to try it with the Swiss; but they are so stupid!—besides, there is some pleasure in bribing a Cardinal.

207. When arrived in the Chapel, if it be


\* Transcribed from the card of a respectable civic functionary. The original is in the possession of Cardinal Fesch, whom it considerably alarmed, he imagining he had had a visit from a ghost.

a lady whom I have the honour of addressing, in order to pass away an hour, which never hangs heavier than in church,—after having first recognized or reconnoitred with your opera-glass, all the Cardinals, so that you can claim acquaintance with them, or at least their faces ever after,—sit yourself down for serious eating: you have dined out of season, or have had no luncheon; and of course are entitled, for once in your life, to feel hungry. If the lady next you has not brought her reticule full of sandwiches, you will have an opportunity of being delicate and obliging. This you can do without being seen by any one but the Cardinals, who are now accustomed to such matters: and as to its being a Church, it is not more so than a Mosque;—both belong to Idolaters; and a good Protestant, as far as I can see, may eat in either, with as little scruple at at his own dinner-table.\* If you be a gentleman, on the contrary, and obliged to stand and fast, you

\* Vide *suprà*, note, p. 133.

cannot better take off your thoughts from these discomforts, than by ogling the ladies, and whispering their charming *historiettes*, with a significant leer, to your next neighbour. If one, or both, should occasionally burst out into a loud laugh, thank God the music will drown the scandal, and you may glory in possessing so much real wit. Besides, you are an Englishman, and an officer—*quoad*, at least, your coat; and I should like to know where and when an English officer, if the humour so bite him, has not a right to sneeze and laugh?

208. *A-propos* of English officers.—Decidedly the best mode of bullying your way through,—(and there are but two classes in the world, the bullied and the bullies,) is wearing an English uniform. It may so happen that you have not substantially a commission, but who is to know that? It is an unpolite thing to ask where one has served;—and if pushed, you can always answer, “For his Majesty—and where have *you*?” If questioned about your regiment by a




foreigner, say the Orkney Cavalry,—or the Isle of Man Artillery,—or the Scilly Fencibles,—or any other name (the Cockney Rangers not excepted,) which you may first hit upon. The higher you rank, and the more epaulettes, the less suspicious. No one will imagine you could have the audacity of sporting these colours, unless entitled to them. With a hussar uniform, you may ride over the necks of princes, and sit down with powers and dominations, not to say thrones,—which now are quite common-place (legitimate and illegitimate) at Rome.

209. The *Miserere*, they say, can only be heard at Rome;—and thank God it is so! Listen, therefore, to it for once, for conscience sake,—the conscience of a traveller. It is a profanation—I know it; but that is *their* affair, not *yours*. Cardinals who suffer such music, and, above all, such musicians, cannot possibly object to your laughter or sandwiches.

210. But I had nearly forgotten the pilgrims and the washing of their feet. As it is

possibly the only time in your life you may have an opportunity of seeing a pilgrim's foot, (the vermin are prohibited in England,) and how a Pope washeth, I think it quite commendable you should inquire into it with your own eyes, and communicate minutes of the whole transaction, when you arrive in England, to Lord Colchester.

Be there at sun-rise; and though you may have to bear the whips and scorns of office, the proud man's contumely, and the halberds, and, what I consider worse, the jargon of the guards,—before three o'clock you are likely to succeed, and to see the pilgrims seated on high benches, like the fiddlers of the song, and with feet they have themselves been washing the whole of the morning. The Pope will touch them, for the mere sake of gratifying the English, and proving that he has a great deal of St. Peter's humility still left in him. I hope it is not to be considered as typical of his spiritual cleansing; if so, the pilgrim does more for himself than the Pope. Go home and tell the story to the



Bishops. It will figure marvellously in a visitation charge, and convert a million. John Bull must be informed of the imposition and usurpation. It is only the legitimates of England who have a right to touch for the evil.

211. Easter-day is the Lord Mayor's day at Rome—the time when the Pope, as one may say, holds his drawing-room and levée. Though you are too proud to understand a single item of the ceremony, by no means omit attending it. It gives one double right to abuse it. The Pope wears nothing but white; (what hypocrisy!) so that, in reality, the Cardinals are the scarlet ladies, and not the Pope, after all! This disappoints. I expected to have found him, after reading Fox's Martyrs, fire and brimstone all over. I never met any one so little able to act for himself. He must have three Archbishops to blow his nose. As to the praying, no one prays at St. Peter's but the beggars;—sermon there is none; so that the spiritual famine, which exceedeth the temporal, is easily

accounted for. Every man's soul must be a Campagna; nothing to be got from it but brambles and tares. What would my curate say to this? Why, that the Pope should be converted (like the Irish,) in his own despite; and that fine crops, spiritual and temporal, would follow of course.

But this I leave in his hands and Mrs. Fry's; it cannot be in better; and return to my "*moutons*." After all, your first duty is to travel, and mine to teach you. The Blessing, or Benediction, is the only ceremony which really concerns you. It is bestowed on the whole world, "*urbi et orbi!*" and therefore you come in for your share. But take care lest you be made a Papist without your knowing it;—I confess, I dislike necromancers, and should be sorry to let a Pope bless *me*. To avoid this mystification, which might turn out as ill as Circe's, I see no remedy but standing bolt upright like the Prince of Prussia, and looking him stiffly in the face. This will show you despise the devil and all his works; and, depend on it,

the devil, seeing this, will run away from *you*. Though all the world should kneel, your legs must be as iron. “*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*” The Pope, like the Sultan, hates to be sneered at:—this will drive the Beelzebub out of him, and teach him that Protestants have legs and wills of their own.

212. But there are other sights to be seen besides benedictions; for you are in a nation of Hindoos. There is this difference, however, between Rome and Hindostan; that the natives of the former bear to be laughed at, at will. In other countries, your opinions, if too loudly pronounced, may be peremptorily suspended by a blow:—no danger of that here; since Cardinal Gonsalvi was in London, and conversed with the Defender of the Faith, every consideration is made for Protestants and their ignorance, which is now considered invincible. They may eat meat on Good Friday, preach against Anti-Christ, (which was formerly considered libellous,) and ride over old women in their way after a procession, if such should be the


wish of the people of the freest nation upon earth. Indeed, I have often thought Cardinal Gonsalvi a Protestant in disguise; he is so very enlightened! though others attribute all this to the King of England's picture, which I am shocked to see in the Vatican. I know the Romans are very civil, which is a proof they are afraid; but though the lion-like port of his Majesty may, no doubt, do wonders, yet I think something should be allowed for those timely threats of war which always break out in Parliament, whenever his Holiness or his bulls are supposed to show their horns in the neighbouring island.

Frequent, therefore, all masses, funerals, and other absurdities, without scruple or disguise; no one will take you for a natural-bred Papist, who always looks pleasant and stoops; and ere long, with the shield of your Bible without note or comment, and two or three rounds of Tract cartridges, I have no doubt, you will be proof against all seductions; and may go up and touch the

beast, and the number 666 upon his forehead.

213. This, then, is precisely what I would wish to lead you to. Incontestably, the greatest of all Popish or Roman sights is the Pope of Rome himself. Hitherto, you are only acquainted with him as you are with ghosts,—you have met with people who have met with him; or you have heard that he has appeared to Lord Eldon in a dream, like a night-mare, or an unexpected resignation. Now is the time to use your own eyes—and to grasp and gripe the ghost with your own hand. I know you have, unless a Scotchman, a delicate conscience, and must make scruples in proper time and place. I therefore tell you beforehand, in order that you may do every thing with decorum, that the Pope expects you will show off a sort of second-hand offer, neither one thing nor the other, of kissing his great toe. The thing itself, I know, is idolatry; not so the appearance of it;—yet, after all, it requires management; you may go a line too far;—


and if positive prostration ensue, I do not see with what face you could stand up afterward, and fall foul in Parliament of the priest-ridden Irish, for a genuflection of the same kind, more or less. A koutoo in China is a horrible thing, and the legs which make it ought to be cut off; but in Rome there are dispensations,—and I can only say,—“Do as Rome does.” The Pope, if he understands your superiority, will raise you up;—so that it may turn out a French compliment, after all. I suppose you expect to see a man with a thunderbolt, or a parcel of Congreve rockets in one hand, and a black-letter excommunication in the other, with fire or blue-lights breathing from his nostrils, and tusks wherever there ought to be teeth. He may go about this way in general, for aught I know; but ever since the fright he got from Martin Luther, the Pope has known his interest much better than ever to appear in this menacing manner before Protestants. I’ll vouch for it, he will appear to you as if he had neither tail, horns, nor cloven feet, and



no more like the Pope that we speak of in England, than Lord Eldon would be like a Lord Chancellor without his wig. You see what a little English money can do,—“*et auro mansueverat unguis*:”—we have long since calmed his claws, and their terrors too,—in gold. He would no more think at present of damning an English officer, who may yet have to fight for him, as they once did before, than his Jew physician, on whom depends what he values as much as his own soul,—his life and reign. His appetite for heretics is nearly gone, and he is really as tranquil as our own King himself, or the king's tiger, after dinner. As to his civilities,—after all that has been done by Gregory VII. I am not such a fool as to think he is in earnest. But no matter,—endure them with a good grace;—it will be a good thing enough to tell in England, that while the Pope thought he was taking *you* in, you were actually taking in the *Pope*. You will have full occasion hereafter to show your firmness and orthodoxy:—should you meet him the

same day, for instance, in his carriage, do not, as you value your principles, dismount. Roman princes may do so, for fear of the Inquisition ; but an Englishman has nothing to think of but his English horse and clean boots. It is true, the guard may come, and attempt to confound you with the logic of the sword. Suffer it rather for justice sake ; the flesh may wince, but the spirit !—it is easier to make martyrs than converts. Besides, it will be another proof for the next “Book of the Church,” amongst so many less striking ones, of the intolerant spirit of Popery, and how a deadly persecution is now raging as formerly, against Protestants, over the whole earth !

214. So much for St. Peter's and the Pope :—now for his grand rival—the Carnival, and its ceremonies. It may be a question, indeed, whether you have any strict right to the enjoyment of its indulgencies, not intending to endure the privations of Lent, to which no John Bull could be prevailed on to submit, unless at the point of




the bayonet, and in obedience to an act of Parliament. The fact is, it is deemed quite necessary to feed the camel quintuply, before entering on the Desert; and for those who have much the same sort of journey to make, through the Lent, it is right they should be treated at least as well as a camel. The very name implies a longing, lingering, last farewell, to flesh-meat of all kinds, and to all that flesh is heir to,—*Carnivale—longum vale*—though, for my own part, I cannot see the advantage of an interruption. It gives not only an appetite, as all fasting will do, but a most inordinate one, so that more gluttonies are committed in the three first Easter holidays (gluttonies of all denominations,) than during the rest of the entire year—except perhaps at this very season, when people get the appetite and the eating beforehand. People have been known to die of joy ere now—so may they of Easter, after Lent.

There is a fearful mortality of good *intentions* this week at Rome;—and the good *works* which have been warehoused for

months are squandered sometimes in the space of a single day. "*Oh curas hominum ! oh quantum est in rebus inane !*" It is much better to eat little and often,—unless, indeed, you have such a constitution that you can eat often, and a great deal.


215. But the Carnival awaits you, and you no doubt are equally impatient for the Carnival. It is the Saturnalia of the young and old : every one is bound to forget his age, provided he has wrinkles :—ugly faces, impromptu, are handsome. Hags, maidens, and Romans, are, for one week in the year—thanks to their disguises—not frightful. I speak indeed with the most cruel remembrances still clinging to me—*hæsit lateri*—but ill should I discharge my vowed vocation to the public, were I to allow the selfishness of personal repugnance in aught to sway me from my duty. I speak the words of soberness, and stretch forth a saving finger to my bewildered countrymen, in the midst of the drunkenness and blindness which so soon shall surround them.



216. Procure a mask, and, if you can, wear it. Bought masks are cheaper than borrowed ones—experience will explain the paradox, if you are so obstinate as to reject it. Let it be as unlike you as possible—any one of the handsome wax faces, made after the same Angel pattern, will do. No one will find you out, except your lover, who, on the presumption “Angels were painted fair to look like thee”—may make a mistake,—not the first—and set down your mask for yourself. Men should squeak, ladies speak, nonsense,—neither difficult; and now and then, for novelty’s sake, degenerate into sense. The more noise you make, the more gaiety,—the more gaiety, the more wit. If the mind be tired—leap; and laugh at your own leaps. Unless you show how really comic it is, pray who is to find it out? As to *characters*,—if very silent, choose a sultan, who need neither dance nor speak for himself; if heavy, a harlequin,—you will learn to become light;—if an officer,—a Roman butcher;—if an author, try a child’s rattle;

as you are resolved to make people hear you, whether you like or not, this mode may do as well as any thing you have yet attempted. The young ladies must all look as seducing, and, if they like, as seduced, as they can; basket-girls, peasant-women, flower-sellers, &c. ; all who were born to be wooed, and (as a matter of course for every thing under Heaven that is wooed)—won.

Having lunched well, and provided horses, who no more care about long noses or short noses, wigs or pigtails; carnival or no carnival, than the Pope himself—go forth,—well girt, but not without the warlike stores of three-and-twenty baskets of plaster comfits, to be used either in handfuls or basketfuls, as Mamma shall give the signal. Let the youngest girl be placed *en vedette*, and whenever any one so far insults the public as to appear stupid, or notoriously and audaciously unmasked, let them open on him at once in grape-shot, or broadside, and suppress the insolence of his decorum in an instant. Friends, as in Ireland, often recognise each




other in a blow ; and it is really a cheering sound to hear the valorous salutations which greet you on all sides, and then to feel your eye smarting, as no doubt it will, with an ounce of lime, which pierced in the right or wrong place of your mask,—just as a knight's sword is sure to hit a giant's armour in the very crevice where it ought not. There are costumes, too, which of themselves invite attack. Old maids, old cats, Arcadian shepherds, or Werters, should never be spared :—the two first because they can defend themselves,—the two last, because they cannot.\* As to adventure, “ parlous” and

\* The chief amusement of the Carnival consists in throwing the *confetti*—a very ancient practice, and which, with a little research, may be traced up through the Italian Chronicles to the time of the Romans. The *confetti* were originally of sugar, and the nobility still pique themselves on adhering to so costly a material. The people have degraded them to small balls of lime, which allows more sport, and takes in a much greater number of combatants. The Romans, however, preserved the decorum and gravity of the amusement till the arrival of the English ;

marvellous, I warrant you, no one can resist your mask, though they may yourself. You constantly run the risk, like Hylas, of being carried off by the Nymphs, and may stand in the midst of the Corso like a Mahomedan Pasha in a slave-market of Houris, and choose. Do every thing you like,—and if you cannot make fools of others, make, which is still easier, a fool of yourself. Lay up provision for the Lent ; eight days is a short life, even for a butterfly :—virtue comes in with preaching,—and sinners must be saints, whether they like it or not, for forty days together—or turn Jews. Ladies, indeed, may now and then plead in abatement ; but for them, we measure not by edicts, but constitutions.

And now the races commence ; on which you of course have grievous bets, though you know no more of the horse than an

who so signalized themselves by the violence and impetuosity of their enormities, that the Holy Father was obliged at last to interfere, in defence of the eye-sight and complexion of his trembling subjects.




Italian, or whether or not he has made up his mind to run. Whilst the race is performing, (Covent Garden or Astley's has nothing so nice,) keep the soldiers in order, so that they may not mistake your toes for their own. This is not easy; even the Pope's soldiers encroach upon the liberties of the people. The Jews furnish the prizes,\* and therefore the sport:—right they should; they are weak—have the audacity to think for themselves—and are in the minority;—all good reasons why they should support the Christian ascendancy. When over, reckon up, like Don Juan, your engagements. The Festino is the dessert—“*finis coronat opus*”—though this is not quite so certain as you may think. As to your daughters—if admired, glory—there are no girls like the English; if insulted, no matter:—neither you nor they know the language. Whatever may betide, you have at least proved you are not an Italian. John Bull is the only

\* These are pieces of gold and silver brocade, from fifty to a hundred dollars value.

person who understands a carnival, or can teach a Roman what it means.

217. But you have not yet accomplished the great object of all lady and gentlemen travellers at Rome—the purchasing with taste and economy a thousand things you will never want. No matter,—public opinion is omnipotent, and we are in this world for no other purpose than to follow each other, like a flock of sheep. How can you return to England without your three-and-twenty boxes of mosaics, your three dozen of *cameo* necklaces, your little Tom Thumb statues, your big sesquipedalian engravings, your costumes, and your brigands, and your snuff-boxes, and your rings, and your seals, and your tazze, and your bagnarole, and your alabaster pillars, and your leathern fans, and your rouge-antique paper-cutters, and your veritable antiques dug up last week, and your copies better than the originals, and your temples, and your obelisks, and your vases? &c. &c. &c. All and each of these you *must* purchase, if you intend setting up as a lion at all “*huppé*,” or “*comme il faut*,”



on your return. Without them, you are as a carpenter without his tools, or a minister without his promises, or an ambassador without his credentials, or a lawyer without his brief. You cannot say every moment, "*à-propos* of the Vatican," or "*à-propos* of the Capitol," unless you have some visible sign to hang your *à-propos* upon. Now a bit of marble does that much better than a legion of words. I hold it therefore of the most serious moment, that I should unbottle my experience on the grave distinction which exists between a buyer, as I understand the word in the sober Scotch sense, and a dupe. I pray you, as you value your pocket and your peace of mind, (for none but an Englishman fully feels how much they are identified,) lend an attentive ear, most gentle reader, and if you profit nought thereby, I can only say—buy not at all!

218. And first, I deem it useful to be thrice cheated,—for thus will you escape all chance of such an affliction during the remainder of your life. Children must stumble before they walk; and philosophers hold

that you must feel hunger before you are convinced of the utility of eating. So, in like manner, must you know what it is to be taken in, before you are qualified to take in others. Lay it down as a maxim proved by your predecessors, that all Rome (like the rest of the world) is composed of two bodies—"the *Grimpans* and the *Grimpés*;" and if you do not like to be a *Grimpé*, you have no choice but to become a *Grimpant* at once,—that is, as an English lady understands it when shopping, the surest mode to avoid being cheated, is to cheat yourself.


Now, as to the manner:—every Roman asks you, first, double the price of the article, because he *is* a Roman; secondly, as much again, because *you* are an Englishman;—thirdly, all this twice over, because it is your first visit;—and fourthly, all this thrice over, because you have not yet learnt to scold.

Now these conditions given, find what should be your conduct. The problem is easy:—cut down half for the demerits of the seller; half of the remainder for the merits of the

buyer ; another half for that you are a resident, and swear him savagely out of any undue surplus that may still lag behind. This will give you things at (for you) their proper price : should the Italian suffer by you, he will gain, as he has already gained, by others ; and it is a glorious thing, in any case, to avenge the cause of your plundered countrymen.

Should you buy in the beginning of the season, you will be dictated to:—men who have a winter before them, are like soldiers in a well-provisioned garrison, and damn you, and capitulation. A little starvation is a great teacher of morality and sound sense : they will sell like honest men when they want a dinner ; let the *Malaria* once come in, and strangers go out, and you will then see that every dog has his day, and that you have at length got to the place of your dictator. Lie over, then, in your corner, and laugh at those who are executing themselves ; but the moment the season is at an end, pounce on the enemy *collatis signis* :—they are now poor and sickly.

In the mean time, be seen lounging about their shops, doing the buyer, but not buying;—put a martingale and double curb upon your appetite;—feed with air and promises;—and now and then indulge in a trifle, to show you have “intentions” of protection. This, with asking opinions and not taking them, telling lady-like lies about remittances, finding flaws, pitting one shop against the other, and holding yourself up for the highest bidder, will soon make you a *gran Protettore* in abeyance, and a retainer that is to be of half the artists of Rome. Some there are so uncivil as to prefer the present to the future, and to like (miserable speculators!) a performance better than a promise:—for them there is nothing but *hauteur* and *Milordism*,—*Sangue di Baccho!*—or *Sangue di Diana!* (which you have learnt in the morning,) and threats of posting them, when you return to England. Few resist this, and rather than feel the anger of the Gods, and hear you swear in bad Italian, they will allow you whatever trophy you may choose, in




peace. In the evening you will of course invite your friends to come and laugh over the spoils, telling them each cost you ten times more, which if they doubt, and have not had the advantage of this *Dictum*, send them to the seller, who in a few minutes, depend on it, will convince them that you were in the right.

219. The same conduct you may pursue with regard to painters. They talk of feelings, but so do judges and generals,—as women of their virtue when they begin to feel its loss. Pay religiously the expense of canvass and colours, and a crown for their pains. They may grumble, but inform them you do them honour and bring them out, and say that if strict justice was done, they ought to pay you rather than you them. They will quarrel afterward, but not with you. The contest will lie between themselves;—your custom is indeed worth fighting for, and happy the man who gains the prize.

220. Such are the sellers;—now as to the articles they sell. It is a good thing to have

taste, and a better to know how to use it ;—you may show both in two things,—quantity (mind, I speak for effect,) is better than quality,—and second-hand articles as good as first. The first artist with a pale face and a thin jaw, bad clothes, and a shabby hat, whom you happen to meet with, in a gallery where no one else goes, is your man,—as to his performances, that is a matter of opinion and *convenience*. The point is, do they come from Rome? If you can procure ten *cameos* for the price of one, you are not such a fool as to pass them : then, as to antiques, *beauty* is not the question,—are they *old*? A thousand years will canonize any thing : ugliness becomes beauty, usurpation legitimacy, in half that time. A great authority is the seller himself, and you can persuade others as he persuades you. If the world believes your vase belonged to Vespasian, why it is quite as well as if it did. The more cracks and dust, the better,—nothing but rank antiquity could have done this. Bronzes and coppers must look green : Jews used formerly to




cheat in this way with vinegar, but that, as well as smoking prints, Jews and printsellers will tell you is among the arts which have been lost. You may not want all these things, but your friends will. Besides, who will believe you have travelled, without proofs? As to the question of expense—why do you travel at all?

But to choose paintings is the perfection of the art. Disdain every thing but originals. It is of little consequence how they look when first you get them. They are to be cleared, cleansed, made up, remade, and made out. The less of the first painting, the better. The restorer will work miracles;—and Corregios, Titians, Raphaels, start up from a heap of brown tints, as you may happen to want them for any vacant space in your saloon, boudoir, or dining-room.\*

\* Palmirola is godfather to half the paintings which come from Rome. More than one noble collector is indebted to him for resurrections, which every eye but his own had considered impossible. The miracles he has wrought are on record, but will

Abuse always the wretched daub, whilst in treaty :—when purchased, canonize it :—trash in the hands of others, in your's becomes *inimitable* ; and if you like, and are grave,—*unique*. If any one shall question its authenticity, rage ; if he continue to do so, fight him ; a duel well-timed (men fight for dogs) will establish the honest fame of a whole gallery : why not ? it has done as much for a whole family. Show them off when ready for their *debut*, much as you would your daughters ; large frames—with lamps for each ;—music under them ;—green curtains beside them, — and praisers and puffers (they will cost you a few dinners) around them in every quarter of the room. When so much is done for them, people will begin to think they are worthy of more. But then, as you value their fair name, take care no one assists at their toilette. Let

puzzle posterity for all that, as much as the brightest restorations of the Prince Hohenlohe.



them, like your wife, be "painted an inch thick," but do not be so mad as to call in the world to prove it.

221. But should an *English* artist happen to be illuminating Rome, all minor luminaries must eclipse before him. He *must* be wonderful, *because* he is an Englishman; and you must buy from him, because you are another. I care not what other artists say or think of him; they may be right or wrong—he comes here to sell, and you are bound to auctioneer for him. Besides, merit has always enviers, and little boys throw stones at those trees only which bear fruit. It is enough, an English artist's works cost five times as much as those of an Italian; therefore, (the former being humble and honest,) must be five times better. Then, the former dresses better, and generally knows how to put on a cravat like a gentleman. An Englishman who allows such patient talent to pine away in studying and preparation, instead of forcing it for home-consumption

instantly, as he does his peas, knows not what encouragement means, injures the market, and is already an apostate, or—no offence to the Marquis Sommariva—a foreigner.


222. Having said so much on acquiring, next comes a point of scarcely less importance alike to conquerors and purchasers—how to preserve your acquisitions. You have to pass the Thermopylæ of the Custom-House. This is the worst ordeal to which *virtù* is exposed; but there are still means, “*tutum iter et patens, converso in pretium Deo.*” Search out the largest plaster of Paris Mars or Venus you can find in town—the latter I prefer—and trust to her keeping all your treasures. *Douaniers* are savages, but even savages respect the sex. They will not allow any insult to her unnecessarily; and provided you can so arrange it as to disguise her “*état*” from public observation; or obviate all risk of an accouchement *en route*, you may rely on her taking every care safely to fulfil her trust, and your friends

will be surprised, when the eventful moment shall arrive, at the numerous progeny she will deliver up to your expectations.\*

223. But it is quite time you should deprive the city of your protection; and now that it is the season of the banditti—for they come in with the quails—go and make their acquaintance. It is right you should know each other better. They never harm travellers who are decently generous. Now, I am one of those who like to encourage honest livelihoods; nor do I see that these men are greater robbers than their neighbours. I always bring a purse instead of a pair of pistols: it seldom contains more than two or three piastres; but I should tell them, in giving it, the mite of the widow and the orphan is as much as the talent of the rich man—an apology, I imagine, quite enough

\* This *Dictum*, I much suspect, was communicated to my Uncle by a distinguished officer, who practised it with a boldness and effect which well justified its insertion.

to satisfy any reasonable person. In leaving Rome keep a sharp look-out on every peasant and friar you see ; they may be sent to decoy you. At Albano, do not venture outside your door, lest you should be incontinently eaten up. At Velletri, take a regiment of dragoons, which will not cost you more than an English servant. Should a rencontre take place, you must make it as fine a scene as you can ; read Mrs. Radcliffe's account of the Condottieri, and compare them. If you can persuade your courier to shoot you down a robber, you will have gained a fine study of costume. If spotted here and there with gouts of blood, so much the more real and authentic. If carried up to the mountains, console yourself with the magnificence of the scenery, and recollections of the chapter in *Gil Blas*. As to your daughters, I am not certain, whether such a trip would be likely to improve them, either in morals or manners ; but they may have " changed all this " since last I was in England ; therefore I shall hesitate, as all wise men do, send the query to




Chancery, and not pronounce, until permitted to do so by Lord Eldon.

224. I bring you direct to Naples ; unless indeed, you wish to get witty on Falernian, and write for once as well as Horace. Capua will not consume you with its pleasures ; you may stay there a month, and come out as strong as you went in. As to Caserta, though at a distance, I felt its influence. What a great prince, who can fill so large a palace ! But Naples will blot all this out of your heart and head. "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*" is a proverb, which, though I do not literally insist on, speaks volumes of the place. I confess, until I had seen Naples, I should have been sorry to have gone even to Paradise : at present, "*in utrumque paratus*," I care not what may betide me.

225. When the young ladies have got over a little of their ecstasies and fatigues, begin to rave of Vesuvius. But first, take good care not to mistake the mountain. Bring out two or three Neapolitans to show it you, and inquire particularly when the

eruption is to take place. Should it be already announced, ask for the hand-bills: you will do well to write to your friends to come in time; if they happen to come too early, tell them it is put off; if too late, that they must wait till the next. In the mean time, make it a point not to miss it yourself. The whole front and purpose of your coming to this column of Hercules is, to see how a burning mountain conducts itself when in choler, and whether it can be put in comparison with the other fireworks you have witnessed.

The mode in which all this is to be ordered is simple. Take provisions for a week, and courage to carry them. Set out by midnight, you will see the lava better; as to what it is made of, you may learn that below. As the way is perilous, and like Dante's Hell, surround yourself with as many men and mules as you can: one or other will keep you company, and keep off brigands, demons, and the fear of them, till sunrise. The hermit, who is a sociable beggar, is not to be passed




by. I like the monster, and protect him. I would rather give up Vesuvius and all it ever disgorged, than his Lagrima. It is a beneficent dispensation of Providence, typical of other travelling, and shows we ought never to despair. Cinders, and iron, and red-hot rivers, raging and roaring and playing *le diable à quatre* about you; and Lagrima, Lagrima, in the very heart and core of all this! Quaff ten beakers thereof—one to each of your loves, another to your ass, or mule, and the tenth and largest to yourself and your safe return,—and then may you stand forth, like Diomed with the gods behind him, and face Belphegor himself, though he were striding across the crater. At such a moment you will no more care for a squirt of an eruption, than if you were playing at popgun, and will dance on the edge of the volcano, whenever you chance to reach it, as if you were quadrilling it in the Festino at Rome. Take care, however, when it comes to climbing, that you climb with other people's legs;—otherwise you will lose ten

steps to gain ten. Arrived, after wondering how you came there, you will look about for sunrise. These Neapolitan almanacks do not always announce fogs; therefore, if one comes *ex abrupto*, and throws its wet blanket on your enjoyments, tell your daughters (they are of course with you) that the sun is yonder, looking at your pocket-compass,—and yonder the city,—and for aught you know to the contrary, behind it, to the left, the sea. It will clear up about twelve, and if you like, you can sit down, and wait for the sun till then. He shows himself only, like great people, about mid-day. In the mean time, try experiments on the lava, by thrusting your stick through it, and wonder that it burns as if it were really common fire. The young ladies will not have passed their evenings less profitably than in a salon with a million of wax-tapers; and with a well-chosen beau will have no reason to regret the moonlights of the Colosseum. Ass-riding, dark nights, and sympathies, conquer the most inexorable hearts, and bring about the most

impromptu and comfortable establishments. Go home, therefore,—and sleep. Vesuvius has done as much for you and your family, as if you held watch every night out of the three hundred and sixty-five in London.

226. Next to Vesuvius, and perhaps even before it, is the grand Thaumaturgus of Naples—not St. Januarius, but *Pulcinella*, or the great-grand-father of our Punch. It is of prime necessity, you should make an early acquaintance with this personage, certainly the most respectable, respected, and every way best-conducted, (excepting his Majesty,) at Naples. *Pulcinella* is a grievous talker; but like many that I know of, is well paid for it;—he is a scolding dogmatiser, a random morality man,—a magniloquous coward,—a masterly bully,—one whom thongs, bonds, thunder and lightning, earthquakes, eruptions, ten wives and ten-score mistresses, no wine and little macaroni, may frighten, but can scarcely subdue. He is a grave idler,—a liar *par état*,—a professional fool,—a torpedo to all grief,—an eater and drinker

as if he worked for his salvation,—the king of runaways,—a cheater born,—a tyrant wherever he can find a slave,—and a slave whenever he stumbleth upon a tyrant: but withal, a charitable railer against others,—a prudent lover of himself,—a fine caterer for his friends' fantasies, particularly in matters of the heart,—and proprietor in common of every thing he can lay his hand on. His greatest horror is of fasting, and his next of fighting—both he abjures and anathematizes:—his greatest passion is talking, and his next eating,—they form the alpha and omega of his creed. If you wish to have a *tête-à-tête* with the 400,000 inhabitants of the city, in one body, go and see this Majesty of the people. He is the archetype of Lazzaroni, the pink of laziness, the mirror of all ingenious rascality. He riseth betimes, and playeth his quips and cranks, and Merry Andrewisms, for the populace, till they fall fainting with laughter before him. He ralleth lustily for his Cocomero, and would not exchange his Ferdinand the Un-




rivalled for a dozen and a half of Bonapartes. His loyalty is capacious ; and, like his coat and masque, for all seasons. It likes me much, and sheweth a man bomb-proof against revolutions. His allegiance, indeed, seemed divided during the reign of the Usurper; but as soon as happy events saved him and Europe, he came back from Gioachino to his lawful mangia-maccaroni sovereign, with an impetuosity of devotion which is only to be seen in Pulcinella—hungry. It is a cheering thing to behold him over head and ears in joy, and picking carefully the thorns out of the wounded hoofs of mortality, with a smile and a slap between.

Go see him, I repeat it, and learn, if you can, to play the devil upon earth with the same unearthly good-humour and fine devilish tact that he does. He seems to exist only to make others as happy as himself,—and succeedeth. He believeth in no evil, and alloweth any one, in the abundance of his philosophy, to pull his nose. If long, so much the better,—it was designed by nature

for the accommodation of the public. Never have I sate down more content with this Pandemonium of our earth, than when I came away from Pulcinella and his sermons.\*

\* The title of some of his performances will best paint the hero and his admirers. "Eruzione di Vesuvio, colla distruzione di Pompeii,—Pulcinella ben stante scappato dalle rovine,—e Cicerone poi di esse alli forestieri;" or again, "Saffo col salto di Leucade col Pulcinella di volo per l'aria," &c. &c. These exhibitions continue in the Mola from morning till night, and as soon as one performance is over, another is immediately commenced. The acting is a word-for-word translation. In low life there is always nature, and on the stage very little visible descent. Their whole existence on the other side is a representation full of effect, drama, colour and truth. See them in the Toledo, or at San Carlino; their sprawling language—their broad and yet infinitely subdivided gesture, which runs down to the very toe—their supprest yet intelligible hints—their prodigality of allusion—doing and not speaking their thoughts—the versatility and idiomatic character of all their forms and features,—see all these singular qualities combined, and then thrown off with a heartlessness which baffles poet as well as painter, and you will admit that no nation on earth can be



227. When you have seen Pulcinella, you may visit his cousin-german. No one could reign long at Naples, who was not in some guise or other connected with his noble house.

The first day of audience, it behoveth you to stand upon your tiptoe; you will know the Capo Lazzarone by comparing him with the Lazzaroni near. The king has the most magnificent nose at Naples. "*Incessu patuit Dea*" hath been well said of the Queen of Beauty,—in like manner may we say of this King of Glory—*proflatu patuit*;—you will know by his snuff-taking, and the mighty blowing which ensueth after, that he is not, any more than his great prototype, of the ordinary clay of mortality.

But it is not every one that can come within the atmosphere of Royalty:—a grievous loss,—had not the providence of Kings, which is exceeding great, in some wise re-

more essentially and naturally comic, and that nothing is wanting to make them comedians, but one of those abrupt transfers, which are so frequent in this country from the street to the stage.

medied it. By good *conductors*, such as the kissing of your neighbour's hands, you may catch as much of the essence of Majesty as you may want, or like.\* When caught, button yourself close, and decamp: the moment you arrive at home, give your hand up to your family,—and, if he ask it, to your lapdog. Thus will the electricity be prevented from escaping, and royalty not have been visited in vain.

228. Now for the Sermons.—If it be in Lent, you are in great fortune,—not for fish, but piety. You must remember that even Punch, here, says his prayers. But what is one man's meat is another man's poison. I could no more save myself on beads and fasting, than feed myself on potatoes and milk. But it is well you should know how little improved they are, and how ill they manage their stage-coach business to heaven. An English sailor will get through his storm without a word; a Neapolitan, on a smooth sea, must bounce about like a sea-calf, and

\* Forsyth, vol. ii. 201.




scream like a sea-gull, every stroke of the way. Even so do they make their passage to the other world. One would think, from the pains they take about it, it was one of the most teasing laborious sort of things in nature, to be saved. In England you have only to go to sleep, and you will awake in port. Pulcinella in the Mola, and Pulcinella in the pulpit, are not more different from each other, than Philip drunk from Philip sober.\*

But you must take care not to confound them, or to laugh in the wrong place.

\* Hear the preachers during Lent in Santo Spirito and San Dominico, and judge. One of these performers, for they truly merit the name, in exhorting his audience to bear the tribulations Providence dispenses to its favourites, illustrated the advice by the example of the bears and lions, who, in the worst convulsions of Nature, were heard to praise their Creator in howls and growls of the most pleasing description. The conclusion, in which he appeared *tête-à-tête* with these patient animals, and in full dialogue, "*Cari orsi miei, &c.*" would have done honour to the Fenice or San Carlino.

A comedy may be a sermon, or a sermon a comedy ; but you must take things by their proper names,—by what they are *said to be*, not by what they *are*. There would be a fine confusion in society, if persons were to insist on *realities*. What a House of Peers we should have, if it were necessary that every nobleman should be *noble*. As to weeping, no one weeps here,—and why should they ? A Neapolitan has no sins, or none at least that he takes the trouble of remembering.

229. I should be a very ungrateful personage if I did not try to obtain a stray visitor for the third great lion of this glorious city—San Gennaro, or St. Januarius. He will take it uncivil of you, if you do not see his blood. He is quite under the dominion of his nurses, at present, like most other native-born Italians ; and it is apprehended, in a few years, if they go on, as they do, increasing and encroaching, he will have no will or veto of his own left him, but must melt in good times and bad times,—yea, if the French themselves were at the gate,—




even as these counsellors shall cry and direct. Whether this will happen in our days I know not, but it would be a sad thing for Naples. Between revolution and counter-revolution, — constitution, ex-constitution, eruptions, convulsions, earthquakes, sea-quakes, and state-quakes,—she might run great chance, without such a thermometer, of being regularly swallowed up, or tost upside down, once a year.\*

\* The nurses of San Gennaro are a company of old women, who imagine themselves descended from the nurse of the Saint, and still assume over their patron all the familiar supremacy so admirably painted in the Italian nurses of Shakspeare, and yet visible in the manners of every state in Italy. Their expostulations and imprecations, in case the Saint is out of humour, and the blood continues congealed, would be irresistibly comic, if they were not also insupportably impious. They crowd his altar on the day of the miracle, and believe they contribute, quite as much as the litanies of the city, or the hands of the Archbishop, to its due performance. The French General, however, dispensed with their assistance,—the sword of the soldier was more powerful than the prayers or veto of the Bishop and the nurses.

N. B. You will hear some people say, that San Gennaro has not been a worse politician than his people, and, whether Republican, Ultrà, ex-Legitimate, or re-Legitimate, has never been on the wrong side in all these changes. If *he* has not, his *blood* has a proper sense of futurity. The King and San Gallo could not have acted it better.

230. But it is quite time you should leave San Gennaro, for San Carlo,—one theatre for the other. The first time I really fell in love was in this house; and it was after eating a superb *rinfrascamento* of red mullet, Fusaro oysters, Sorento veal, Vesuvian lagrima, and sulphurated Lipari: I had also been gaming dangerously deep at *rouge et noir*, and arrived just in time for the first leg that exhibited in the ballet. I say, I fell in love with it, and all that belonged to it, and dreamt of it, and of the *rouge et noir*, and the Lagrima, and the veal, and the red mullet, all the livelong night. The next morning, indeed, a head-ache and a glaring sun soon cured me of my passion; but, I




don't know how it was, I was in and out of love the whole time I was at Naples. I believe I owe it, *imprimis*, to the theatre,—the carving, gilding, music, and prelude or symphony to all this;—*secundo*, to a sensitiveness to tender impressions—“*dont je ne saurai plus m'en corriger*,” and which more than once has conducted me to the very borders of the tomb.

231. If you have no soul for music, I think you ought to be taken up for a Carbonaro: this was the opinion of Plato and Plutarch, as may be proved from their works. Now there is no place where Carbonarism is more out of fashion than at Naples, except when successful. So the King says, and swears; and though kings and their oaths are now rather at a discount, men who love their own heads must, like St. Augustin, “*quia incredibile*,” believe them. But to get back to music. Neapolitan music, like Neapolitan wine, is of all flavours,—but drink to taste and admire all, if you do not wish to give scandal. Go and hear three or four names

before you enter, and ascertain what is *basso* and what *soprano*. Keeping to this, and talking more than you listen, in a month you may set up for a graduated *fanatico*. You must rehearse in the morning your bravos for the evening, and take hints from the Abbates, who know as much of the Opera as of antiquities, and of both as of theology. Rossini, whom I believe you idolized at Paris,—as then passing the meridian,—you must here take snuff at, and despise, as going down. A Neapolitan kicks the fallen, and it is any time a good ground for kicking, having had too much of a good thing.

But I except the ballet; the ballet is good at all times, and good for all persons. I prostrate myself before the ballet, and worship; it is to me what plum-pudding is to a new convert, or stars and garters to a grown-up child. Now in ballet and its marvels Naples excelleth even Naples itself. What more solemnly instructive than Hamlet? I cannot say how much I admire the fine melancholy of the Prince of Denmark's *pas-*



*seul*, and the sombre philosophy with which he *chasséed* to and from Ophelia. Ophelia burst off into an appalling pirouette, the finest explosion of madness on any stage. I imagined it at first a prelude to a waltz, but this, according to my theory, would of course have produced a very different *denouement*.\* Boadicea was still better—a representation which gave me new and grand ideas of British history. I was agreeably surprised to find, that the naked Britons were not one jot more naked than their invaders, or many of their “deep-bosomed” descendants, to the present day. The barbarian Queen herself was a very housewifely, black-eyed, and silk-gowned lady of the size, complexion, and

\* “Si le Prince est joyeux, on prend part à sa joye,” says a celebrated French writer, “et l’on danse; s’il est triste, on veut l’égayer, et l’on danse. Mais il y a bien d’autres sujets de danses: les plus graves actions de la vie se font en dansant. Les Prêtres dansent, les soldats dansent, les diables dansent, on danse jusques dans les enterremens, et tout danse à propos de tout.” This is the precise code of San Carlo.

elephant port of our own Queen Anne. It is also astonishing, how soon obelisks, gilded railings, and cypresses, found their way into this country. I am not surprised now, that the Romans carried on the war so well; they must have found themselves quite at home. Nor was I less edified to find so close a connexion between all religions. Paganism is obviously a corruption of Judaism. The High Priest's bonnet answered for the Pontifex Maximus, and the High Priest, or Patriarch Aaron, alternately, a whole week. In fine, since Maij's discoveries, there are new readings and new commentaries every day. Seize therefore this opportunity of mixing the *utile dulci*—and teach your daughters English history, in a Neapolitan translation at San Carlos.

232. When torn from San Carlo, and his bird-lime, see, I pray you, before you leave Naples, the villages dead or dying about. Fall down and weep over Virgil: as a brother poet, you will be grieved to hear, as I have already said, how he was *not* buried in the



family vault at Mantua. Ask the keeper for his body ; he will show you where it ought to be, and where it therefore was : break a bit of the brick off, and put it up with your fragment from the tomb of Juliet, that you may have something incontestable to show, when envious persons who have never been there would wish to cheat you out of your faith and comfort. One thing is clear—he must have been buried somewhere, and this is as snug and as likely a place as any other.

Misenum I cast off, and Pozzuoli I pass by, for the purpose of getting as fast as I can to Hell. If it be any thing like Avernus, or its lake, I must say, it is a comfortable place enough : for my part, I see no more difference between it and heaven, or Elysium—at least, such a heaven as they sport here—than between the ins and outs, or the opposition and the ministry.

But Pompeii and Herculaneum are outs, in their way. Nathless, they must be visited : —the shortest way is to trot over them, or by them, or through them, and to explore the

map afterward. This will tell you, more than measures, note-books, and shovels on the spot. Methinks, however, that king\* acted wisely, who, to put an end to all this mole-boring, built his palace, like an extinguisher, on the ruins. Herculaneum at least is knocked off of the traveller's list : now he has nothing more to do there, but go down and come up a flight of steps, instead of groping through catacombs, and catching colds and catarrhs, instead of treasures, at each step. Some people here capriciously prefer the past to the present, despise Portici, and sigh for what it covers ; but besides that a living dog is at any time worth a dead lion, I have no doubt that when both are entombed (one will be carried off some day with an attack of lava, like the other,) posterity, of the two, will prefer Portici.

As to Pompeii, the only thing worth seeing there is the getting up of an excava-


\* Charles III. erected Portici immediately over Herculaneum. This was worthy of an Austrian.



tion. Go then, if you can, when the King starts a statue; for be it known, the Gods, who take care of him, and favour him in all things, have made him as mighty a hunter of marbles as of wild boars or of men. He has been found to draw ten or twenty in a day. Indeed, the earth, which knows its master, takes a singular pleasure in throwing up its tribute, whenever he takes the trouble of giving it, like his other subjects, a kick. As to the place itself, it is a mere toy-shop, and not the best of the kind; I think we could box it, and send it off with a very little expense to England. By the by, the King of Naples owes us some hundred thousand 'pounds for his maintenance in Sicily; and which, unless he be something above or below ordinary kings, it is not likely he will ever pay. If our Government would only take courage, and boldly ask him (with two or three *ad hominem* arguments, in the shape of line-of-battle ships,) for the village, I have no doubt, as he is a reasonable man and understands logic, he

would not feel the slightest difficulty in giving it up. The King, who cuts "Serpentine rivers" on his dinner-table, and supplies them with a population ready drilled of golden fish, *ad libitum*,—who has golden asses, (no disparagement to his courtiers,) to supply him with salt,—surely such an artist could lay out this town of cards, with great advantage, on the side of Virginia water. As to any other utility than as a plaything for him, or the young princesses, I confess, I can discover none. Where it is, however, it is of positive injury ; and serves only to embarrass people, and make every fool ten times more foolish who goes to the trouble and expense of approaching it.

233. But where are the inhabitants ?—for, after all, you must take out your opera-glass for them, as well as for mere stones. Naples is a Noah's ark—every variety of creation, from man up to beast, is aggregated there. It is a Pandora-box of tribulations (without Hope at the bottom), but they are so well drest and agreeable, you would be sorry to exchange them for pleasures else-




where. If you pull the string of the puppet-show, and ask for a king, up starts a *Rex ipsissimus*—the Jupiter Scapin of royalty—the *Quanquam O!* the Desired of Legitimacy—the *ne plus ultra* of governors, not even excepting Sancho—and the father and grandfather of an affectionate and well-whipt people. If you ask for religion—it crowds on you in clouds of laughing priests and jovial nuns, and gay sermons and light-hearted funerals, and gold and scarlet ceremonies, and annual miracles, and phantasmagoria, and masquerade, and dancing and singing, and every thing Heaven, and nothing Hell. If you tire of piety, and take to law,—in the turning of a glass, you may have a court stifling with lawyers, passing along the magic lantern ;—but how to distinguish judge from criminal, or criminal from judge, except by their dress, better eyes than mine will find it difficult to tell.

Women you need not call ; they will come, and cross and crowd upon you like gnats from a mill-pond, so fulfilling their vocation, which created them to try men. A Nea-


politan woman is twice a woman ; her soul is all over sex—her body a fine fortress for such a soul. If you can endure her voice, she will open on you with eyes and smiles,—a fearful battery—for a deaf man. Every drawing-room has its Circe, and its pigs. Happy he who takes the cup to dash it down,—and keeps himself man in his and their despite.

But where are the men here ? I see soldiers—lions in the Toledo, and in the field hares,—men of pasteboard, men of melodrame, men of feathers and gold ; men, in which the man has been forgotten ; men, in fine, who are still waiting for a soul. I see brigands—who dictate to kings, and whom kings cheat. I see ministers—humble imitators of brigands—in wholesale, what *they* are in retail—who carry their wisdom in their own purses, and play their Punch, on a grand scale, to the people. I see a populace, but no people ;—a city, and no citizens ;—abundance of materials, and nothing made ;—legs, arms, heads, and feet, but no men :—Chaos rolling its abortions about, and a wild



clamour for creation ; but the world laughing at the struggle, and pushing them, as they rise, back again into the mud. I see—and I am never tired of seeing—a great comedy acted by millions, and every one of the actors laughing at himself. This is Limbo let out on a holiday—a paradise above and paradise below, and devils between. Merry Beelzebubs they are, and much should we thank them for thus playing for mankind. Europe would die of hypochondriasis without such a buffo to keep her in a broad laugh as this Naples;—it is the Bobadil of every thing serious; the methodized madness, the harlequin of every thing comic amongst our kind. The company should be kept up by public subscription ; no man who wishes to live longer than his ancestors should omit Naples. Every day here will be a year hereafter :—store up sunshine and laughter whilst you may, as you preserve plums and peaches in summer. You will have occasion enough to unbottle both in England.

234. And now, having indeed seen this country, it is time, in good sooth, to look once more to the North, unless you are perversely inclined to set your foot amongst the Paynim, and wish to risk being swallowed up by the dragons of those countries, and thus lose (and the world too) the fruit of your learned peregrinations. The Turks are little better than Ogres—cousin-german-descendants (as a MS. of Mount Athos has it) of the Læstrygons. They like the flavour of Christian flesh, and think no more of tearing up a man than a pullet, cranching and devouring him, giant-like, leg after leg, with hot Saracenic sauce. This I imagine I should abhor; but I shall, if life serveth, collect hints some day or other how to pass, like Ulysses, through the legs of these Polyphemes, from the Notes of a late learned German professor of divinity, who became a Mussulman, married three Mussulwomen, and died, in consequence of his circumcision, at the very time he was ready to escape with his harem to Europe. In the mean time, let my gentle



reader console himself that he can poke up these tigers and panthers through the bars, and rail at the whole menagerie, and lie of them and about them without ever venturing farther into their territories than his fireside at Naples : a great comfort to lovers of good order, and practised with success whenever we have to poke up and knock down the savage Irish.\*

\* I extract from my Uncle's *Collectanea*, a passage which seems to have some reference to this *Dictum* and the following. "Saw last night Lieut. Wildson, just imported from the Levant, a sorry sort of goods, and a worse trade: sour lips, sunk cheeks, and affrighted eyes;—must have seen a circumcision or a vampire. If the man could talk, well,—but he has learnt only to smell grievously of Constantinople tobacco. Which is better, he, or Dr. Fungen-som—now in the sixth month of his new Treatise "*On the Imperceptibilities of Internal Sensation?*" —But what can you expect from these Cimmerians? Germany is a great mental laboratory, where the artisans are as black as their materials. I like coals, but not coal-mines. I like their works, but God forefend I should ever visit the writers." 3 Jan.

235. Once more then for England, by the route you came (for I despise the Hyperboreans), and the sooner you get back the better,—unless in debt,—or with a wife who dislikes you, children who are leaving school, or an inveterate law-suit, which your presence will act upon as oil upon fire.


Plead carelessly your political duties, importance, influence, and the darkness in which your country, or at least your county, has sat ever since your departure. As you return by the same way, you may travel night and day, and shut your eyes—a great luxury. Simple sleeping is the first of pleasures, after over-waking:—it is like soda-water—*απιστον μιν υδωρ*—after an extra-aldermanic dinner. You have laid ballast and provision in for a long winter, and may trade upon it, in a delicate retail way, for the next six months, in good, listening, well-trained, semi-serious, semi-curious society. Should you, however, have come out to benefit yourself and country by a seven years' absence and ramble abroad, and think the air of the Con-



tainent fatteneth men and purses, I have nought other to say unto you than to abide at Florence, and I will straightway find you a tree where you may build your hive, and a hive where you may make your honey, without suspicion or rival, wolf-like or fox-like, interloper, or intruder whatsoever. I like the caste of an economist, and am grieved that Sterne has omitted him in his catalogue. I could say a thousand things in his praise, and that, too, as a man who has chewed the food which he offereth unto others;—but let this suffice. The wisdom, like the charity, which beginneth at home, is the wisdom of wisdoms; and the man who spareth his own rather than feed upon another's, is a liver on substance and not shadows,—and can throw away realities, when others are obliged to starve on memories and promises. The nineteen-twentieths of our saloon-frequenters are either economists who are, or economists who are to be;—and an open purse, a closed purse, and no purse at all, is the brief chronicle of the riders and whippers-in of half

the equipages that yearly roll down upon this country.


236. But before we part, benign reader, let me add some two or three general counsels, which belong to all persons and places. You are not a hater of man—nor, if I judge by your smile, of woman either. Coming, therefore, like a man just born, into the world of a large town,—naked, I may say, and ungarnished with any other acquaintances than your valet or courier,—the question is, how to dress as presumptuously as other folk, and to make it known to the comers-in and goers-out that you are an animal of race and condition? There are two modes—each good, and both practised, and therefore practicable. The first consisteth in an exact list of titled, or titular dignities—all of whom you know, if not before their faces, behind their backs. If they be Serenities—Highnesses—ex-Majesties,—they are worth a few bottles of Lunelle. I would give Constantia, or Tokay, to none but a *bona fide, de facto* King. You cannot, therefore, do better



than, once set up in your new lodgings, to invite them by batches, and to talk during the whole time of their visit, in soft and silky terms, of their brothers, cousins, and semi-demi-cousins, whom you saw,—in the Almanack,—when last in Germany—the mushroom-bed for all this species of Divinities, where they *grow* up one night, and are *eaten* up the next. With this, mix excellent viands, such as even ex-Royal mouths are accustomed to, — well-hired servants, — well-named liqueurs,—and many bows, and many praises, of kings, courts, and—yourself. They may be out,—but they *have been* in ;—and a recollection, or an expectancy, will do as well *to talk of* as a possession. It is the food your guests like most ; the cameleon's dish of courts ;—light food and delicate, but which will last—as long, at least, as you want it. What may happen to them when you return to England, is of as little consequence, as what has happened to them before you came out.

A second plan, more universal in its ap-

plication than the preceding, is, to sow your cards everywhere;—it is not necessary you should know the persons so visited, or any nearer relative than a thirtieth cousin, or some person who *you believe* knows them. This is quite an adequate *à-propos* for an acquaintanceship. If twenty fail, one may take;—a long nibble must at last end in a bite. I know a gentleman who thus created, in five weeks, out of nobodies and nothings, a circle of fifty “dear friends,” and I know not how many nodding acquaintances, who, though fractions in society, when in sufficient number, will go to make up an integer. The best recommendation, in modern travellers, is “how many do you know?” Nothing so “gloomy,” says a female writer of eminence, second only in authority to Mrs. Starke, “as coming into a town, and going out, without any body knowing or caring any thing about you.” This is to be avoided;—and if the mountain will not come to see you, you must only make up your mind, and go to the mountain.




N. B. This may appear unnecessary for those who have their letters, ready packed, of credit or recommendation. But as I write for mankind, and as the most recommendable persons are not always the recommended, I wish to give them a *succedaneum*, and teach them how to recommend themselves.

237. So much for men; but in what silk and muslin terms shall I teach you the art of arts—the taking by wholesale, the dragging in shoals, the capturing and keeping by crowds, the hearts and heads of gentle woman? I am no Ovid, and blush too much to take the chair after such a master; but peace to his ashes,—and no offence to the *Magnus Apollo* of the first of schools throughout the world,—I stand here to teach, not Love, but Travelling. Little reck I whether I win or woo—souls; if I can teach my Telemachus to bow heads and start smiles, and be the chosen reticule-bearer, and shawler, and ice-carrier of every saloon, heads and hearts may remain where they are;—my reader is known,—he has tra-

velled,—I am content. Nor is this so easy an exploit as may at first appear, “*sibi cuivis*—*Speret idem, sudet multum frustràque labore, ausus idem* :” it is not every one who has had the experience of a Mentor.

In the first place, it is a sort of protocol condition which I insist on, that you petrify your own heart, so as to be deemed to have left it with your family parchments in England, or else, to have no heart at all. This may be difficult for a very old or a very young man; there are eyes of such light that you would deem them all soul, and foreheads radiant with magnificent and proud thoughts, and lips trembling with smiles which travel into your being, and chins dimpled and downed by the Loves, and cheeks flushing back your own unspoken hopes, and necks bowed by the gentlest of the Graces, and bosoms—worthy of my Griselda, and forms, and feet, and all other enchanting *etcetera*, which can be imagined by saints only, and ought not to be painted but




by the angels above. Now all this you must forswear ; for your motto is *εχω ουκ εχομαι*,—and only sip and seem.

Having got rid of your heart, study the science of cravat-tying, and fill your head—with vapour. Nothing like mere nonsense to steam you ten knots an hour through society. Then obtain vouchers of the noble origin of your coat, hang a panegyric upon every button, and employ a public appraiser for every flap. Your shoes next should be insultingly orthodox ; and the rest of your dress so *ad unguem* and perfect, that every one should take it for a part of your proper person. This done, expose yourself gratis to the admiration of the devout ; there needs no placard—beyond a dowager or two—to spread your celebrity. The sun will soon have his priestesses ; and in the revolution of a week, you may lounge about as a recognized god. A man who dresses well must govern well, must love well, must play well,—above all, must *travel* well. Each

change will be hailed like a new incarnation of Vishnoo ; your arrival in every drawing-room will be as an Avatar.


When you hear your praises on every lip—when it comes between the husband and his claret, and Miss and her bread and butter ; then, in order to confirm them and perpetuate them, despise them. Enter where you are uninvited, and stay away where you are. Be the last of the latest, and confound those who are so simple as to eat. Laugh dictatorially at every one but yourself, and dance with one only, if you would wish to be adored by all. When the crowd of your admirers increases, then is it time to separate the elect from the reprobate ; and, arch-dandy of your own empire, to seal those you intend to save. Beyond you and your friends, there shall be no such thing as nobility, talent, virtue, men, women, children, or a world. Earth shall be divided between the known and the unknown—between *the* circle and the *canaille* without it. You will be like the Palladium of Troy ; in a short time the cause



of bloodless war between *boudoir* and *boudoir* ; and happy indeed is the *she*, who after ten months *tête-à-têteing* it, shall at last be *said* to possess you. And when the time shall arrive for the fulness of your glory, and you are voted the elegant autocrat of all the realms of Ton ; when you have divided woman-kind into two classes—the enviers and the envied, and, preferring all in their turn, lead each one to deem herself the single preferred ; when you have convulsed drawing-rooms to their centres, revolutionized coteries, re-fashioned fashions, and radicalized *ci-devantes* ; when you have travelled over women as Sesostris over nations, and yoked their varieties in pairs under your car,—then it is time suddenly to disappear, as Romulus, in a cloud,—and, scattering discord behind you, with a cool heart and a comfortable conscience return with your trophies to Almack's, and laugh, at your leisure, over your conquests abroad.

238. But there are some men of so prose and matter-of-fact a temperament, that I much

fear they will not be content with these whipt-cream seemings. For them it will not be sufficient, like the Eastern mendicant, to pass their head through the smoke, but they must have the soup itself. To such I say, they undertake a perilous journey—*plenum opus aleæ*; and unless their heart has the memory of a child, and may be written on as you write on water, it were better for them they had never set out. I insist not, certainly, that every man shall travel as if he were walking through a Dutch garden; nor am I of so churlish a nature, as to prevent him from now and then stooping for the flowers at his side,—yet, with all this, I call again on him, beware of the fair fiend—beware of the fires *suppositos cineri doloso*. Men must not go headlong over every precipice they meet, because a rose grows on its edge; nor must they dance in the serpent's reach, unless they first learn how to pluck out his teeth. If a man's eyes must love every thing they fall upon, let him be a little particular in choosing




on what they are to fall. He must not take a squint for an ogle, nor think that *caro mio* always means *my love*. Neither must he suppose that every husband is anxious—*perservirla*,” nor every wife as obedient as she should be to her husband. Grievous mistakes may arise out of the wrong reading of a smile, and men be tumbled from house-tops, who, with the most charitable motives, have wandered thither. You must not only know your own mind, but the mind of others; and though I will admit that none can see you without admiring you, and feeling an instant inclination to surrender; still it behoves you, in the very whirlwind of your passion, to beget a temperance which may give all things smoothness, and to allow the fascination to work tranquilly of itself. Englishwomen are accustomed to their happiness, and take it too often as a matter of course; but Italians will regard the condescension as they ought, and the more you fly from them, the more you will be pursued. Like another

knight of La Mancha, you will, if you permit it, be adored and fought for by contending houses.

Princesas curaban del  
Donzellas di su Rosino.

But then—a little of the true *sosiego*. Throw the handkerchief majestically; remember you are an Englishman; and let husbands feel that they are honoured. Nothing worse than too precipitate a devotion:—they will take you for one of themselves. March and conquer if you like,—but with all your *vettes* before you. The smoothest curtain may conceal an enemy, and Samson though you be, you may yet find a Dalilah.


239. Now how is this to be avoided? and how chase an Italian? Some are for the old light, some for the new! But both may be good, and both bad;—a great deal more depends on the hare than the greyhound. Some are for slouched hats, bravo-cloaks, banditti moustachios, and an armoury of pistols, daggers, and blunderbusses, with mighty sighs in the form of an O, and no



words; handkerchiefs covered with embroidered tears, all amulets; and letters sealed with Cupids impaled, and forwarded in cypress nosegays—"to the only adorable on earth—the sister of the Sun and Moon." Others, again, depend upon Day and Martin's blacking, and Wellington boots,—an English race-horse,—and smoking. Others look elegiacally ill of a love consumption, and trust to the pathos of big blue eye-glasses, to be mistaken for the Lord Oswald. They write their sonnets to the last sneeze of their mistress, on paper as weak and transparent as themselves—and spend their days in sleeping, that they may at night be able to bay the moon. Others put on a music fever, and do the delirium part well; they advance in an overture which would humble an army, and after mining for weeks, in ariettas, cava-tinas, &c. at last blow up the lady, or their heart, in a grand explosive finale. Others whisperaway with innuendos and close-corner adorations, at the most high-bonneted, high-cheeked, rectangular Beatrice of the party.

Others do love and jealousy by waltzing themselves sick; others by not waltzing at all; some again by their eating, some by their fasting;—by fans, and by falls;—by constancy—inconstancy:—pros and cons;—by every thing good, and by every thing bad—as the change of the moon or the fashion of the week shall command them.

Now, I am but an Ofellus, an *abnormis senex* in these matters;—but this hold I, and that firmly, that the real secret is not here, and much of these “nine labours” might be well spared. It is but braying water in a mortar. “I by itself, I” will no doubt do a great deal—no praiser so emphatic and sincere as one’s self; but if you can add to this the style and title of an *Englishman*, you may chaunt your *Veni, vidi, vici*—and trample on native-born princes, as on dragons and basilisks. Every Englishman has an indefeasible title to the heart of the whole Continent, and wherever he travels, ought to find himself at home. Italy keeps her wives, France her daughters, but for *him*.




His name and nation is a master-key to the proudest heart. Europe is his slave-market—and he, as he well knows it, her only legitimate sultan.

240. But this only when you are in towns and in etiquette. When travelling—mum! preserve an inexorable *incognito*!—The fewer friends you have *en route*, the pleasanter. Your arrival must be an event everywhere; but there is no necessity to unpack your importance for every spy who approaches you. No one can speak to you but with the intention of interrogating you; and no one can interrogate you but with a view of robbing you first, and peradventure slaying you afterward. When therefore you enter an hotel, look not to the right or left; guard your silence as a coat of armour, and though your brother were passing at the same time, do not recognise him or his inquiries. You will thus get a bed entire to yourself, and sometimes a dinner, and have a whole servant to attend, instead of dividing him with half a dozen others. Travelling

in company, besides being dangerous (it may end in a robbery or a duel), is *canaille*, and suspicious. It tells the world, in round phrase, that neither your purse nor conscience will permit you to travel singly.

241. But if it should so happen, by some caprice of your own, or of the Destinies, that you cannot keep yourself alone, I can only say in large letters "*Look before you leap*," or choose whilst you may. It will not always do, to cry "*Cæsarem vehis*;" — there are some vehicles, which, like the bark of Charon, accustomed to lighter essences, may groan under the superior dignity of your mortality. A carriage destined to receive *ingentem Ænean*, should be examined to the bone. I tremble when I think that the dislocation of a single spring might cost mankind your loss, and deprive you of mankind. Nor is it sufficient to hold this inquest on the carriage only, you must extend it to the *aliæ animæ*, who accompany it. See that they are ghostlike, and weigh not. Beware of monks, nurses, and Germans, who are all




earthly, and choose poets, painters, and old maids,—who have scarcely enough of body, in general, to hide their souls. This may be done, without offending feelings, through the intervention of the Vetturino, whose bowels of compassion may be appealed to, in behalf of his horses. If omitted, try a big lantern, and your own expostulation, on what constitutes a reasonable size in a traveller. In fine, risk every thing rather than your life. But you hesitate, and ask facts—am not I an example? A mere providence saved me; “*informi limo, glaucâque exponit in ulvâ* ;” but would you like to be saved in the same manner? Is it not better to have no need of a *rescue*? Look then before you leap, and tempt not Heaven, but choose whilst you may, and depend upon mere earth.

And now, as “every thing which begins must end,” I suppose, whether in caritelle, diligence, or with vetturino, you will some time or other reach England, and I may at last formally congratulate you on your ex-

ploits. You have put out and doubled your talent,—you have brought back a traveller's conscience clean and comfortable,—you have seen and treasured up,—learned wisdom like Ulysses,—and are in a fit state to astonish, if not enlighten, your world. In returning to England, you will feel at every step the value of your rank ;—you will find what it is to have seen “many men and many cities ;” you will know the dear delights of wrapping yourself up in your own experience, and beholding at a distance the fleeing of your countrymen, and the irruption of the harpies on every side assailing them. Safely landed, you may laugh at their peril, and eat better dinners, for half the sum, than they can do for double, in glory and in peace.

“ Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,  
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem,  
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,  
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave  
est.”

And now, at last, farewell ! . . May your good Genius, whom I take to be a mongrel



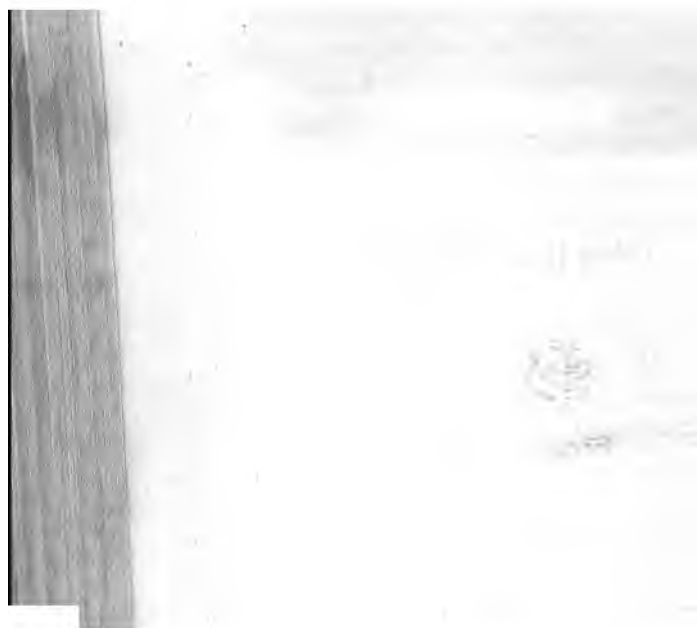
between Plutus, Mercury, and Pallas Minerva, conduct you in the way in which you are going, and bring you safely and triumphantly into port ! May all the old men come out to gaze upon you, and the little children shout, and the nurses scream with joy upon your return ! May your own wife, unlike Beppo's, and your own dog, like Argus, recognise you,—may you be received by the mayor, if there be one, or if not by the beadles ;—may there be a ringing of bells, as if Paris were taken, and bonfires and bull-baiting, as on Lord Castlereagh's death ! And finally, may you turn out an astounding *lion*, when people least dream of it, and go about wonder-telling and wonder-making amongst your own villagers, to the alarm of the parson, and fear and envy of all the magistrates !

But if at times, in the midst of these glories, when most you feel yourself glorified by the stilts on which you are entitled to move, you are induced to cast a lingering eye upon the hours which late we led together,

oh ! do not in the swelling and sublimity of your heart, altogether forget that ABRAHAM ELDON was the Raphael who guarded you, and whispered, like the Genius of Socrates, from time to time in your untaught ear. So shall I have lived not altogether in vain ; so shall I have emulated the fame of Arkwright, and generated principles of intellectual steam ; and what they may hereafter produce in 'Travelling, it is not for my modesty to hint, much less to name.



### THIRD PART.



## THIRD PART.

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THE RESULT—OR HOW TO EMPLOY WHAT  
HATH BEEN DONE WHILST OUT.

—“ *Ti gioverà dicere, I' fui.*”

DANTE.

242. THE white cliffs begin to emerge from the waters, and you are within hail of the high prices, stifling fires, and sophisticated wines, of Old England. If your heart beat, albeit, however little, within you, it is a staunch proof that to little advantage have you travelled. The sickness of home is upon you, and you were not born to be a pilgrim. But a destiny, if not so high, not altogether without its glory, awaits you. The means are, without the end—nothing; and as you

could not travel without preparation, so also your travelling and its marvels may in nought profit you, unless you can find the strings wherewith you may dance them advantageously before the public. Now this is the object of this Third Part,—to magnify the wonders, to declare modestly the exploits you have achieved. Your ovation must be a series of grandeurs, and display something better than the cockleshells of Caligula. Every one must learn, in time and place, the horrors you have vanquished, the monsters you have despised, the laurels you have gathered, the perils you have played with (as an Indian juggler with his sword), the damsels who have sighed for you and not in vain, the giants you have treated with, the knights you have rescued, the dances you have danced, the sleeps you have slept, the sights you have seen,—and, last not least, the thousand and one dinners you have triumphantly devoured. A good picture is nothing without good varnish, nor good varnish without




a good frame. Such varnish and such a frame, do I pretend to furnish ; nor ask I any other recompense for either than to descend with the picture to posterity.

243. And now, to talk with you as is my wont—*quàm familiariter* ;—every thing consists in the three first steps—your step on land—your step in your own family—and your step in the drawing-room, or in public. It is of no avail you should have discovered a just standard for your own stature ;—the world must acquiesce in your weights and measures. This may be effected on the uncivilized, by swearing and loud talking, or swearing reduced to practice,—which is much the same sort of thing as knocking one down. But in society which hath been barbarized, a less emphatic process is usual. The system is more gentle, but not less energetic : it may be adapted to all occasions, and elevated to any power ;—it assumes all modifications with equal strength and facility ;—in a word, what high-pressure steam

is in the scientific world, high-pressure puffing affects to be, and with greater justice, in the social.

There are all descriptions of puffing, and the choice must depend upon the puffed himself\*. One man may like the puff personal,

\* My Uncle had a treatise upon the stocks (as I perceive from his papers) on this very subject. I quote the heading of some of the chapters. Chap. 1. Of puffing in general—whether it be an art or a science? Chap. 2. Whether it is better to be a puffer or puffed? (there is a long note, contributed, I suspect, by an Italian abbé, on the parasitism of the ancients). Chap. 3. Of the origin of puffing, and whether it was known before the Deluge? my Uncle seems to lean to the affirmative, and cites several of the holy fathers to prove the Devil was the father, and Eve the mother of puffing. Chap. 4. Whether a puff be, or ought to be considered, a lie, and of what quality,—white, black, or a mixture of both? (There is a note on *mental reservation*, too indulgent, in my opinion, to kings, chancellors, members of parliament, &c.) Chap. 5. On the true genius of puffing. Chap. 6. On the sublime and magniloquous. Chap. 7. On the modest, sub-modest, and mock-modest in puffing. (Ladies letters, and Evangelical




another the puff by proxy; one the puff sideways, another the puff forward—but whichever he chooses, whether the gallant, the religious, the outright, the innuendo, the monumental, or ephemeral, he must choose well, and soon, for it will be as difficult for a carriage to go without horses, or a ship, as I have already said, without paddles (sails have gone out with peruques), or a French marquise without snuff, or the church without sermons—as for a traveller to take

confessions, are illustrations.) Chap. 8. On the mysterious, or the ministerial. Chap. 9. On the *coup de main*, or assault;—Scipio when accused by his enemies, Horace's epodes, Napoleon's bulletins, and king's speeches. Chap. 10. Of missing stays and a lee shore;—deaf ladies, Chancery lawyers, hanging judges, &c. Chap. 11. The literary puff, or how to make a bow to the public on paper. Chap. 12. Of the great puff or the Sans Pareil, and the little or the circumbendibus. Chap. 13. How to appear ignorant of one's own merit, and how to let others know it despite of them,—in the middle of which chapter the work seems to have been interrupted; nor could I perceive any indications that it had been afterward resumed.

his first step on shore—I mean as he ought to do—without his puffs and puffers preceding him. They are his telescopes, and telegraphs to society—the drums and trumpets to his dignity;—without them he may be mistaken for a common man, who has stayed at home and increased his family. With them, he will rouse every hamlet through which he passes—as if Exeter 'Change itself was in march, and Tom Thumb had returned from his conquests.

244. No one who hears a speech in Parliament, or reads an election address, or endures a bad play and a long play-bill, or fixes his eye on a village shop-board, or has a house or a daughter to sell, or is looking out for a wife and an equipage,—but must esteem, as he ought, the utility of an art, without which, as without paper money, would immediately ensue the dissolution and wreck of all gentlemanlike society. But this deep conviction of an obvious truth is not sufficient. Theory will not do without practice.—Now the practice must vary with




circumstances. Sometimes you may cunningly and smoothly, like a Greek pilot, coast along the shore; sometimes as much sea-room as if you were a seventy-four may be necessary: sometimes you must almost degenerate into truth; at others you cannot lie too magnificently. The Proteus will take any shape, the cameleon any hue. The art is in your hands,—but to use it, you must be a magician. The slightest awkwardness, and it will recoil upon the blunderer. A puff *mal à propos*, instead of blowing you out, may blow you up, to the amusement and scorn of your untravelled enemies.

245. But as you are neither a seller nor buyer of men's consciences,—and can live apart from Macassar oil, and Mr. Hunt's politics, blacking, and roasted corn,—I shall, in mercy to myself and you, limit my *Dicta* to the only puff with which you or I can have any concern,—the *Traveller's Puff*, or the *Puff Wonderful*!


You must make your first advances by attorney. The play must have a prologue;

and for this I know nothing better than the innuendo; it is oily, insinuating, Sir Pertinax-like, and sends every man home contented with himself, and graciously inclined toward the puffee. Begin with the Traveller's Corner in a newspaper, behind a fine fortification of advertisements, and thus civilly *hint* your first bow to the public:—"The indefatigable Mr. A., B., or C. (still better if he be a lord, though then you must alter the word indefatigable,)—whose departure from this country has been a subject of so much regret, not only to his neighbourhood, but to the literary circles of the metropolis,—is conjectured, from the latest information, to be on his return after an interesting tour through the south of Europe."—This, in a few posts later, in proportion as you advance toward the Alps, may become more interesting, thus:—"By the latest private letters from Nice, we are happy to learn that the unpleasant rumour (pathetic that word unpleasant) of Mr. A., B., or C's death is altogether unfounded: the important collection of private and public papers, &c. &c.,



the fruits of his travels, will be thus secured, let us hope, to the public." But as the public, take them for all in all, are little better than the poet's Lethargy, it is essential you should again stimulate them by a pinch under the nose, and force back their attention, which may have gone wandering after such objects as a new Czar or an old Prime Minister, the butchering of the Greeks or the conversion and rebellion of the Irish. I should therefore recommend a precipitate relapse. "We are sorry to have to correct one of our most respectable contemporaries. Mr. A., B., or C., it is true, has not fallen a victim to the late attack of tertian, which he caught in hunting a drag across the Campagna, but it is but too well ascertained that he lies dangerously ill at Florence, in consequence of several wounds received in a severe engagement with the brigands, whom he at last beat off, with the loss of his papers. We lament to add that, at the date of our letter, the balls had not yet been extracted." This will give good grounds for surmise and ap-


prehension, say for ten or twelve days, much about the time you will take in getting on to Paris, from which place you can have the following confidentially inserted:—"We have just had a letter from our correspondent in Paris, who states that Mr. A., B., or C.'s intended publication was communicated to a select literary party yesterday, and received—particularly the 34th and 35th chapters, on the morality and physicality of the Italians—with unbounded applause." If it be a lie, which is possible, besides being more readily believed, it will afford you an opportunity of decorously *contradicting* it. (An author and a young lady should always try to blush and grow angry when you praise them. "*Moi une virtuose !*"—it is the best of "good lessons" for a virgin muse.) "Mr. A., B., or C. begs the Editor of the ——— or \* \* \* (Post, Chronicle, Mail, or Advertiser,) to do him that justice which he has never refused to the most humble of his subscribers (the puff mysterious), and to assure his kind friends, who have so liberally imputed to him



an anxiety for the hired applause of a neighbouring nation, that he knows too well the dignity of his own (the Bull puff) ever to condescend, &c. &c.” Not one word, however, of the work itself. Whether in being or not, it is not your affair, but that of your readers. You are not called on for a disavowal of the *work*, but of the *eulogy*: you will thus, by tossing the ball to and fro, at last convince the world that you *exist*; that you *have* travelled, that you *are* returning, and that you expect *acclamations*—the *Deus! ecce Deus!*—on your arrival. John Bull is a fine surly goodnatured animal, when well fed. Watch then the settling of a bullion question, or corn bill, and come over when every one is likely to have enough for dinner. Only time your first step, and you will have fawning and wondering enough. But toss over the English papers a day or two before: it is right you should be *au niveau* of reigning fashions: Lion as you are, you must lionize it after the most approved models. A mistake in this way may be fatal;—instead of the

finest animal at this side of the Tower, you may be voted a coxcombical little jackal. Ask, therefore, what the *Travellers* have decreed good *ton* for the current year, and rehearse. Get their suit and livery, and line it as you like. Without it you may preach in the wilderness;—you will have travelled only for the *canaille*,—the ex-world, the non-descript, the *million*. If you be of the Elect, the Few,—and think their thoughts, and speak their speeches, your nonsense will outweigh the bullion of others. Once admitted,—write, talk, or do neither,—you are a marvel *ex-officio*, and can do no wrong.

246. But there may be some whose notions of fame are a little different, and who may wish to rely exclusively on themselves. They have gone out abhorring paper of all kinds, and attribute to printing and witchcraft all the evils amongst mankind. To such, puffing is an insult,—they no more require it than a Methodist preacher. They have but to appear, their presence is their letter of recommendation. It will be soon seen that



they were predestined to civilize the barbarous South, and introduce horse-racing and fox-hunting on the Campagna. They have come back a depository, a walking bazaar, of the best inventions of other nations. Every gesture is a running commentary upon their travels. They have supported the glory of England abroad, and they now return with the spoils of the Continent to England.

247. And now that the eventful hour arrives, when your country is once more to feel you with exultation on her shore ; put on your oracular face, and lie in contemptuous indifference, wrapt up in an authentic Neapolitan tabarro, wearing melancholy Spanish mustachios, smoking metaphysically a German *ecume de mer*, reading Tasso half asleep, speaking of the Greeks you met at Pisa,—and scolding your servant in French, though he has lived twenty years in England, to show you were not born and bred at Birmingham. You should now and then ask about England, and inquire whether she still stands where she once stood, but all

this in a parenthesis;—the grand topic of your conversation, if indeed I can give it that name, should be on the Milanese manner of eating macaroni, the shape of the Pope's slipper, (with an innuendo on cloven feet,) the advantage of passports to a free country, (you can cite France,) and the glory of having missed fire at a brigand and killed a wild boar. This will startle John Bull,—and you have only to answer him with a grand smile, and a little smoke. (Your servant may then pack you up for the night, and leave your friends to their meditations.) Before you have reached your destination, you will have travelled far in his opinion, and he will either hate you or admire you. Better, however, to be disliked than not known. “*Medio de fonte leporum—Surgit amari aliquid, &c.*” Rack punch gives headaches,—but ladies drink and risk them for all that. In order to climb, you must sometimes bear to fall.


248. And now you are “definitively” arrived. Not long enough absent to forget

your native accent, you have still been sufficiently long away to forget your manners. You must begin, though slowly, to recollect Dover Cliff, and rail against the red bricks and the green fields—recalling, as you do, the Travertine palaces and purple light of Italy.

249. Bow your head at every door you enter, and look as if you were already stifling when the maid talks of lighting a coal fire. Laugh at the barbarism of roast-beef, and order it to be given to your postilion, as food fit only for him or the Cyclops. Ask for a *Blanquette de Veau*, and stare at the stupidity which sends you—a blanket. Should your servant be French, shrug up your shoulders and smile with him. If German, post him at the door, and allow him the full indulgence of his *Meerschaum*. When dinner is over, and you are in a reverie upon *Côte Roti*, send out the waiter for a bill of the opera; none probably is to be found—lament the gothicism and darkness of your countrymen—and stretched out in solitude, menace loud enough to be heard, to return

by the next packet to Paris, to avoid the "shadow of death," and *ennui*, which everywhere surround you in this howling wilderness.


250. Your arrival has already created a sensation—the electricity has communicated;—every eye and ear is a conductor. You stand at the head of those scrolls of immortality, the "fashionable arrivals" and "table talk" of the day. Every imagination worth regarding is of course occupied on the immediate and remote causes of your re-appearance. Some will give you the inheritance of a rich uncle, of whom no one, and least of all his *nephew*, has heard; others anticipate for you a treasury borough and corresponding eloquence; others, all the gifts of the gods in an *ipso facto* marriage. Now, this tiptoe anxiety of the public ought not to be trifled with, and you should discreetly acquaint them, that you have arrived in this or that square, "after a tour on the Continent." This is enough, the mighty gossip will waft it everywhere, and the world will begin to



inquire, not what brought you back, but what you have brought back with you. Your name will be looked for in every advertisement;—the last novel will be forgotten for you; every mouth will at once exclaim, “At last we shall have something worth travelling for. When is he to be out, and eclipse the nine hundred and ninety-nine High-way and By-way-men who have dared to precede him?”

251. On appearing once more in the great capital, you must collect leisurely every means of attraction within your reach. With a proper knowledge of drawing and other-room tactics, you may for a whole week turn the eye of the public from any bubble then going—as if you were a bubble also—to yourself. This is to be done *in limine*, by selecting proper apartments, neither too retiring nor too public, but just that lounging luxurious medium—*semi-reducta Venus*—between the two worlds east and west, which becomes a man not quite a stranger, yet who would still be sorry to be called a native. Here

you should not hold *levée* till the twilight hour of three o'clock, and then in a French *douillette à la Louis XVIII.*, or a true Stamboul giubeh, with yellow morocco slippers, still smelling of sulphur and the quarantine, and ready at any moment to suggest a query and a dissertation. A prospectus of a new edition of the Pope's Bulls should lie on your table, with the *Almanach des Gourmands* bound in red morocco; your chibouque and portrait should contend for pre-eminence on the sofa; in your hand I would place a diamond Dante,—which you need not read—and round you, portfolios, engravings, paintings, carefully confused with quartos in exotic parchment bindings, (and as ugly as they are exotic,) piled pyramidically before you upon the carpet. In the midst of these may sleep your English dog, whom you have lately changed to a foreigner. In town he goes by the name of *Pincher*, whilst at home you will do me the favour to call him *Pincerelli*. I do not care how many pistols of St. Etienne, or Damascus sabres, or



Roman cameos, or French repeaters, or Geneva snuff-boxes, you scatter indolently, *operosè nihil agens*, amongst all this. The point is, *to make up a picture*, and in every hue and colour to write hieroglyphically *the Traveller*. Thus, framed, as I may say, and varnished,—await admirers. It is not necessary you should be quite awake, provided others are; it is the business of the curious to discover your merits, it is enough you deign to exhibit for them without a charge. By saying little, smiling less, yawning a great deal, and listening not at all, you will soon obtain what you claim—a *toto vertice* superiority over the multitude who have had the misfortune of having a home and of never leaving it. No one who sees you, but must feel how diminutive he appears by your side. You are now beginning to enjoy the fruits of many days questioning; the flowers have become honey; and you are a moon among lesser stars, and a sun among moons.

252. This I call the “*first step*,” and as


every one knows, an important step it is. Now let me conduct you, like an experienced dancing-master, to the *second*. Your family have already begun to hold their heads a full inch higher since the report of your arrival. Every one in the village is sensible that some great event has taken place; but whether it be, that young Master Aby has gained a silver medal for best grammar-answering, or his eldest sister has received her first proposal, is not quite ascertained. Murmurs, like the soft winds which precede the rising of the sun, gently whisper that you are advancing. The best furniture is uncovered; and your great-grand aunt is desperately resolved to kill the fatted calf, and receive in *pontificalibus* her prodigal. Dogs, cats, ostlers, and chambermaids, are in fidgets; a new æra is about to open,—*novus rerum nascitur ordo*;—the great chimney is likely again to smoke; stout beer to flow like milk and honey; and a millenium of beef and cabbage, as perennial as their appetites, to reward all for their fasting and longani-

mity. The reverend coachman, Nestor-like, is brushing up the last hairs of his brown wig, and all his old stories. Miss Letitia is combed thrice a day, and is made to rehearse her "Flies for Fools," and "Nets for Wanderers;" and if she can, to look joyful. All the cousinage of the neighbourhood are summoned with cards as large as acts of Parliament; and the housekeeper, for the first time in her life, without a sigh breaks up her inimitable preserves, and surrenders herself at will to the savage invaders. The parson is as happy as if called to a marriage or a death. The household wear one universal grin; and there is not a serious person in the whole parish but Miss Angelica Greville Grundy.

You must be born of an Hyrcanian tiger if you can find a heart to reject these solemnities. They bring the tears into mine eyes when I think of them; and in this very writing, two or three have fallen and blotted out the words, as I had first written them, for ever. Alas! it was thus I should have been

received after my first pilgrimage to Cambridge, had I not got the gout, and my mother died in the interval..... But what has happened has happened! and my duty calls, and plucks me by the sleeve to proceed.

The adorable letter, written through spectacles and with a trembling pen, has already reached you. You kiss it, though powdered with snuff:—and notwithstanding the expostulations of your French servant, who shudders at being interred alive in a vault or the country, daringly risk yourself on a safety coach. On the way, generate as much pleasantness and affability as you can. It is true, you are of a different *caste*,—but do not use the strength and privileges of a giant, *totis viribus*, like a giant. Leap from the carriage modestly,—and make every one think, for the first half hour, you are right glad, as you ought to be, at being once more back. Every one will turn round to his neighbour with his most significant wink; and while the old take snuff, and cry, like good prophets of the




past, "I told you so,"—the young will blush, and whisper, "No country like England"—that is, no ladies like English ladies—"after all."

The next day you are to be visited to death; gazed at to suffocation; and admired, until you grow humble, and suspect lionship a bore. But Kings and Travellers owe this tribute at least to the public. If they are not to be shown, people will begin to say, of what use are they? Now I respect both professions too much to wish them exposed to such an insult, and I beseech my Telemachus to bear himself with as much delightful hypocrisy as if he were delivering a speech from the throne.

253. The visits over, you are to burst out in all your splendour. Some compensation is due for having had to gaze on so many untravelled faces, and to hear so much absolute English, all in one day. You may now return a little to yourself, and enjoy boldly your privileges. Refute the vulgar adage,—and prove "*et cælum et animum mutant qui*

*trans mare currunt :*" convince the family that you have been turned inside-out, that the old man has been cauterized out of you, and that you have no more to do with the Englishman you were than a butterfly with the moth. Your whole day should be divided between taking care of your mustachios, your appetite, and your own praises. Curl the former, and recurl them, till Miss Letitia offers you her papillotes ; and tell Grandmamma that you do it to fill up your time, instead of smoking. Explain the rings on each of your fingers to the housekeeper in Italian, or something near it,—a *mulatto* sort of language,—like her own soups, English beef at bottom, with foreign spices floating on the surface. The chaplain you must render uncomfortable, even in his arm chair, and after dinner, by recounting your visit to the Pope ;—and all the aunts in the house, before it, by an eulogy on Italian pastry and French sweetmeats. When the groom asks if you will ride, smile at him, as if he had taken you for a Centaur ; and when Miss talks



of the rurality of the landscape, and proposes a refreshing walk over hedges, and stiles, and green wet fields, talk of a dish of eggs and spinach, and ask her, can she ensure you a sun for *three quarters of an hour*?


At dinner, endure with well-applied yawns the oppressive plenty which on every side smothers you; and eat with the point of your fork, or the tip of your finger, the thirtieth part of each plate of vegetables which you suffer to be placed before you. Porter and port deliver over to Grandmamma, and allow all the young ladies to die of thirst rather than commit the abomination of drinking with any one of them.

After dinner, rise, to the great horror of all ancient magistrates present, and allow them to revolutionize roads and fill prisons without you;—the irruption on the drawing-room will surprise; you have broken up a good sleep, or scattered a tit-bit dish of family scandal. Let Miss then produce her voice and fingers;—lecture upon time,—and laugh at “Pray Goody,” as an ancient piece of

music. Put Grandmamma out of countenance, with "*Io sono il Factotum della Città*," roared loftily; and assure her, though she shakes her head thereat, "that, Italian as it is, it speaks neither of love nor elopement." Shiver toward seven o'clock, though in the dog-days, and pray, in mercy, for a wood fire. Rail against Northern climates and hearts till midnight;—and wishing them a "*felicissima notte*," sing yourself to sleep, after murmurs loud and long against four-posted beds and cotton curtains.

A day or two in this way, with superlative flattery to the young ladies, and a Malachite ring or two, (come from Siberia to Rome, and from thence to England,) to the old,—you will be, in despite of Miss Angelica, as great a wonder as the village clock, and be thought worth thinking and talking of, as a very dear and dangerous man, for a whole fortnight, (what glory lasts longer?) by every petticoat oracle in the neighbourhood.


254. So much, if you have the enviable



fortune to be yet in the market ; but should you be no longer masterless, and have given yourself up,—something must be added for your guardians. A travelled family is as different from a travelled man, as a constellation from a star. What a combination from all the masters and misses you may have brought back with you ! You may go about the world like the Pleiades—every one a comet, until his companion be seen, and then each so destroying the charm of the neighbouring star, that you no longer know whether you should like or dislike them together. How confounding to the head-schoolmaster of the Borough to hear them all lisping their French, as if he had whipt them ! and making sentences, without the use of his verbs ! and how provoking that they dance as if they had been ten years at Miss Selby's, and have found out that Miss Angelica Greville Grundy's Colosseum is a caricature. Miss Symmetry will attitudinize in one room *à la Hamilton* ; Miss Harmony romp with the piano or the guitar, or “love,” “adore,”

and "die" in the best Italian, in another ; Miss Grace will lounge through the latest Marsouk in a third ; and Mamma declaim on the merits of her inimitables in the fourth. In a little time, you will have all the marriers of the county doing ante-chamber, and soliciting the honour of being civilised by one of your disposable Muses. The country will begin to wear a new face, and old men to believe in an Apollo Belvidere. Marriage will follow in your suite, particularly if led by a golden chain ; coronets will drop unsolicited ; and you will be, ere another year is out, the father, and may I hope, the grandfather, of a young Academy.

255. But a traveller may travel, but not stagnate, in the country. The capital sighs for you, and you are too grateful not to sigh for the capital. You now begin to feel your importance to yourself ; it is right you should impress the same feeling on the public. In a word, it is quite time you should advertise for the season, and its forthcoming




routes—and thus make the *third* and most conclusive step of the Traveller. But this must be done regularly; I hope you are not afraid of notoriety—and like your name, though it should appear in capitals. “*Nul-lus argento color est avaris.*” I hope your treasures will fare differently. Dress them up in temperate splendour, “*temperato splendeat usu,*” and sparkle modestly before the public.

But first, your preliminaries. Nothing can be done without that first ceremony, called the Publisher's bow. This is putting yourself up for bidders; and as you are your own auctioneer, it is incumbent on you to declare peremptorily, that every article is of the first quality; your anecdotes all cabinet;—your scandal *tête-à-tête*;—your conspiracies *bona fide*, though not “government securities;”—your portraits, life—*en pied* and not *en buste*;—be personal—spicy—intrepid;—say you tried to convert the Pope, and would have done so, had he been a Jew, and finally,

though a Protestant, escaped martyrdom, and walked the halls without seeing or feeling the fires of the Holy Inquisition.

When all this is properly bruited through town, you will have the Mr. Tonson of the day, and the ministry in trade, coming to you, and trying to buy you up, like a simple country member for the first time on town and ignorant of the wiles and ways of a wicked world. But play off the Sir Robert Walpole with his own game;—nothing like mystery, and, next to mystery, self-respect; modesty is a poor brass coinage, from which the silver wash has long since been rubbed off. When a man says he is worth nothing, or good for nothing, it is a cruel thing, but not less true, that for once at least the world takes him at his word. To speak well of a subject, a man must know it well, and no one, I imagine, can know your own merits, (I must repeat it again and again) half so well as yourself.


256. But to be a little more precise. The bookseller, I am sorry to say, is to the book-



maker as a zero is to an integer—of no importance separate, but ten times his value when they come together. The bookseller multiplies by ten; but the bookmaker, between adding subtractions, and multiplying divisions, and losing by all his gains, is sure to find himself in the end very nearly what he was at the beginning. In the ordinary course you should disdain a visit: the buyer perhaps ought to go to the mill, and I have no doubt that, in the course of civilization, it will come to that; but London is a microcosm, a world in a town, or a town stretching out into a world, and it may be some weeks before your fame, notwithstanding all Virgil says to the contrary, can travel from one end of it to the other. You have an immediate necessity for a certain stock, and must look for it, if it will not come to you. I think therefore you may use him, whatever it may cost, for a trumpet, and blow yourself, with a single blast, into the ear and attention of the public.

257. Booksellers and publishers now begin

to know where Italy is. You must convince them that you have found out an Italy of your own. Little exertion will be required: the first ten lines of your MS. will probably prove that you see through glasses of a different colour from every body else. The preliminaries fairly established, raise difficulties, and go through your alarms. Talk of the impossibility of decyphering your valuable notes, and shiver at the reviewers and their gloomy empire. "*Animula, blandula, vagula*,"—what courage must you possess, to face the Quarterly and its Cerberus; the Minotaur of the Edinburgh; and the Medusa of the Westminster, which turns every one who looks on it into stone! Then gradually relent, and suffer your acknowledged modesty to be prevailed on, by the entreaties of your sincere friends, (who never flatter,) and indulge the longings and expectations of the world. The next Monthly Advertiser will blush with your budding honours, and you may already sip a gentle foretaste of fame. You may write now, or



not write, as you think proper. The public should be kept on tiptoe; and it is yet a moot point whether the man who has come out, or the man who is coming out, is the most respected.

258. Should you, however, have too much money to write, and too good a name to lose it, I think on the whole you will do well to confine yourself to menaces, and avoid blundering into a performance. You have a high opinion of yourself; permit the public to have the same:—the divinity will play his part, and be worshipped as well as others, unless you are mad enough to turn him inside out, and show the idolaters that their idol is made of rags. “*Aut Cesar, aut nullus*”—if you cannot play Prima Donna, better not play at all. At the same time, I am far from thinking it possible, altogether to avoid the epidemic. In the present writing rage which devours the land, you must be touched if not devoured also. But no need of capering about with your pen in rest, before the public; a little safe madness


only is allowable; and for this, I know nothing safer than "*les meurtrières*," or loopholes of a Review, where you can mark your man, shoot him through the head, and laugh behind your wall, with all the comfort imaginable. It may be, indeed, that this sort of legalized assassination may now and then be discovered by some envious companion; but you have had excellent sport in the interval, and established your reputation as a good shot. Writers, like pigeons, were made to be shot at; Reviewers, like sportsmen, to shoot them. If men will commit themselves, and put their heads in your way, surely that is *their* business, not *your's*. A falsehood in a Review is no more a falsehood, than in an act of parliament. Damages are no proofs of wrong, nor judges of justice. Besides, are you not a Traveller—the alpha and omega of travellers?—and though you never intend to publish, who has a right to precede you?

259. So, now that you are feared, at least, and marvelled at, you are in fit odour

and excellent keeping for a drawing-room. Descend there suddenly, and keep apart from the rest of the world, that the world may easily find you out. When pointed at, own the soft impeachment, by the kindest blush you have ; or if the suns of the South have burnt them all away, turn bashfully to the next mirror, and observe with a sheep's eye how meekly you bear the honours which from all sides are clustering around you. This is, or should be, in women or authors, an encouragement, and the public are the most ardent of wooers, when "in the vein." When you are sensible, by the tickling within you, that you and your excellence is discovered, seize the propitious moment, and coin their praises into sterling fame. Throw yourself on the next sofa with Continental nonchalance, and *sleep* if you like, but with both ears wide open. In a few moments, you will have collected the crowd you intended around you,—and, whatever they say, (if aloud,) you need not doubt, will be in your praise.

During a month you will reign as the first star of the evening—the Hesperus of the whole host. Dowagers will fall out after a twenty years peace—lapdogs be forgotten for the charming lion—and armies of cards, sent from every castle, shall keep guard and ward over your important person. You will have to fight many a pleasing battle, and you must betimes mail yourself in gentle indifference, and bear with attractive reluctance the *empressemens* of the extravagants, and the delightful penalties of a *boudoir* apotheosis. How many dinings out ! how many luxurious *petits soupers*, after your own heart !—you will be the *enfant gaté* of the whole hierarchy of blueism, and your name consecrated in every lady's album. The East will take it up from the West ; your immortality will rival Gog's and Magog's ; Almack's shall intrigue for you—the Travelers shall war for you—and both contract their claws, to take in the new constellation.

Now all this you must take *of course*—  
“as to the fashion born”—nor open your



mouth, upon your gratitude, except by innuendo. If questioned, reply in breaks and dashes; scatter your wisdom apothegmatically, and let people learn you have travelled, by induction. If with ladies, let it be—"When I was last with my friend the Queen of Etruria,—what a charming woman the Queen of Etruria!"—or "my friend the King (ex-King) of Sweden"—or, "the Prince *this*, or the Duke *that*—all charming men! and of such discrimination! and so affable!" This will give you a fine foreign flavour; and every one will read, in your manner, how charmingly kings, queens, princes and dukes, take snuff, sneeze, talk and do—nonsense. Again, should you have to address a statesman, either *ex*, or *in*, say, *en passant*, "Though I could not agree with the Cavaliere Medici (which means you were near enough to differ with him) in his views of our Anglo-Sicilian constitution and liberality, still"—or, "The anti-revolutionary modifications of the prudent San Gallo struck me"—or, "I defended the *semi-moderé* system of

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Gonsalvi, for half an hour, by tra-ultra Severoli"—all which cally, and opens the cabinet for shut it again as rapidly—for know, that their show, like the depends for its effect on being seen by halves.


Artists and soldiers must be differently. Tell the first, that "shudder at the verdegri of this that you often mistake the sun for Italian moon." Then ask him found a leg or arm yet in England solemnly for your "*introuvable* Ver from this to "Salvator, and his of gloom and barrenness," and bew tility and gardenizing of England voking flags, and clean houses,—in an eulogy on the *precieuses* Rome." To the soldier, you might proudly exhibit, if you have is a pocket-list of a man's exploits every hair you may hang an encounter your interview with the Prince of

docco follow your *tête-à-tête* with Don Gaetano Vardarelli ; and both yield to your mode of suppressing all unlicensed kinds of brigandage in the *Regno*. Men must be block-heads, or asleep, who will not desire you to pursue—do so *until* desired—the first prayer is a signal and motive for silence. Slide away judiciously into the crowd, and let the gaping circle make out, as they can, the remainder of your exploits from the pallet of their own imaginations.

260. So much for the mere conversation of a ball-room, where so few listen and all speak ; but should some, through ignorance of your new grade, beg you impertinently to dance, eat supper, or play cards, you have merely to say, “ The Turks don’t do what they can get others to do for them ;” or “ The Club endures, but don’t dance ;” thereby meaning the Travellers.

261. Visits and parties sooner or later die off in a dinner, as love and courtship usually do in a marriage. As to amazing routs, and all such grievances, I *ex-professo* omit

them ; imagining, that if you have any sense of your dignity, you will refuse to be crushed by more than a hundred persons at a time. You have already, no doubt, drawn up a protest against staircase society, which leads to fevers, rheums, and many things more improper. A dinner party will be made up for you ; and, like the gods and demi-gods, when they discovered themselves of yore, you will be welcomed with a smoking holocaust, in stepping out of your *incognito*. Eyes glistening with queries will hail you ; Misses stuttering with anxiety will crowd near you. No rattlesnake has made his *debut* during the year at Bullock's more to the agreeable horror of the ladies. All the time of dinner you must therefore remain silent ; or, should intervals of serious eating occasionally intervene, and people begin to look foolish around you,—rather than look like them, you may fill up these *vacua* with interjections on the sublime merits of a Paté de Perigord, or Strasbourg—doubts whether Mr. Martin would allow their manufacture,



and disquisitory hints on the Antediluvian antiquity of *bœuf à la mode*, or the Provençal origin of the “*petits puits d'Amour*,” which you accordingly recommend to the patronage of all damsels and their minstrels.

After dinner, there are two modes of creating effect:—the one, applying for inspiration to your pouncet-box; taking, at a draught, your pint of Lafitte, and immediately proceeding, with proper pomp, to the door. This will leave regrets below stairs, “*extinctum querimus invidi*,” and insure thanks above. The Upper House will war on the lower for you; and both agree you have wonders to tell, because you have told none.

But there may be some circles less generous; who, because you don't speak, may take it into their heads you can't. To them, I would reply in my second mode, and do myself the honours more at length. A face is every thing—you should acquire one; it is essential to wear your features like a masque, and beget betimes that iron-bound look,


which will go solemnly forward through any assertion or assertions whatsoever. Your eyes should have a mathematical dullness about them, which will quench all suspicion of embellishment ; and you should never swear, lest people should think that you do not believe, and pay no more attention to you than to a new member of the House of Commons. Fall on their imaginations in flank, and coldly cut them down with a mere fact ; as thus:—" After having lunched on a crocodile pie, and trotted about on my hyena, (I hope you have been in the East,) who did not seem to care much for losing twenty-four teeth and all his claws the night before, only now and then sighing, which was nothing more than our interjections" — you may proceed in a bold Oriental style, provided you are entitled to it ; but if not, end only in an Anglo-Italian ; the following will be sufficiently stimulative. " It is quite certain the twenty millions of them are all rogues ; and so convinced was I of this, that I refused paying a single farthing of my bill in conse-

quence of that *one* item; but on the contrary, meeting no redress from the police, (who were then shut up,) I threatened to bring the Pope\* before the public, and immediately called a meeting in the Piazza di Spagna, to take such constitutional measures, &c. &c." Whilst this is operating, and the surprise is going quietly round, tap your Mosaic snuff-box, and let loose a Geneva waltz from the lid, till the murmurs have gradually subsided, and then relapse nobly into your habitual modesty. Oaths, though they are good at filling up—like rubbish in the making of a wall—and sometimes supply the want of substance, yet are they pernicious here, and ought especially to be avoided. They throw doubt on plain matter-of-fact, which a traveller must carefully appear to adhere to; they make assurance over-sure, and corrupt the simplicity of your

\* The suggestion of my Uncle has been anticipated. Such menaces *have* been held out, in the vicinity of the Vatican; let Mr. H. say with what effect.

auditors. Tell your histories also in the third person ; it is consistent with the gravity of a biographer, bars the envy of gods and men, and keeps admiration and curiosity sufficiently on the move. When in the full flow of confidence and wonder, insinuate soberly your interest in the case, and drop with great suavity toward the conclusion, from the third to the first or *proper* person. You will find every one draw back their chair ; the old will gnaw the heads of their canes, the young will cry out "Is it possible !" and you will have the consolation of being permitted to rub your chin, and pull up the collar of your shirt, without censure.

Toward the end, however, you may venture on a "*paulo majora canamus*" key. Wine gives persuasiveness,—but also persuasion ; eloquence,—but also faith. Your hearers before twelve o'clock will go through any thing you propose to them : drive alligators by twisting their forepaws into bridles, —confound serpents to their undoing with




your hat,\*—pull the Pope's or the great Lama's beard ; carry off three Queens in the same postchaise ; and discover temples which you may soon make cities, at the bottom of the lake of Thrasymene, Nemi, or any other you like, waiting only, like the ingots in Vigo Bay, to be pulled up by the first Joint-Stock-Company who can convince the public they are neither knaves nor fools.

This therefore for you, as for Hecate, is the witching hour ;—the hour of spell, of mystification ;—the hour of hyperbole, of climax, of grand monstrosity,—when, after having stirred up, you may knock down ; the propitious moment, in fine, when, after a Katterfelto discourse of three hours and a half, you may fly up in a grand peroration, the fire and smoke of which may at least equal, if not surpass, that of the Girandola at Rome.

262. Be careful that you eat not, dress not, walk not, sleep not, as the untravelled community among which you must appear to

\* See Mr. Wallerton's Errantries in America.


sojourn. Stay-at-homeativeness must be solicitously expunged from every thing you do. You may now and then devour, courageously, with your fingers; it evinces you have been as far as France; sigh for *saur kraut*, and *soupe à la bière*, which hints you have dined in Germany; wear rings, and if your ears be commendable, earrings,—which suggests that you have been in love and in Italy; and smoke daringly within and without drawing-rooms, which may be as a puff courteous of your feats in the East, under all its latitudes and improvements. The more dainty and dandy, the more *ennuyé* and *ennuyéux*, the more *blasé*, or surfeited with the vanity of flesh, and all other vanities but your own, the more convinced will the world be of your own grandiosity, and the right you have acquired, by travelling out of your own country, of trampling on it when you come back. The true Traveller ought not to belong to town, province, or nation; he should be a real denizen of the high roads, a rival of the birds of passage,—an English-



man in France, a Frenchman in England,—the great universal,—the European Alcibiades; mankind should be his *partie quarrée*, and the wide earth his fireside. No wonder then if he scorneth a village,—he was made for the kind. He abhorreth water who hath tasted wine.

263. But how comes it that I have hitherto omitted all phrase and parlance on the female part of my caravan! Simply for this—that I reserve the choicest materials for the conclusion of my edifice, and wish to crown the column with a capital, which may indeed be worthy of the shaft. Ladies travelled are twice ladies;—not a flounce they wear but is a fit subject for a sonnet, and might merit immortality in the *Courier des Dames*, or Ackermann's Magazine. Every whirl they take in a drawing-room will set fifty tongues in motion. Young cheeks will blush at their owner's awkwardness, and old ones, which cannot blush deeper, wrinkle up and lose colour at the sight of your fresh-imported perfections. This collaret is a cen-

tury (that is, a *month*, in the language of *men*) before any other in the room. This *fichu* is the reigning *nonpareil* of its race. All others are ex's, ci-devants, ante-diluvianisms,—tried, judged, and condemned. Then as to the shoes, and the *mignon*-feet which embellish them; and the captivating corps of loves ambushing in every rose of the furbelow; and the bracelets which a home imagination cannot embrace; the hair tumbled, or cocked, or tossed, or built with a science which none but men whose names end in *on* or *eggio* can possess! If it be a glorious sight to see an American frigate entering an English harbour—the *elegante* of all navies; or a guardsman dancing beneath the graceful weight of his own laurels; or a young statesman returning from a Vienna congress, or tournament;—surely it ought not a little to rouse, in similar guise—the sight of the first launch of a beautiful lady upon English seas, crowding all sail, and disdainfully dashing by those who, during her




cruise abroad, have been mouldering away in stagnation in port.

Speak loud and often, and never answer a compliment without rolling over the illustrious "*marchandes des modes*" who have had the fortune to add to your embellishments. You will in time become a Lady Oracle, and when incontrovertibly so, despise your questioners. Give them your knowledge in Sibyls' names: confound their confined wisdom by running through the rainbow of your wardrobe; and no sooner have you scattered one of your dresses through the town, patronized one colour into popularity, or put the young Misses on the *chasse* and the old on the economics, but you must throw off from the old shape into a new one,—leaving expense, passion, jealousy, and scandal to bring up your rivals' battalions as they may, or can, in the rear.

When this is accomplished, and you have broken three or four hearts, or at least waists, with new ordinances, condescend to be a bar-

barian, and do commonplace with compassionate affability. It is right you should have *relâche*, now and then in the season; but though, like a cat or woman, you draw back, let it be for a spring. This is the same sort of rifle-firing with which the hunter kills his chamois, and the courtier his enemy or—friend. It is the setting of a sun which is to rise to-morrow; the putting out all light before a sky-rocket goeth off: consent to be flat and English for an evening; you will blaze upon them with redoubled Continentalism and splendour at the next ball.

264. Miss should never speak (except with a foreign lisp) her mother-tongue. *En revanche*, I give her *carte blanche* for any butchery she may choose to commit upon aliens. French, German, Italian, are at her mercy; no quarter do I require for genders, moods, or tenses, provided they come from beyond the sea. French is French, however, albeit it may limp; as an invalid is a soldier, although on crutches. She should faint at an English air, as at the smell of



flowers, and quote fifty Princesses' names, or *invent* them, for a precedent. She should wonder at the Gothicism of a lady's knowing whether she is or is not in her own house; and assert, that it is almost as troublesome to command as to obey. Modern *ton* is fairy-land; dinners should serve themselves, and bills pay themselves, and every one have time to adore the only adorable in the world,—Miss herself. She should buy, if she cannot otherwise get them, trinkets and toys—not for the sake of wearing, but of naming them; they should have all belonged to “dear departed friends;” whom there is little risk in saying you knew, now that they are dead. One should have done duty in its time on the princely fingers of the Hertzhog of Grimstein; another should have been a “forget me not” of the last Pope; and a third should have been the fee-faw-fum charm of the Ex-King of Utopia, and so on—until, by white lies and grey lies, (a lady never goes down to absolute black,) she may make up in time her museum of unrealities. A lapdog may

be frizzed or shaved into some "new breed," and if you can say (ladies never swear, for they hate perjury) that it was one of some Serene Highness' own nursing, you will have all the generation of old ladies your friends, for the mere pleasure of kissing the feet of the Serene Highness's aforesaid serene little dog. In such a case it may be right to give tickets; if in the country, the rush will be so great!—and the lapdog himself will request it.

She should read nothing but novels, and no novels but French: for this I recommend her to keep an "*Ame damnée* in Paris, an *Emigrée Duchesse* of the Faubourg St. Germain, to send over all that is legible and legitimate. Now and then a stanza of Tasso may be massacred; a drawl in the voice, and a languish in the eye, will make it Italian. Miss should play on the guitar one air, with improper words, which when asked to explain, she may always refuse by saying "it would lose so much in the translation!" One air is sufficient—she has a right to be fatigued


afterward—if not, she will be taken for a professed or professional singer.

Miss must seem to dance,—I say *seem* ; seeming has long governed Church and State, why should it not do as much for society ? A gentleman may look every night as if he had come from getting through his own will, and intended next morning getting through his own funeral ; but a young lady must do youth and spirits, Hebe and Psyche, and improvise Genius at every step : a fine dash of the Corinna madness must run even through her eating and drinking ;—a Sibyl shawl, a Magdalen petticoat, a *tresse à la Judith*, a slipper *à l'Herodias*, a Diana forehead, a Minerva frown, a Venus bosom,—all these must make her an encyclopædia of contending excellencies. The *bienséances* are excellent things, no doubt ; so are beef and mutton ; but beef and mutton are ten times better, with a little *sauce piquante à la Tartare*. This says you have travelled, and in saying *that*, have they not said every thing ?

265. The ex-beauties will now begin to

stare, and the entire realm of Dowagers conspire grievously against you. This is the moment for a great triumph. Do the proper half the day, and do what you like the remainder. Bible in the morning, cards in the evening; saintship by day, and by night its cousin-german. Keep your character as clean as your gloves, and then put down the insurgents against your divine rights, and wear your faculties triumphantly.

You will therefore do well not to hazard even the idea of a waltz (at least for the first year) till after sermon, or tolerate even the doubtful hint of a flirtation, till well assured your adorer is likely to be saved, and has already been received without a single black bean among the Elect. These forms are right; even the Pope thinks so; you will be recompensed by the result. The malignant world will at last be convinced that you are as virtuous as itself, and entitled to be as handsome, as rich, and as wise, as if you had been all your life at home, and heard a pious predication every morning. This



done, slap the dowagers on both cheeks for their impertinence, with some new and wilder impromptu. Laud foreigners, and mount your travelling-stilts. Scoff at the grimness and gracelessness of our interminable parties ; break through all circulars ; allow no rank-and-file of ladies and gentlemen ; make the young Misses smile, even before their Mammæ ; and teach the Mammæ good-humour, in despite of the Misses ; solemnize tea no longer ; abjure sonatas ; and consign long dinners, politics, fox-hunting, and country life, to the Grandmothers who can remember them.

Never blush behind your fan ; wear your gloves to drop them ; and drop them, that they may be picked up with a long and merited compliment ; laugh at every thing that is past ; *endure* the present, and have people to thank you aloud for your civility.

Dictate statutes of fashion for the rising generation, in the very hearing of the Goddesses of the last ; and when, at length, they begin to tremble for their dynasty, and condole with each other on the caducity of all

things human, then pour down upon their retreat with France, Italy, and entire Europe, until you have got them to their antiquated firesides, where you may leave them like mummies in their pits, and return back to the living to celebrate your triumph, and receive your laurels, for the defeat of the Vandals.

266. But can a heart travel like a face, without suffering something from the climate?—Alas! I say no, witness my Griselda—and many is the tender heart which has suffered still more perniciously. I have seen them trailing about dart upon dart in their bosom; but when well trained or seasoned, caring no more for it than if they were so many pincushions. I like this “*faire l’amour par episode*,” and when it is not immoral, recommend it. When you come back, you must show you have travelled, not like your *calesche*, but like a man; and not with stocks and stones, but with men and women. Flirtation à la Française, and flirtation à l’Allemande, should

be distinguished : people should know Neuf-châtel cheese from cheese *de Strasbourg*. This simper is pastorally Wirtembergian ; this ogle winningly French ; this frown broad Dutch ; this nonchalance languidly Italian : the first glance should decypher the language, and the grammar and dictionary of the country be seen in the eyes, before it is yet heard upon the lips. Sentiment, flowers, and sugar-plums, one night ; patches, rouge, and repartee another ; a third, silence, tears, and bread and butter *à la Charlotte* ; a fourth, flames, stilettoes, and serenades ; a fifth, turbans, harems, nightingales, and rose-gardens, all to end with drowning in a sack : this played with due gusto and refinement, will show you have been catching Nature in the fact, and are not indebted to any ourang-outang copy of humanity—any English novelist, for a garbled translation of the divine original. This will draw every exquisite out of his nook ; and you will be surrounded in a few minutes by as many admirers of your seductions as a rat-catcher. But the

*heart?* The heart will stay where it is, if you let it alone; like your leg and arm, it was made for your own use, and not for that of others; and those who allow it to be stolen or borrowed, are sure never to get any thing half so good in return.

267. So much for the capital; but when the first gloss of any gentleman's lion's coat is beginning to wear off, and some northern bear, or Hottentot Venus, or Chinese Minerva is imported for the winter, I recommend him, with the other ex-lions of the day, to travel (with the menagerie at the time of the fairs,) once more to the country.—As you are not likely to have a rival for some time, you will wear well, and may by economizing—never travelling over more than one county in a week—endure until there be a change of ministry, a passage to the Pole, Catholic emancipation, or the discovery of the longitude. In the mean time, you may reign supreme, without the fear of any thing new penetrating to your neighbourhood. Should you have been in the village before, and already

consolidated your empire, so much the better; you will be received as a great minister after his *first* resignation. The privileges of a traveller in retreat are not less magnificent: you must use them, as if engendered with you, audaciously. After having suffered the congratulations of the whole hamlet, retire to the solitude of the next ten or twenty families. Enlighten the Cimmerian darkness of the young ladies, and then send them to convert their fathers. Let your cottage or park be the Land of Goshen of the neighbourhood; found a new era, the counterpart of the Hegira, of good eating, French playing, *persiflage*, and sobriety. See that the parson be one of your performers—that your aunt gives up the drawing-room—that your gouty uncle refuses his two bottles, and that your fox-hunting nephews learn French. Then, when every one is ready, fall sick; anathematize England, and lay the whole blame on the last fog. Whilst ill, you will have more sympathy than you know what to do with; and if any one talks to you of

travelling *elsewhere*, and penitence for past travels, send for one of the Travellers Club and threaten to consult him upon the matter. Should all this be considered madness by the clerk of the parish, or Miss Grundy, threaten to make him a Jesuit, and leave her a nun.

Nothing, by the by, would be so *picturesque* as a nunnery in your grounds. Let the shares be one hundred pounds each—transferable, and you will soon get nuns to fill it. As to dresses, you have red and white, blue and gold, and in your Roman costumes, any thing will make a picture. You will thus in time be the prior and autocrat of young and old; and if not, you have at least this advantage over them—that you are still a traveller, and can leave them.

268. But before such a sacrifice shall be necessary, you have one more delight to anticipate. Your pictures, statues, busts, and other marvels—of which you have so often spoken—are about to arrive from Italy. The enchanting letter is at last before you. They

are actually in the Custom-house at London. This is a week of deep and terrible emotion. You immediately set off, like Belisarius, against the Goths.

The hundred eyes must be quenched, and gold, which deceived the keepers of Danae, may do as much for her image here. When rescued, kiss them again and again; and have a tear for every purchase, and a sigh for every town. Get a guard of honour, and march them with all due reverence into your house, which on their arrival will be found too small, and will thus give you the pleasure of building another, to receive them. Assemble the whole country to see them opened, and fall into decorous hysterics, in case a single finger should be broken. Could you get a fellow-traveller express from London as appraiser, it would be infinitely serviceable. It will settle their characters for life. You may add fifty per cent. to every thing. It is no lie, and next to none. Kings, ministers, and prelates, thus buy and sell honours, virtues, and sometimes—nations.

They are well-educated people, and would not do so, if it were wrong. You may varnish, clean, correct, amend, replace, repiece, baptize—for the next year, and for the two following, undo all you have done. If you can get half what you gave, you are happy ; and if you can keep what you have got, your happiness is supreme. Your gallery will make your glory for the better half of a century ; and children may increase, fortune diminish, teeth fall, rents with them—and old age, corn laws, and radicals afflict you ;—you will be remembered, until your son's son as—the wonderful man ! the man of many languages and many sights ! the man who, unlike any other in the neighbourhood, had the courage to leave his castle one summer's morning, and marvellous to say — TRAVELLED !!

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## L'ENVOI.

AND now, most gentle, amiable, prudent, and accomplished Traveller,—for such must thou be, (if thou hast or will travel by the beacons which have been held up to thee)—we must at last pronounce a bitter word, even to Travellers, and which even at this day fills my eye with an unbidden tear—*fare thee, fare thee well!* I have also, like thee, to turn over the notes of a long pilgrimage—and like thee also mayhap, to enjoy the Elysium of my arm-chair and the laurels which with every season blow freshly around it. And if, haply, shall ever rise before thee remembrances of bright days, and soothing nights, and dangers overvaulted, and arms opening to receive thee,—if

these pages shall bring a flush on thy cheek, or a bolder pulse shall leap from thy heart at names once magic, and now like spells whose secret has been forgotten for many years,—think that the magician who taught thee was worthy of a kindlier wish than that which is cast to the mere passenger. Thy days shall be doubled; thy joys shall be as thy days; thou shalt flourish in the fulness of a perennial celebrity; the Traveller shall be the welcomed every where; no party shall be complete; no ornament ordered; no picture debated; no book published; no fête organised; no house finished,—without the aid or fiat of his plenipotent experience. For years and years he shall be the *Sa-tutto* and *Fa-tutto* of his borough; the fountain-spring of its glory and wisdom; and when he disappears, then shall it suffer eclipse, and society yawn like a mighty chasm behind him.

But who shall remember Abraham Eldon, and what pupil shall glory in having had him for a master? . . . . The evil which men

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do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones.—And if the gentlest of the species, in aught shall have added to their gentleness,—if a new perfume has been cast upon the violet, if a new grace has been breathed upon the Venus, or a single charm ripened, or a fresh secret of fascination and enchantment been discovered,—who will, in recompense thereof, bestow a tear on the manes of my Griselda? . . . . No matter—“*non omnis moriar*.”—amongst the million, some few will arise who will own that the child required a nurse to guide him, and that travelling as it *ought* to be, could not originate from the untutored talent of a mere wanderer. There is a difference between *looking* and *seeing*; the man who puts spectacles on eyes that want them,—gives trumpets to deaf ears and walking-sticks to lame legs,—methinks somewhat doubles the value of each of them.

And so without vanity, and all human predilection apart, thus far, and no farther,

do I venture forth in my own behalf. I ask no monument but a *wheel* and a *rudder* ;—no inscription, but “*in omne volubilis ævum.*” With this, and a sigh from the learned when he puts down his glasses and his book,—and a smile from the beautiful, when she sips her sherbet and touches her mandoline,—Abraham Eldon will thank Heaven, and die content. And if at times he somewhat rudely hath interposed his hand between the precipice and the fawn frisking heedlessly on its edge, as in the case of waltzing—*Dictum 35*—let it be laid at no other door than at that of a heart zealously yearning for the honour of the art, and tender of the consciences and glory of its professors. I ask no pardon, for I am unconscious of any crime. An old man has a right to be a father to every thing young about him ; and have not I too had my own Griselda ? I have done my duty ; my talent is improved ; my summer-day is passed ; the evening is approaching. It is time that the labourer should have his hire,

and that I should once more turn, and with  
a good conscience fall to sleep in the morocco  
arm-chair of ABRAHAM ELDON.

*Quocunque jeceris, stabit.*

THE END.

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